

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07482622 7





THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED.

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOCIIS, unanimique PATRIS."

VOLUME TWENTY-FIRST.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PEASE
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

1856.

NEW YORK
STATE
LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

OF

Volume Twenty-first.

Adventures of Peleg Washington Spriggins, ... 31
An Address to the Ague, ... 188
Accuracy in Style, ... 333
Award (The) 84
Bedbug (The) 151
Berkshire Homes, ... 112
Book Notices, ... 286, 325
Carmen Saeculare, ... 54
Campaign (The) 1
Cantica Yalensia, ... 85
Ceremony of Social Intercouse, ... 197
"Classics," 98
College Magazines, ... 323
Comus of Milton, ... 75
Condition of the Lit., ... 213
Course of Empire, ... 8
Crusades, ... 353
Cultivated Intellect in Publie Life, ... 103
DeForrest Prize Oration--The Influence of the Joys and Sorrows of a Great Soul in its own Development, ... 301
Defense of Punning, ... 361
Editor's Table, ... 41, 83, 124, 168, 209, 250, 288, 330, 366
Editors' Valedictory, ... 252
Female Beauty, ... 164
Few Days at the Shore, ... 11
Future Land, ... 74
"Gallinippers," 255
Greek Ode, ... 266
Historical Element in Literature, ... 224
Langdonics, ... 268
Legend of the Potomac, ... 106
Letter from the West Indies, ... 189, 221
Letter from a Tobacco Smoker, ... 309
Lines, ... 98
Memorabilia Yalensia, ... 39, 81, 122, 166, 208, 247, 287, 328, 364

Mr. McCreed's Church, ... 3
" " Congregation and their neighbors, ... 50
" " Patronizes Literature, ... 81
Merry Christmas, ... 128
Monologue on Tin Cans, and their uses; by an Attaché, ... 3
National Songs, ... 205
Nautilus Boat Song, No. 2, ... 285
Never Again, ... 265
New Gymnasium, ... 283
New Haven, O, ... 20
Niger and its Banks, ... 319
Observations from a Tub, ... 275
Ode, ... 184
Ornamental Cemeteries, ... 45
Our Lecture on Loo Choo, ... 278
Our New Novel, ... 326
Outlook, ... 243
Phil and I, ... 143
Philosophy of College Life, ... 217
Political Prejudices, ... 98
Pize Essay, The Mission of Science, ... 177
Prize Poem,—Sir John Franklin, ... 350
Public Opinion, ... 293
Punsters, ... 297
Secret (The) 228
Selim the Solitary, ... 129
Shall we admit Utah? 259
Skating Fairy (The) 185
Sleep, ... 358
Solitude, ... 201
Song of Milgenwater, ... 229
Spectre Ship of New Haven Harbor, ... 117
Statesmanship of Edmund Burke, ... 173
Student Energy, ... 125
Sunset Walk, ... 339
Thanksgiving Eve, ... 119
The Three Advertisements, ... 56
To Our Readers, ... 253
Townsend Prize Essays, ... 22, 304, 340
"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," 138
William Pitt, ... 238
Yale Literary Prize Essay,—Science, its Nature and Influence, . . . 56
Yankee Munchausen, ... 271
Ye Gaye Damosel, ... 163

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. OCTOBER, 1855. No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY, W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. BROWN, H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

The Campaign.

THE annual society campaign has been brought to a close. In one or the other of our two Literary Societies have all of the newly entered members of our College enlisted themselves, "for four years or the war." During this campaign, our Societies, so nearly identical in all that properly distinguishes literary bodies, so nearly akin in their most peculiar features, and so intimately connected in their influence on College Improvement, have waged a war of extermination. Forgetting that the conduct of the two Societies is of vital interest as affecting the advancement, literary and oratorical, of the members, and sinking steady perseverance in the exercises into a station second to mere number of members, we observe partisans of either cause, engaged in a strife for a nominal victory, as short lived as it is factitious.

To this contest for numbers, no one could object, were it made to hold a place subordinate to the legitimate literary exercises of the Societies, nor do we find fault with it. The enthusiasm of the campaign, the ardor of excitement, the glowing patriotism of the busy electioneerer, all tend to raise his ideal and lead him to form higher notions

of what a society should be, than can possibly be attained in a College organization.

But a higher standard of perfection once fixed, an effort to attain to it is but natural. We would expect to see every nerve strained by the votaries of either cause to continually elevate their respective Societies. Here we are at fault—no earnest endeavor on the part of Society-men meets that expectation which their previous ardor has aroused. No really original steps are taken in that march towards perfection, which we would look for, as the fruits of an earnest desire for improvement in the institutions. The fountain of enthusiasm is dried up before its inspiring waters flow so far down the channels as the brief course of a few weeks.

This backsliding has frequently been reproved and variously explained. By some, "secret societies" have been reviled as the cause of the decadence. The engrossing tendency of our secret Societies has, it is said, robbed the larger and more public bodies of that charm of novelty and privacy, that once was theirs. It is urged that to many minds the mere *secrecy* of the smaller societies, to which they may be attached, is an attraction of such potency as to do away with any feeling of obligation to prosecute with energy the duties of the Literary Societies.

This, it is alleged, is the sole cause of degeneracy in our Societies, and this reason has been so pertinaciously urged, as to gain at last general credence. Much odium has by this means been heaped upon Secret Organizations. The Faculty cannot but regard with a suspicious eye institutions whose very members blame them as the cause of a multitude of evils in our midst—and which are a constant subject of complaint and murmur with those whose efforts to gain admittance have proved futile. These latter disappointed ones are only too happy to defame, on grounds apparently so plausible, the very societies to which they would have delighted to join themselves as members.

Secret Societies are doubtless the formidable rival of the older and more democratic of our College associations; but we apprehend that, although they may so far surpass in interest, as to make the larger only a field wherein the strength of the different parties may be measured, this is nevertheless a reproach too sweepingly made and too carelessly substantiated. The fact that the larger societies afford an opportunity to the ambitious and political men of College to display talents for intrigue and shuffling diplomacy, is not so much to be deprecated as the crime of Secret Societies,—the active agents in these demagogue movements—as it to be regretted as a necessary evil.

Our Secret Societies form, it is true, parties in our petty politics. But if these were not the controlling elements of our College elections, we should find ourselves divided by sectional feeling into factions virulent and uncompromising.

We would not attempt to investigate at any length the various reasons for that loss of consequence that the larger Societies have sustained. These reasons we do believe are various and different with each class and almost with each individual. We do not believe the decadence attributed to one single cause. Yet there is one cause of great power, as we think, and not difficult of remedy. We allude to that apathy and carelessness after the work of a campaign, that reaction from the undue importance to which the Societies are raised in the canvass for members.

This is but a natural consequence, and yet if it could be avoided, how much more of good would accrue to members both new and old! And it is to be conquered by a sense of duty to *self*, a resolve not to let pass unheeded, those advantages that are at best but too transitory. One strong effort will break through this deplorable indifference on our part, and will restore to the "Brothers" and to "Linonia" those crowded meetings and eloquently contested debates that were theirs in former years.

Let us not celebrate a victory or mourn a defeat of a few in numbers, by idly boasting as if that were proper use of triumph, or by regretting as though that could help our cause; but let us one and all, Linonians and Brothers in Unity, contend in our *improvement* for that palm which mere excess of numbers can never deserve, and let us welcome our younger brethren to an energetic and improving year of labor in our literary gatherings.

Mr. McCreed's Church.

"Yes, we must have a church!" So said Mr. McCreed, the benevolent man, as he stood gazing upon his numerous vacant house-lots at the edge of the city.

Mr. McCreed was a public benefactor. He engaged in many public undertakings. He gave a great deal of money to aid prominent moral enterprises. The public claimed him as its own property and, with its

usual volubility, clamored forth its praises, "Mr. McCreed, the guardian of public morals, the director of public enterprise, and the model of all good citizens." It appeared he had no faults. His character was as spotless as his white neckerchief. So you would judge by the epithets applied by the public. He was not a Christian. Indeed, private scandal was current, relating to bad-temper and profanity indulged in by the good man; relating to mean and oppressive dealings with his customers and tenants, but fie upon private scandal! Mr. McCreed does not care for private scandal, not he. When any outrageous report comes to his ears, he smoothes his neckcloth and murmurs softly to himself, something like lamb. Probably he is encouraging himself to indulge a lamb-like temper. But what are reports? Every man, however worthy, has his enemies, and so has Mr. McCreed.

"Yes, we must have a church! Here is a fine locality for it. There are but few buildings and scattered, for people dislike to live here, so far from a house of worship. It will effect a great change in the character of the inhabitants. Now they are poor and immoral, but a handsome church will attract a better class. Yes, yes!" and Mr. McCreed gave another glance at the locality, tapped his forehead, and went to visit an architect.

Piles of brick, and stone, and wood; heavy teams continually dragging loads of building materials; men digging, and hammering, and shouting, and running about; curious street committee inspecting the whole operation; inquiries by anxious editors with unusually rotund pocket-books; congratulatory notices in the papers, and the benevolent work is begun. Yes, and Mr. McCreed contemplates it with an unruffled serenity as it progresses day by day. Yet, to a careful observer, there is a joy in his eye, and a lightness in his step, "which was not so before." He is observed to rub his hands together in private. Ah, what a glorious thing it is to serve the public, especially to blow a moral trumpet before it! How it must impart an inward joy, a sense of usefulness and a proper self-estimation! But Mr. McCreed conceals all his happiness from the public, and appears as calm and undisturbed as ever.

The work goes on. The piles of stone and wood assume form and beauty. The din of hammers and the shouting of men begin to diminish. The painters and frescoers drive out the carpenters, and are, in turn, ejected by the upholsterers. The heaps of rubbish begin to be cleared up. The curious committee adjourn to the interior. At length the noise all ceases, and Mr. McCreed stands contemplating the work

with a smiling countenance. No wonder he smiles, for his purpose is accomplished. The church is completed.

Excellent Mr. McCreed! How can the results of this glorious enterprise be estimated? How can any one fail to acknowledge the worth of its noble projector, who stands contemplating the edifice with such a smiling face? And how his heart must swell within him as he reads—of course he reads his Bible—"Go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow me."

So the church was built and it was a wonder to behold. So attractive in its quiet grace that the passers often stopped to admire it, and as their eyes wandered up the beautiful spire and wearied themselves by gazing at its lofty summit, you might hear an exclamation, "what a good man Mr. McCreed is!" Whether there was anything in that grandly conspicuous spire to remind one of Mr. McCreed or not, it is impossible to say. Perhaps the gaze of the bystanders rested on the tower last, as being the most beautiful part of the edifice. Be it as it may, they looked at the spire and said, "what a public benefactor Mr. McCreed is!" There was a bell in the tower—a loud and sweet toned bell. Rich music to the ears of Mr. McCreed was this bell, and he had it rung every day, till the whole city had learned its sound perfectly, and the citizens would say, "Ah! there goes that bell again—the bell on Mr. McCreed's church—what a grand and solemn tone it has!" The interior of the church was handsomely finished, with all the modern conveniences. The great organ would draw tears from your eyes, as it poured forth a thrill of music so expressive that you could seem to distinguish its language—a soft, sad story of sorrow and destitution; of sin and ignorance, and then of benevolent hearts which had throbbed with pity; of benevolent pockets which had opened to relieve all the want and suffering, and then a full gush of sound overpowered you, and you murmured, "oh, what a virtue is benevolence," and thought of Mr. McCreed. Then all the church corresponded to the grand attractive organ. The cushioned pews seemed to say, "come unto me ye that are weary." The pulpit was comfortable. None of your blank, staring pulpits, with an association of blunt and unwelcome truths clinging all about them! None of your lean pinched pulpits with so little elbow room for the preacher that he becomes irritable and turns out a thorough and savage radical in every respect! No! none of these! A cozy, cushioned, carpeted, lounging sort of a pulpit, which seemed to set a man at ease on the instant. "Nothing but gentle and pleasant words can issue from this place," the pulpit seemed to say. "No forbidding

and unpleasant truths shall be uttered here." "Peace, sleepy soul, you shall be undisturbed!" Just such an air of rest pervaded the whole sanctuary. Even the fresco work seemed quiet and peaceful, unlike that in ordinary churches, where the shadows all appear to have been crowded down on the wrong side and to lay there in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner, while the figures protruding seem to say, "peel us off! we don't belong here! we 're stuck on against our will!" Not so the frescoes in Mr. McCreed's church. Even the brackets for the gas seemed pushing out their heads from little holes in the wall, in a sleepy and agreeable way. Peace everywhere. And now the papers announced the "approaching dedication of the church of our fellow-citizen, Mr. McCreed," and the ordination of a pastor—a smooth tongued, popular preacher. So the solemn new bell rang its proudest peal, and the insinuating organ discoursed of charity in its sweetest tones, and pealed forth its praises of public benefactors. The people crowded in and filled the comfortable seats, and the good natured pulpit welcomed them all and set them at ease. Eyes wandered over the fresco, and the pendants, and all the ornaments. They looked at the congregation and at the new minister, and helped the ears take notes of the whole performance till it was over, and the whole church was left alone to repose in a new sense of importance.

So the church was built and dedicated. A congregation began to gather within its walls—the morals of the community were kept in check if not improved, and the real estate near the building advanced rapidly in value. Mr. McCreed had several land-sales and disposed of his lots to so good advantage that the excellent people said, "see how benevolence meets its own reward!" The poor of the vicinity rejoiced at the new and excellent opportunity of hearing the word. They were deeply grateful to Mr. McCreed. Of course! They joined the general song of praise to the public benefactor. Widow Tal joined it—a widow of three weeks, poor woman!—as she sank on her knees in her little cottage, within hearing of the laudatory organ. She was to leave the house on the morrow because the expenses of her husband's sickness had eaten up the rent. It was a paltry sum to be sure, but Mr. McCreed could not afford to lose it, for he had spent much money upon the church. So he told his new clerk, for since the church was done he had employed a young man to look after his growing rents. The sound of the organ came to the ears of the poor widow as she wrestled there upon her knees, and her crushed heart echoed the strain, of course! And as she left her home on the next day for a temporary residence

with a poor neighbor, she undoubtedly thought, "how blessed to spend one's money for a church, even if one has to suffer in purse!" Then she looked at the beautiful spire and sighed. Yes, and many another poor tenant joined in the song, for they, all of them, were enlisted in the charitable work—so their rent bill said, as it appeared increased in amount. The increase appeared to be on account of the rise in real estate, but every poor man thought of the church as he looked at the additional item. Yes, they joined in the song, for they were interested in the church.

So the church was built and great comfort Mr. McCreed took in it. He took pride in embellishing it. He bought him a new pair of horses in order to ride in haste to the store, whenever he thought of some new addition which he could make to its ornaments. He built him a new house and furnished it elegantly, and laid out his grounds in a most tasteful manner, so as to correspond somewhat to the church, and to the fine buildings which were now rapidly springing up around him. Great comfort in the new church! Some malicious persons nodded their heads and said, "magnificent speculation!" Speculation, indeed! What says the public voice? What say the papers? Do they say speculation? What say the good Christians—the praying men who trust in Providence and look upon Mr. McCreed as an instrument of good in the hands of God? What say the poor who pay their tithe into his coffers? What say the bursting coffers themselves? Speculation, indeed!

Contemplate the benevolent man as he sits in his easy pew in the church! See his unruffled brow. A serenity, almost Christain, is resting there. His eyes are closed. He is meditating. What is the course of his thoughts—the serene McCreed? Is he thinking whether his benevolence will give him a better chance for the inheritance of the kingdom than the poverty of spirit recommended by the Scriptures? Is he thinking whether his public morality will balance the weight of his ledger accounts on the last day! Peace, good Mr. McCreed! The church will do its work! After thy name has faded from thy monument; after other public benefactors have put their shoulders to the wheel, we may see the result. A few more years of toil and prayer, and Christians may exult in their victory; the church of God will have taken the place of the church of man and mammon, and then the whole world shall see the glory of the Lord.

W. C.

The Course of Empire.

BY JOHN M. HOLMES.

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is its last."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

I.

MOTHER of nations! on thy stricken brow,
Sad with the shadows of remembered glory,
When thou on earth's primeval thrones didst rule,
The orient realm of mystery and story;
The death-dew freezeth for an awful crown,
Mocking the magic of thine old renown.
But yet thou hast a royal power—a power that cannot die,
Till all the trampling centuries have sobbed and thundered by:
For thou art lord of the pleasant lands; the boundless lands that lie
In the golden light—the endless light of the realm of MEMORY.

II.

Shadowy specters dim and vast,
Seem to glide along the past;
Methinks I see a warrior gray,
Waving a banner far away;
And a sudden flash
Of a conqueror's sword by Babel's stream,
And the air is stirred by a muffled clash,
Like the din of a soldier's dream.
Again the leaden air is stirred;
Hark! the red skies articulate a voice,
As if their jaws would never more rejoice
With welcome to a happy bird.
A fearful word
With deluge-tongue along the earth is poured.
An awful word
That stabs the peaceful valleys like a sword—
"Hail to the might of Ashur's conquering lord."

III.

The flush has faded from the cheek of Time.
Assyria's pride hath perished. And sublime

'Mid giant bones
Of towers and thrones,
The world's dread angel, with the rainbow crown,
Gave forth commandment with a kingly frown:
"Hear all ye lands
And islands of the sea,
On Babel's banks and Egypt's sands,
No more shall empire be.
Follow afar
The fiery flashings of the sun-god's car,
Beyond the ocean arms and arts shall sway:
"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

IV.

Greece heard the words of Fate,
And ruled in royal state
Her happy isles,
And radiant cities rose like smiles
Where summer's arms forevermore
Entwine the warm Egean shore;
And there came a hoary band,
With gifts of love and peace:
A hoary band from the morning-land,
To be the Gods of Greece.
Her hills were crowned with olive—her vineyards blushed with wine;
She had the love-queen's girdle—the sea-god's sceptre trine;
And Pallas gave her wingéd words that she might be divine;
But syllables of doom
Burst through the swooning air,
And made the cities shiver;
Then like the smoke of sacrifice,
Trembling an instant in the skies—
Hellas was gone forever!
Again methought I heard the angel say:
"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

V.

Lo! on the margin of the sky,
With motion swift and regal,
There sweeps a crimsom shape which bears
The semblance of an eagle.
His vengeful eye is like the sun,
His talons grasp the thunder,
And at the storm behind his wings,
The world looks up in wonder.

The eagle fleshed his beak,
In the bosom of the strong,
In the bosom of the weak,
In the bosom of the Gaul,
In the bosom of the Greek.
And 'mid the Scythian mountains and 'mid the lazy lands,
Where Carthaginian lions are roaring 'mid the sands,
And 'mid the lonely islands beyond the gates of day,
There—the eagle of the ROMAN is bending to its prey.

VI.

Lo! the awful bird hath flown;
Cometh now the ocean queen,
Scattering morning song and sheen,
From her lion-guarded throne;
Gathering every world-wide gem,
To deck her island diadem;
Gathering every world-wide gem,
By the glamour of her youth,
By the might of heroes' swords,
By the might of wise-men's words,
By the might of matchless lyres,
By the might of quenchless fires
Kindled in the cause of truth,
By the terrors of her wrath,
By the blessings in her path;
Gathering every world-wide gem,
Wherever BRITAIN'S name is known,
In southern sea or frozen zone.

VII.

Up rose the sea-queen's daughter,
From off her mother's breast,
And followed far the evening star,
To find the promised West.
On flew the ark of freedom,
On—'mid the tempest shock;
And a pilgrim band from the mother land,
Praised God on Plymouth rock.
Not with the war-god's praises, sowed they the seeds of sway,
But to the *living* God they sang, that first thanksgiving day;
Small need had they of Mars or Jove, to bless their stern abodes,
Earth's heroes are diviner than all the Grecian gods.
But the wingéd words of Pallas still echoed as of yore,
And the eagle of dominion soon screamed upon the shore,

And the jewels of the ocean queen were scattered on the breast
Of a fairer, freer empire in the glad and golden West.

And on the hills of Freedom, beneath the sunset's wing,
Where God alone is hierarch, and every man a king;
Amid the tramp of nations, and 'mid the crash of thrones,
The everlasting angel proclaims with joyful tones,
That Empire's course is ended—that here her feet shall rest,
And the world shall dry its weeping in the glad and golden West.

A few Days at the Shore.

It was midnight. The deep-toned thunder echoing and reëchoing among the hills and crags, struck terror into every heart. The rain fell in torrents, and ever and anon a vivid flash of lightning, lighting up for a moment the surrounding scenery, revealed *not* a solitary horseman winding his way through a deep ravine—his fine, manly form, concealed by the folds of a heavy riding cloak which he wore—*but* five young men, emerging from a building in the centre of Boston, and running at full speed in as many different directions, each seeking their respective hotels. These young men had met in the earlier part of the evening to decide upon some way of spending the remainder of the long summer vacation. At 10 o'clock they might have been seen sitting around a table, upon which were champagne bottles, (most of them empty, however,) cigars, sardines, crackers, broken glasses, and last, but most emphatically not *least*, five pairs of Lutz's best; one pair of which we are surprised to learn has since been paid for.

One of the company was a Cuban, whose keen wit, jolly good humor, and readiness for all kinds of sport, which didn't require much bodily exertion, together with his prime Havanas, rendered him a valuable acquisition to the party. When each of the others had tried in vain to dispel the general gloom which always prevailed after a statement of the financial affairs of the party, his futile attempts at speaking English always accomplished the object and left them in good spirits. The slowness and deliberation which attended all his movements had given him the epithet of Señor Lazio.

The most prominent feature in the individual next to the Cuban, was the extremity of a long Roman nose just peering out from a perfect forest of black whiskers, which might have rivaled those of old Esau

himself. This gent had acquired the *sobriquet* of the Critic, from a faculty which he had of finding something faulty in everything, and never being exactly suited. He would remind one of the grumbling whist-player spoken of by Whipple in one of his lectures, who would always declare with woe-begone countenance that he "hadn't got any trumps." One day, by a skillful management of the dealer, every trump was thrown into his hand, and it was expected that for once he would be satisfied and in perfect good humor. But his countenance was indicative of still greater dissatisfaction. "Haven't you any trumps?" said the dealer. "Yes," said he, "but by Jove you've given me nothing else." Critic had a way of always getting his own purse replenished in some way or other, and so the party had appointed him to keep their funds, make all bargains, and settle all bills.

Next in order sat the Querist, who was never satisfied until he knew all that could be ascertained about the subject in hand, however trivial. A friend of Querist's, who visited the Crystal-palace with him, says, that the last he saw of Querist, he was standing at the entrance, enquiring of the girl who took charge of the canes and umbrellas, what was the average number and length of the various canes left with her daily. This was the last he saw of Querist, but learned that soon after reaching the interior of the building, he left in disgust because he could not learn the price of all the different articles and the time it took to make each.

At the right of Querist sat Jasper. To a casual observer he always appeared wrapt up within himself, and perfectly indifferent to all that was going on; but let an opportunity of slipping in a quotation offer itself, and Jasper was soon heard from. He also took great delight in passing off the jokes and witticisms of others as his own. Critic, who was a practical joker, once passed off a sea-worn brick upon him, as a specimen of Jasper, and ever afterwards he went by that name.

Lastly, at the left of the Cuban, sat Cornicle, who was said to be always good natured, after a good dinner or successful drive.

The five above mentioned were busy in discussing the merits of the different watering-places around Boston. Many were spoken of. Señor Lazio wished to visit some place where the hotel was very near the water, as he said, "so for not have so many distances to walk to the shore for bathe." The Critic didn't *exactly* like any place that had been mentioned, but would go with the crowd. Jasper, who, by the way, having smelt of the wine and heard the corks fly, was tight as usual, said he "Didn't care a (hic) hang where he (hic) went, if it was only

(hic) by the shore of the loud sounding (hic) sea, the πολυφλόις (hic) βοιο θαλασσης." Cornicle was for Nantasket, because it had the best beach for driving. As they could not decide, it was left to Querist to say where they should go, who, after enquiring the price per day at the different houses, and the proprietors' names, decided upon C——. About midnight the company separated, having first agreed to meet at the steamboat the next morning at 11 o'clock. Señor Lazio was told some half dozen times to take the omnibus to —— street, and after waiting there a few moments, take an omnibus which ran directly to the boat-office.

The next day all were at the boat at the appointed time save the Señor. Half-past 11 o'clock came, the time at which the boat started, but no Señor Lazio. As the bell was tolling for the last time he came in great haste with the clerk of the hotel, who told the party that the Señor, having paid his bill and left, soon came back, and after walking around the room several times said, "Ah! you very resembles the hotel of which I have just depart; but where is the steamboat?"

The clerk, to avoid farther mistakes, had come to the wharf with him.

Soon the boat was under way and all in a flow of happy spirits—Jasper remarking that the boat "walked the waters like a thing of life." The Señor passed around his Havanas, which suited all except Critic. Something wasn't right about them he plainly showed by his countenance. They were very fair but—but." "But *what*," said Querist, "what's the matter with them?" "They are so thundering hard," said Critic, "that they require twenty horse power to draw them." Cornicle muttered something to himself about twenty *ass* power. However, they all enjoyed their smoke pretty well and Jasper could not forbear remarking, that a few lines of his favorite author were suggested, and repeated—

> "Oh! there 's not in the wide world a pleasure so sweet,
> As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet,
> Pull away at a Cuban whose flavor just suits,
> And take a peep at the world through the toes of your boots."

After a little time they separated and employed themselves according to their different tastes. Señor Lazio, after first enquiring from which side of the boat they would land at H——, stretched himself out on a settee nearest that side, "so as to have no very great far to walk," as he said, "when the boat shall or will land, which would be very tedium." When the boat arrived at H—— he was fast asleep—Querist was enquiring of the engineer the cost of running the boat and the

amount of his wages—Critic was blowing up the fireman because he made it so deuced hot on the deck over the boilers where he wished to sit—Jasper was quoting Shakespeare to a lady whose acquaintance he had formed, and Cornicle in the saloon eating sardines and crackers, and talking with the bar-keeper about the last horse-race. It was 3 o'clock, P. M., when they landed, and there yet remained some six miles to be traveled by stage before they could reach C——. The coach was at the wharf—inside all full—plenty of room on top—so on top they all had to go. The Señor after reaching the driver's foot-board sat down to rest a moment, and was smoking a cigaretta, but coachee helped him up and off they started. The Critic had disposed himself on the roof of the coach, hanging his legs over the side, but soon found that position unendurable, for that long Roman nose of his was continually waging warfare with the trees which overhung the road and nearly reached the coach, so he threw himself flat upon the top of the vehicle, singing "It's a way we have at Old Yale," &c. With this and other College songs, they passed the time much to their own amusement, and the evident displeasure of the quiet geese and turkeys along the route, who, nevertheless, all joined in the chorus. Arriving at C——, all the hotels were found to be full. Jasper, after running around town several hours, reported that he had engaged board at a farm-house near the water, to which they all repaired.

The family consisted of several maiden ladies, one California widow, and an old bachelor brother. As soon as the party arrived, Señor Lazio remarked to one of the ladies, that he felt "very many hungries." She might have taken it for a slight hint, for, in a few moments, the gents were invited down to partake of a good substantial country supper of cold meat, rye bread, cheese, new milk, &c., which kind of supper is better relished by a hungry man than the best one the 'Woodcock' ever afforded. Even Critic, who eats very little generally, did ample justice to that supper. Querist alone did not fully enjoy it, for there was no red-pepper, which Critic says, he eats on everything except fruit-cake. After tea they all set out for a walk, to explore the country and give Querist an opportunity of supplying himself with some of his favorite cayenne. In the course of the walk they came to a fine country residence, from the rear of which a beautiful lawn descended with a graceful slope to the water's edge. Thinking it perfectly allowable, they passed through the grounds and seated themselves on the grass near the water. While they were having a jolly time, chatting, laughing, singing, smoking, and congratulating each other on their safe

passage through the late 'biennial,' the proprietor was seen coming with his bull-dog at a rapid rate, and as Jasper expressed it, "with haughty front and brow terrific." His first expression was, "Get out of my grounds, you d—d rowdies," and then added, by way of explanation, "I never allow such yelling on my premises. You are the most ungentlemanly and rascally set of fellows I ever saw." Jasper offered some excuses, saying that the beauty of his grounds had attracted them, (here he quoted some lines expressive of the beauty of the surrounding scenery,)—that they were merely having a little innocent sport—that their intentions were perfectly honorable, and that they had not the remotest idea of disturbing anybody. But, said the old gent, in still louder tones, "How the d—l am I to know whether you are a pack of rowdy students or gentlemen? *I always take every man to be a villain until I know to the contrary.* Leave, or I'll set my dog on you." All but Querist left as Jasper would say, "ἀνά κράτος," and jumping a high fence and scrambling down a steep bank, were out of sight and danger in an instant. Querist was a fellow that one old man and a dog couldn't easily frighten, and when the boys left him he was enquiring very coolly how many men were generally sent off the grounds in a year, and what proportion of them were students. The rest soon returned in search of him and found him seated on the fence laughing as if he would burst his sides. It seems that by his coolness he had exasperated the old curmudgeon to a great degree, and finally had run for the fence, followed by the dog, who caught him by the coat-tail just as he reached it. The coat being pretty thin gave way to the repeated pulls of the dog, who, in the operation, broke open the paper of red-pepper which Querist had stowed there. The pepper filling the dog's nose and eyes sent him off howling. The old gent, anxious to know what had affected Towser so strangely, picked up the paper which had fallen on the ground. A sudden gust of wind just at that moment filling his eyes convinced him beyond a doubt of the character of the compound. When the party reached the fence on their return, the old gent and his dog were rolling about on the grass and yelling in a perfect paroxysm of grief and rage. The d—ns of the old fellow, the howls of the dog and repeated sneezes of both, together with the grotesque figure which they cut upon the grass, were certainly rather laughable, but yet the party so far pitied the poor man that they rushed for water, which they threw upon his face and eyes. As soon however as he could see at all, he commenced striking at them furiously with his cane and assuring them with many an oath that he would prosecute them all for trespass, upon

which they told him in a very gentlemanly way to go to —— thunder, and get the pepper out of his own eyes.

During their walk homeward, Jasper pointed out Cornicle, who was walking in advance of the rest, and rendering it evident to all that he was somewhat knock-kneed, and asked what great battle he would remind one of. As none could guess he replied, "The battle of the Pyranees, (pair o' knees.") All thought it a very good joke and laughed heartily, save the Critic, who had read it only a few days previous.

When the party went to their room to retire that night, they found two bedsteads and a kind of one-horse bed, raised only some five or six inches from the floor. This fell by lot to the Señor, and quite fortunately, it was thought, because he would have less work in getting into it than into a higher bed. In a few moments after retiring, the occupants of the higher beds were fast asleep, but were soon awakened by a tremendous racket, and lighting a lamp saw a scene worthy of a painter's pencil. The Señor, it seems, having found the feather-bed uncomfortably warm, had determined to stow it away under his bedstead and sleep upon the canvas only. The bed, however, was larger than the opening in which it was to be stowed, and the Señor, when first seen, was down upon all-fours trying to shove it behind him with his feet. The more the rest laughed the harder he kicked, reminding one of the frantic attempts of an infuriated donkey to kick a hole through a board fence. "Ah!" said he, "it is a very large warm, worser than *Cooba*. I can't endure." Finally he succeeded in his efforts and throwing himself upon the canvas of his cot-bed, seemed quite pleased with the change. The party, after voting him a leather medal as a reward for his unwonted activity, adjourned to the sheets. One of them, however, by first enquiring the time, gave Jasper an opportunity of quoting the lines beginning, "The bell strikes one, we take no note of time," &c., and he was at work at it when the rest fell asleep.

Early the next morning Jasper procured a boat, and preparations were made for a grand fishing-excursion. They embarked, and a fine steady breeze soon brought them to the fishing ground. During the last mile of the sail Querist began to look very pale, and no sooner had they anchored the boat than he was seized with a sudden desire of watching the water over the side of the boat. The party supposed him making some observations in regard to the velocity of the tide-current, and as he raised his head were awaiting his usual series of questions. Not a word did he utter, but again and again the desire seized him. It

was not long, however, before the questions followed each other in quick succession, as to the length of time people generally remained sea-sick—the state in which the system was left, and other things of like import. Often in the midst of one of his deep questions, he would suddenly return to his favorite occupation over the side of the boat. Thinking that at the present rate of decrease there would soon be nothing left of the Querist, his companions landed him upon a large rock which rose several feet above the waves, leaving him, as Jasper with his usual aptness remarked, "Monarch of all he surveyed." Again the boat was anchored and they commenced fishing. Everything was passing off very pleasantly, and they were having capital fun which was almost spoiled by Lazio. The Señor, who was very quietly fishing over the bow, suddenly rushed to the stern, overturning in his course, bait-boxes, *water*-jugs, luncheon-pails, and almost capsizing the boat. There he stood, the perfect personification of terror. Every individual hair of his mustache stood bolt upright. Jasper said, "His voice stuck to his jaws and his lips refused utterance." All he could do was to point to his line, which was running slowly out over the bow of the boat. On drawing it in there was found attached to it a very large sculpin. This fish presents one of the ugliest visages in the animal kingdom, and it was not strange that the Señor, who had never seen a live fish of any kind, was slightly terrified.

Again the Señor resumed his fishing, but in a moment yelled out in perfect horror, "I have catched the ——, the —— what you call him? the sea-serpent hisself." It was found that he had caught his hook in what is called the devil's-apron-string. This is a species of sea-weed, about the size of the wrist, varying from ten to twenty feet in length, and perfectly smooth and round from one extremity to the other. When this is pulled in by the line, it looks very much like a huge snake. It required the exertions of all the rest, as they were pulling it in, to keep the Señor from again rushing off. Soon his fears were quieted, and after some persuasion he consented to try his luck again. In a moment or two he commenced pulling in his line, and the rest watched for fun. As he drew it slowly over the side of the boat, it was found that an unfortunate lobster running against his hook had become entangled. Quick as the Señor saw him he started to run as before, but resolutely summoning all his courage, he landed him in the boat. He then proceeded to take him off, but had hardly touched him when, with a terrific yell and about a jump and a half, he gained his companions at the other end of the boat, taking with him the lobster, for the

very good reason that he couldn't possibly leave him, and saying, "I have catch this time the very little black devil." After getting him free from the lobster they tried to prevail upon him to fish again, but nothing could induce him; so leaving him to smoke and sleep, the rest caught a fine mess of fish, and then taking in Querist returned home. The company found a splendid collation of beans and pork awaiting their return. Cornicle couldn't stand such fare, and immediately started off to procure a fast horse and get some sardines and crackers from the next town.

After Cornicle had gone, the rest determined to try their skill in firing Jasper's revolver. Querist proposed shooting at a bar-post, but Critic thought this rather a small object to fire at, and going in search of a better mark, soon returned, saying that the barn was only a few rods distant—that on one end was a large door—within the large door was a small one, and by placing a board against this, all would be able to hit some one of these various objects. Cornicle arrived just at this time, but could not be prevailed upon to say anything about his drive. Each fired in turn with different degrees of success; and when it came Lazio's turn, as he didn't happen to be facing the barn, Critic ran and set the board up in front of him, handing him the pistol already cocked to save the Señor all undue exertion. Much to the surprise of all, he coolly walked up to the board, and pinning upon it a visiting card, put a ball directly through its center. Jasper then proposed that he should draw up a scale or table, showing the results of the different shots. All the rest agreed, hoping this time at least to have something original from him. Critic, though, was heard to say something about Noctes Ambrosianæ to Cornicle. Jasper soon showed the following statement on a leaf of his memorandum book:

Names.	*Wads used.*	*Dis. from mark.*	*Objects hit.*
Cornicle,	An old bill of fare,	30 feet.	One corner of barn.
Querist,	A leaf of Tusculan questions,	" "	Large door.
Jasper,	Lock of Critic's whiskers,	" "	Small door.
Critic,	*Nothing fit*, and didn't use any,	" "	Board.
Señor Lazio,	Common wad,	" "	Small card.

Querist thought it a capital thing, but Critic, after exchanging glances with Cornicle, started with him for the livery stable, proposing to take the horse he had just returned with, (as it was the only one in town,) and drive to T— to get a copy of Wilson's Noctes, as a present for Jasper. Cornicle, however, told him that he having got in a hurry, had

jumped out, and walked home, leaving the horse to come on alone. Querist hardly knew whether to believe him or not, but thought it just like him, and finding a man who was going to T—, sent for the book.

In the evening Jasper and Cornicle called on some ladies from Boston, and had a right jolly time. The ladies were determined to see the sun rise the next morning, from a hill near by, and gave not a few hints to the gentlemen that they would like their company. Students are not proverbial for early rising during vacation, and wished to avoid it in this case, though they were perfectly safe in promising to go the next morning but one, if the ladies would start first and wake them as they passed their boarding house. In the mean time, Querist had called on a lady cousin, whom he had not seen for many years. She was a very distant cousin, such as we hear of at ladies' boarding schools, and being from Baltimore was very pretty, as all Baltimore ladies are. Querist came back in raptures about her, telling Critic that he knew she would suit *him* exactly; although a lady to suit him exactly must be beautiful, lively, a fine musician, of good family, possessed of plenty of *tin*, and other qualifications too numerous to mention. The next day, Critic went to see her, and the rest awaited his return, expecting from Querist's description, that there could be no fault found with the lady. Critic came back in high glee, and was giving an animated description of his visit, when suddenly he exclaimed with one of those peculiar contortions of countenance, for which he is somewhat noted:—"but—but—she's so very short-waisted! I can't bear to see such a figure. She don't suit *me*, that's certain." Señor Lazio suggested that she would be so much the more desirable, for, said he, "you no for have so many, what you call 'em—the—the—hooks for fastening in the morning."

That night Jasper found a copy of Noctes Ambrosianæ on his table, and knowing that all were aware whence he had skinned his jokes, for the last week, stood treat for wine and punch; but even then couldn't forbear quoting from his favorite book, for as the boy brought in the *fluid*, he said:

> "So put the spirits on the board,
> And give the lemons a squeezer,
> And we'll mix a jorum by the lord,
> That will make your worship sneeze, sir;"

exhibiting, as he himself remarked, "the ruling passion strong in death."

The next morning but one, Cornicle, who slept near an opened window, felt something suddenly strike him on the head, and as he had been dreaming of a horse-race and prize-fight, he at first supposed himself struck with a slung-shot, and rushing to the window, commenced yelling watch! watch! He was soon, however, brought to his senses, by the laughing of the young ladies underneath the window, who were naturally somewhat surprised at his appearance. It seems that having failed of waking the gentlemen by any other means, they had commenced throwing in apples at the open window, little dreaming that they would cause such a panic. Matters having been satisfactorily arranged, the party, nine in number, set out for a high hill, back of the village, from which they would have a fine view of the rising sun. Arriving at the hill, they were obliged to climb a steep ledge of rocks, whose summit they reached after a great deal of hard work, and not a little fun. About this time they missed Señor Lazio, who was afterwards found half way up the ledge smoking, and awaiting the return of the party, thinking it too much work to finish the ascent, when he could by waiting a short time, see the sun from any other place just as well. All the rest, save Critic, thought the sunrise a glorious sight;—Jasper quoted to an unlimited extent. Critic said that it wasn't a circumstance to the sunrises of his own native clam-bank.

After seeing the ladies home, the gentlemen sat down to a breakfast of cold beans, and afterwards consoled themselves on sardines and crackers.

Whenever there was nothing particular going on, Critic might have been seen quietly writing by himself, and it was a matter of considerable speculation as to what he was about; but let anybody find out what Critic is up to at any time, if they can. Jasper (thinking probable that none of the company save himself, had heard "Toodles") said, "Supposing there was a magazine published at Yale, and supposing Critic should be chosen an editor; how handy it would be to have those fugitive pieces in the house!" It was afterwards ascertained that Critic's mysterious effusions were love-letters to a damsel in an adjoining farm house, who had of course one fault, viz, large feet.

During the day, Critic informed the party that there were only thirty cents in the treasury, and so they deputized him to borrow, to meet present emergencies; at which kind of negotiations he is an adept.

The next day, Cornicle, thinking that he could manage a boat as easily as he could a horse, took one of the ladies out sailing. There was a fine breeze;—the boat sailed proudly, and everything went off

admirably. Cornicle leaned back with perfect self-satisfaction and watched the (as he supposed) admiring gaze of the people on shore. As he was running up the harbor against the wind, and nearing the shore for another tack, he forgot which way to turn the rudder, and ran the boat nearly its length upon the smooth grassy bank, pitching himself and lady headlong from their seats. No sooner had the boat struck than there came to Cornicle's ears a mighty shout of exultation from Critic, Jasper and Querist, who, from behind a building, had watched his whole course, expecting he would upset the boat and need assistance. Querist immediately began to reckon how long a lever would be required to get the boat off, how far from the line the fulcrum must be placed, &c. Critic said, "Let the boy work, I owe him a grudge." (And he might have added two bunches of cigars.)

Jasper started off at full speed and helped Cornicle launch his boat, but he couldn't possibly omit quoting from Horace, (I think it was Horace, at any rate from *something* which we read a long time ago in Freshman year,) about dragging the ships down to the sea on rollers. That night, it is needless to say, Cornicle was obliged to stand treat. Any time when you wish to get rid of Cornicle, just ask him if he is fond of sailing.

That evening our party had a new bill of fare for tea, viz, *pole* in place of *bush* beans.

After a few days spent in various amusements they set out for their respective homes, after each agreeing to write a piece on college writing, college declamation, the trials of a student life, or some such *new* and *spicy* subject. C—.

P. S.—Critic, we are happy to say, has at last been *exactly suited*. The most amusing and affecting ballad of "Villikins and his Dinah," has touched the right chord, and at almost any hour of the day or night he may be heard performing it with voice and bass-viol, to the infinite delight of himself and an appreciating audience.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

"The Effect which the Translation of the Scriptures produces on the Literature and Culture of a Nation."

BY STANLEY T. WOODWARD, WYOMING VALLEY, PENN.

THE translation of the Scriptures by Martin Luther, was the greatest achievement of the sixteenth century. The Bible closed, and the Bible open, are two facts which have influenced powerfully the moral progress of man, and which may represent two periods in his history. The one is a period of oppression, superstition, subjection; the other, of revolution, religion, reform. The one extends backward to the origin of the Hierarchy; the other, forward from the Reformation.

The influences which for five centuries had been silently, but steadily, active amid the vicissitudes of European history, were at last to be condensed into a single great principle. A reform was at hand, and a Reformer was needed. A master-spirit must grasp the principle of the time, and hold it up stoutly for men to rally under. Such a spirit was found in Martin Luther. He became the organ of the universal mind, and echoed in his action, the truth which his age felt.

There are two distinct periods in the Reformation, which Luther thus personifies, corresponding with two periods in his own history. The one closed with that sublime hour, during which he stood before the Diet of Worms; the other opens with his captivity at Wartburg. The one is the destructive, the other, the constructive period of the Reformation. The one is a period of impulse, the other, of thought. The one is the Bible closed, the other is the Bible open.

The translation of Luther, issuing from the old castle of Wartburg, diffused itself speedily over Germany, and became the architect of a new national character. Not alone upon the conscience, but upon the mind of the nation also, did it exert an elevating power. It opened to the common mind of Germany those vast stores of learning, and beauty, and divine truth, from which it had ever been the policy of the Church to restrain the yearnings of human intellect. It kindled the affections, and aroused the dormant emotions of the human soul. It opened the treasures of Heaven to a people whose thoughts were all confined within the narrow circle of the world below. It spoke to them of God, and Man, and gave them a new view of their own high

destiny. It evoked each sleeping energy, and nerved each relaxed power of the nation, until it aroused itself from its old lethargy, like a giant out of sleep. Upon the Literature of Germany, the direct influence of the Bible first manifested itself in the establishment of a new, purified, and expanded *language*. The effect on language of moral causes, though subtle, is nevertheless direct and powerful.

Whatever enlarges the sphere of thought, must of necessity develop new capacities in language, for the one is but the instrument of the other. Because heretofore, the German mind had been stirred by no lofty conception, or exalted purpose, it had needed no majestic idioms to reflect its powers. The keys of knowledge were in the hands of the Church, and over the intellect, as well as the hearts of men, she was sole monarch. The oracles of truth came from the lips of the priests in an unknown tongue, and were echoed along the vaults of the cathedral, like living voices through the mausoleums of the dead. So long as the aspirations and thoughts of the human mind were bounded by objects of sense merely, it could feel no need of a language which should express those higher communings of the mind with itself, which are its noblest prerogatives. To establish and refine the German language, the German mind was first to be freed from its thraldom, elevated from its fallen condition, reëstablished in its rights. The Bible of Luther, by accomplishing the one reformation, was the cause also of the other, and became to his nation not only a charter of intellectual freedom, but a classic foundation for a new language.

Other causes growing out of the influence of the translated Scriptures, conspired to promote at this time a rapid progress in the development of language. Among these, was that spirit of investigation and discussion, which the human mind, now proudly conscious of its power, began to exercise, and which resulted in agitations, discussions, and controversy. The Roman Catholic Church had been the inveterate enemy of free thought. Asserting her own infallibility in matters of faith and doctrine, she enforced a willing or unwilling subjection to her lordly mandates. The light she shed upon the minds of the people, was that only which might reveal to them the majestic outlines of her own power, and which was inadequate to expose the startling errors of her entire system. Enshrouding herself in mystery, she placed in the hands, and before the eyes of men, symbols of the Truth; but claimed for herself the exclusive protectorate of the Truth itself. The Bible unveiled the simple doctrines of the Truth, and spread the broad light of revelation over her mysteries and her errors. She was thus forced to descend from her position of lofty assumption, and dispute the

aggressions of reform, with weapons which each might wield. Forsaking her traditional policy, she sought to maintain her supremacy over the minds of men, by translations and commentaries of her own; and challenging the champions of Reform to the field of argument, she met them, if not successfully, at least stoutly. From the heat of controversy, language came forth elaborated and purified.

It is an interesting fact that the same country, and the same age, which produced Luther and the translated Bible, had also given birth to Guttenberg and the sublime art of printing. How significant of Divine interposition, that these two mighty moral powers were thus applied with their united energies, to bring back the human intellect to its high estate, and to coöperate in the regeneration of Germany and the world! Guttenberg and Luther! Where among the benefactors of mankind is there a position high enough to enshrine with fitting immortality, their cherished memories! Well may Germany emulate the Roman mother, and when asked for the jewels of her history, point proudly to these, her most illustrious sons. Well may the sturdy German of to-day forget awhile the oppression which drives him from his home, and sing the songs of childhood, to the Fatherland. So long as a spoken language shall enable man to syllable his thoughts; so long as it shall paint the brightest visions of his fancy, or hold up to him the noblest examples of history; above all, so long as it shall remain the flaming chariot of the oracles of God; so long will regenerate humanity remember with honor, the names of Guttenberg and Luther.

A revolution commenced by a reform in the religious opinions of men, could not fail to awaken the philosophic spirit of the people, and revelation is peculiarly fitted to call forth all the speculative powers of the human mind. Hitherto, the Church had found in the scholastic philosophy, a powerful ally. Now, a new era dawned upon Germany, and a power of intellect which had devoted its every resource to the corrupt purposes of pope-craft and priest-craft, was diverted to the nobler office of asserting the rights of man, and the majesty of the people. The empty science of casuists vanished before the morality of the Gospel, and the torch of Reason was lighted at the altar of Truth. The human mind, delivered from the obstacles which had opposed its progress during the centuries of the middle ages, displayed all its activity, probed the foundations of Error, discussed freely the rights of the people and of government,—of the State and of the Church. The philosophic character of the age manifested itself also, in a spirit of investigation and study, which exhumed the works of Aristotle, and gathered

from the lofty maxims of the Stagyrite many sublime lessons. Thus began what may be called the *philosophic* period of German literature, during which the national mind acquired an activity and power, unknown to it for centuries.

More extended speculation as to the influence of the Bible upon German literature would be little better than a consideration of the natural and necessary connection between the intellectual and moral condition of a people, on one hand, and their progress in letters, on the other. The prolonged and desolating wars, however, which immediately succeeded the Reformation, absorbed, for nearly half a century, every energy of the nation, and retarded every department of its progress. When the imperishable spirit, which had been awakened, again resumed its directive power, religion and literature, as well as Society and Government, were to be remodeled. The modern literature of Germany is doubtless indebted, in no small degree, for its vigor and versatility, to the elevating power of revealed Truth. Throughout it all, there can be traced the influence of a grave and sober spirit. To what else shall we attribute its superiority over the literature of France, Italy, and Spain, where revelation has ever shed an uncertain light, and where the human mind delights to revel in fantastic beauty, rather than to grapple with substantial truth.

The poetry of Germany is a graceful and majestic tribute to the influence of the Bible upon her poets. By deepening the religious sentiment of man, revelation must always be favorable to the development of poetic genius. The feeling of the Infinite is the true attribute of the soul. The beauties of Nature even, excite in us the hope of an eternal futurity, and of a sublime existence. The sighing of the forest, the murmurs of the harvest, the delicious concords of sweet music, the enchantment of eloquence, would all fall deadly on the soul, which felt not the speechless power of the Infinite and the Eternal, which realized not that feeling of immortality which tinges every thought and sentiment and fancy. The source of this feeling is the religious principle of our nature, which in poetry manifests itself in that intensity of aspiration, which the soul delights to cherish. "The Messiah" could never have been written where the conceptions of the poet were not refined and purified by a familiar contact with the sublime truths of Scripture; nor where the poetic spirit was unchastened by a profound religious sentiment. On Schiller also we can detect the influence of the same life-giving power. He is his own Marquis Posa, at once prophet and

soldier, high-souled and generous, enthusiastic for the advance of Society, the friend of liberty and man—"not faultless, but magnificent."

Nor must we look only to the literature of Germany, for the evidences of her obligations to the Bible. We may find them in every department of her culture, and every prominent characteristic of her people. We detect them in that internal vivacity and poetry of the soul, which united with the substantial qualities of truthfulness and sincerity, presents to us a beautiful union of delicate sensibility and homely virtue. We discover them in every outworking of that love for the beautiful, which is so distinct an element in the German character; in its passion for music and its love of song; in its enthusiasm, in its reverence, so well illustrated by those master-pieces of her own great artist,* in the countenances of his Evangelists and Apostles.

The Rhine, as it flows majestically to the sea, is but a faint symbol of that other stream, which rising first at Wartburg, still flows through Germany, invigorating her intellect and promoting her moral culture.

The same age which in Germany had witnessed the opening of the Bible, and the discovery of printing, was also to see them go forth together over Europe. The influence of the translated Scriptures upon the literature and civilization of the different nations, has been modified and governed by the same circumstances, which have established for each a distinct character. The light of Revelation, like the light of the Sun, is powerful, but colorless, and assumes a variety of hue by the reflecting quality of national peculiarities. The Germanic nations of Europe were perhaps better fitted at this time than any other, to embrace and illustrate the spirit of the Reformation. They had borne the oppressions of the hierarchy with an impatient silence. Deeply rooted in the Teutonic heart, there was a religious principle, which all the force of Error was powerless to uproot. And it is to this truth that we must refer the fact that the grand results of the great reform have been more carefully preserved, and more widely active, in certain nations of Europe, than in others. Thus the Bible in France is, to day, little less a monopoly of the Church than three centuries ago, while in Germany and England, it is a vital power in Society—an element of the moral life of the people. Its influence is powerfully illustrated in the history of that nation, which her own great bard has described as "dear for her reputation through the world."

* Albert Durer.

The English Bible is the basis of English greatness. Its power in the development of the national destiny, can be traced in almost every chapter of English history. That bold Saxon heart, which on the banks of the Elbe stopped the flight of the Roman eagle, and poured victorious legions over Europe, has been softened, refined and disciplined by the truth, and beauty, and religion, which the Bible opened to it. The influence of the English translation upon our own language—less important than the translation of Luther upon that of Germany—is still worthy of remark. The oriental forms of speech are invested with a warmth and richness, unknown to those of northern origin. Engrafted upon our language, they have left much of their flexibility and beauty. The supernatural grandeur, associated with many of the mysteries of revealed truth, was only expressed in the English tongue by adopting from the original those ardent phrases peculiar to the East. These animated our language with new life, and infused into it much of that force and energy, which to-day breathes with so intense a power along the pages of Burke, and Milton, and Shakspeare.

The *principle* which the Bible of King James introduced into the English world of letters, was that of perfect intellectual freedom. Formerly the divine right of kings had been asserted no less in the literature, than in the political government of the nation, and Henry VIII had made the reading of the Scriptures a prisonable offense. The illustrious, but severe government of Elizabeth even, had done little for liberty of thought. The translation of the Bible, given to the English nation by the authority of King James, and recommended to the attention of the people by the prestige of royal approval, was destined to infuse into the national intellect an independence, hitherto unknown to it. Where the Bible is a household book, thought must be free. Man will be governed by moral truth, or by despotic power, and where the Bible is an open book, "the Truth will make *him* free." English literature, so far as it is the development of free, outspoken thought, is under the most lasting obligations to the translated Bible.

The influence of revelation upon English *poetry*, has been direct and powerful. There would seem to be a certain affinity between poetry and religion, resulting from their respective natures. Especially true is this of the Christian religion. Under the ancient mythologies, the poetic genius could but wanton with that truth, of whose grandeur it was profoundly unconscious. The Christian finds the problem of the Universe solved for him. Even Dante, whose great poem is the first step forward from Gothic darkness, acknowledged his obligations to

Scripture for much of that prophetic vigor which exalts his poetry. The English poets of the seventeenth century wrote under the full light of the new revelation. They wrote for an age alive to the majesty of divine truth. Their own genius was nurtured and enlarged by the inspiration it caught from the Hebrew poetry. The ideal of the old poetry had been *beauty*—the ideal of the new was to be *truth*. Chaucer had been guided by no law, but the impulse of an exhaustless imagination—Milton was to unite harmony and beauty, with the sublime truth which was finding lodgment in all hearts. The influence of the Bible upon the mind of Milton, is perhaps the best illustration of its agency in the development of the new era. His religion infused itself into his imagination, and sanctified his genius, as with a heavenly power. He painted for the world, scenes which were witnessed by God and Nature alone, and invested them with an interest which can never die. Guided by the light of revelation he approached fearlessly the majestic truths, which others dared not come nigh. With his great heart, sensitive to every highest beauty, and nerved to the loftiest efforts, he turned from the Bible to himself; and what revelation had not unveiled, his genius lighted up with a transcendent radiance. But if Milton so well illustrates the influence of revelation upon a genius which is fearless, daring, and sublime; its power is no less apparent in the more subdued, and meditative style of Wordsworth. Religion grew up in his soul, chastening its every impulse, purifying all its aspirations, and his poetry is an everlasting tribute to his own high maxim, that "foundations must be laid in Heaven."

Another result to be traced to the diffusion of the English Bible, was the creation of a universal desire for knowledge. As yet no English *history* had disclosed to the nation the record of its own progress. Embodied in the Latin narratives of monkish annalists, it was practically valueless. The spirit of inquiry diffused through England by the Reformation, and nourished among the people by the Bible, had grown weary of time-worn tradition. Accordingly we find compilations of English Chronicles beginning, in the seventeenth century, to afford the nation glimpses of its history, and these giving place, in later times, to those master pieces of historical literature, to which learning and genius have contributed their noblest gifts.

To follow, step by step, through all the walks of English Literature, the subtle influence of revelation were indeed impossible. It may be said, however, that there is no department of intellectual effort, in which its direct, or indirect power, cannot be traced. In the philosophy

and the morality of Edwards; in the allegories of John Bunyan, and the splendid fictions of Scott; in the occasional "better moments" of Byron even; and throughout all the beauties of Young, and Cowper, and Watts; in the genius which hallows the name of Goldsmith, and makes Burke a synonym for the philosophy of politics; in short, wherever mind has achieved its loftiest honors, and enshrined itself in the most immortal splendor—there may we learn the influence of revelation upon the national intellect of England.

A power so active in the development of a national literature, would, of necessity, be felt in every department of her civilization. Accordingly, we find that England dates a large share of her eminence in a moral, political, and social point of view, to the same period with her literary regeneration. To the influence which the English Bible then began to exert in every English cottage, and over the universal conscience, must we attribute that profound religious sentiment, which is so salient a feature of the national character.

The spirit of religion is the spirit of freedom, and in the gradual development of the one, we may trace the steady progress of the other, until it culminated into a political revolution, out of which have been erected the pillars of English liberty.

The laws and social institutions of a people, are perhaps the best exponents of their *culture;* and where shall we look for a legal system more majestic, more just, or more Christian, than that of England? Where shall we find woman filling her true, high place, and the object of an homage which her gentle virtues so justly merit, if not in England? Where, if not in the humble homes of hardy England, shall we look for that domestic security and social happiness, which is better than wealth, or conquest, or renown, or anything besides? Where shall we find an illustration of that spirit which pervades the Bible, if not in the Christian philanthropy of that Church which, despite of an entangling alliance with the State, has spread it wide open to the world? Thus in every department of her moral, intellectual, political, and social progress, has the Bible been an active and efficient power; refining her conscience, expanding her intellect, liberalizing her government, and elevating her people.

Embarking two centuries ago in the May-Flower, it bore Westward, to our own shores, the principle of a Christian civilization. It has been in all our national development, an ever potent force. It has accompanied everywhere the Saxon energy, which subdued our forests, which fought our battles, and has chastened the wayward activity of an infant

people with its restraining truth. And when two centuries more shall have impressed upon our history a maturer character, may we not trust that our literature, warmed by the sun of revelation, and watered by the dews of Heaven, will unite with that of every Christian nation in ascribing praise, and honor, and thanksgiving to the translated Bible? That our universal progress may ever reflect new glory on the Bible, the Bible must exert a constant power upon our progress. The highest patriotism is that which, not content with glowing anticipations of our future, seeks ever to mould aright each impulse of our present. Such a patriotism will open the Bible to the people everywhere, and associate its lessons with all their intellectual culture. It will thus rear up a nation, in which the heart and the intellect shall be disciplined together, and in which genius and learning shall be the constant allies of social order and domestic virtue. For, as the Bible amid the thunders of Mt. Sinai first gave the world an alphabet and a moral law, so shall it ever, amid all the vicissitudes of time, be the centre of that light which illumines the intellect, and of that truth which purifies the heart of man.

New Haven, O.

THE Poet, fickle bird of song, may seek the Southern land,
Where blossometh the Orange, and the palm and cocoa stand,
Or breathe the burdened gales, that blow in Araby the blest—
But on the Northland, Heaven smiles, and on the golden West.
O the golden, golden West, O the golden, golden West,
Upon the Northland Heaven smiles, and on the golden West.

And should a tireless pinion far and near explore the clime,
From freshly blowing ocean wave, to frosty mountain rime,
Not in leafy woodland, nor on prairie lying low,
A dwelling fairer could be found than this New Haven, O.
Than this New Haven, O, than this New Haven, O,
Not a fairer could be found than this New Haven, O.

For brighter hath he never beamed in any other sky,
The bland and golden Sun above, with his benignant eye;
And lo! the Elm her emerald tresses gently waveth, O,
The Queenly Elm, all haloed in the moonlit amber glow.
The moonlit Amber glow, the moonlit Amber glow,
The Queenly Elm, all haloed in the moonlit Amber glow.

But more than all that can upcall to poet-lips a thrill,
Where Nature fair and Art so rare are wedded in their skill,
O fairer than the flowers that in Moslem gardens grow,
The loveliest of lasses are the Elm-embowered, O!
The Elm-embowered, O, the Elm-embowered, O,
The loveliest of lasses are the Elm-embowered, O.

The Adventures of Peleg Washington Spriggins, Undergraduate.

SPRIGGINS is sensitive. His feelings, as he poetically informs his intimate friends, wither before the breath of ridicule like flowers before the noon-day sun; and should the finer feelings become altogether extinct, life would not be worth living,—all would be cold and cheerless,—his whole existence would be blighted.

Gifted with such a nature, it can readily be imagined with what emotions he skulked away to his room after the misfortune described in our last. He knew that, by the next night, the story would be circulated throughout College with various addenda and exaggerations according to the fancy of the narrators. But he dreaded not so much the general ridicule as the particular torment he would receive from certain of his neighbors and intimate associates in College. Biggins, Higgins, and Wiggins, all roomed in his entry in North Middle; and the chief delight of this worthy trio was to vex Spriggins. Our hero had, therefore, abundant reason to dread the hour when they should hear of the mishap.

The next day, however, passed with no sign, by word or deed, that this particular "crowd" were cognizant of his equestrian adventures; and Spriggins faintly hoped that either they had not heard of them, or, having heard, by some new freak of generosity, had determined not to reproach him with his disasters. He had yet to learn, that there is no being so remorseless and unpitying as the practical joker.

Spriggins sat in his room the next evening, after his grand display of horsemanship, feeling particularly miserable. He had been, as I stated before, cut by Miss Cribbs that afternoon, and although Biggins & Co. had not broached the subject of his race and roll, yet he had received various innuendoes from other quarters, which made him sufficiently well aware, that his horseback performances were generally known and

appreciated. He was revolving in his mind the feasibility of taking out a leave of absence, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," shouted Spriggins.

Enter Biggins, Higgins and Wiggins, the first mentioned with a guitar.

"How are you, old boy?" said Wiggins; "didn't know but you might be lonesome—thought we'd come in and cheer you up a little."

"That's right," replied Spriggins. "The truth is, I do feel terribly blue to-night."

"We'll drive that blueness away," returned Wiggins. "'T'is away we have at old Yale, Sir,' you know. And that reminds me that Higgins has written an extremely comical parody on 'Villikins and his Dinah,' which Biggins will sing, if you have no objection—and if you have," added he in an undertone, winking to Biggins.

"Oh, the song, by all means," said Spriggins. Biggins cleared his throat and commenced:

It is of a collegian I'm a going for to tell,
Who once fell in love with an onkimmon fine young gal,
Her name it was *Miss* Cribbs, I don't know how old,
Nor if she had a fortyune in silver and gold.
Choriouse. (Very generally sentimental.)
Toorali, toorali, toorali, la.

As Spriggins was a valikin in the grave-yard one night,
He spied a fair damosel in beauty bedight,
And Spriggins went to her, and to her did say,
The gate it is locked, Miss, and here we must stay.
Choriouse. (Expressive of the feelings of the damsel at being *locked in* with a young man.)
Toorali, toorali, toorali, la.

During the singing of the first verse, Spriggins manifested signs of uneasiness, greatly to the delight of the other auditors. Before the second verse was concluded he had grown very red in the face, and was evidently extremely indignant, which only the more edified his guests. He rose from his chair at the close of this last verse, and, assuming all his dignity,—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'm not one who will have the tenderest feelings of his heart tamely trampled on. I will thank you to leave me to the quiet possession of my own room, nor longer disturb me with your scurrility and blackguardism."

"Wh-e-w! what a speech!" ejaculated Higgins. "I guess you've been cramming up under L—we. Haven't you, Sprig?"

"Are you gentlemen enough to leave the room?" asked Spriggins, his wrath increasing.

"I don't think we are," answered Higgins, as he locked the door on the inside and put the key in his pocket. "'Like wandering minstrels we never moves on less than a shillin.' Nothing less than a supper at the Ligni Gallus will free you from our dulcet strains."

"Then, gentlemen, you may yell till the crack of doom, for I will never submit to such extortion." So saying, Spriggins threw himself back in his chair, taking a book and trying to look extremely unconcerned. "You may call this politeness for you to come in here ——"

"No, I don't call it polite for you to read in company," interrupted Wiggins. "Please to lay aside your book and we'll have the next stanza. Go on, Biggins."

Oh save me, O save me, the maiden she said,
I don't feel inclined for to make here my bed;
The iron gate so lofty I'll gladly climb o'er,
If you'll give me a barriel and a board or two more.

Choriouse. (Showing the feelings of the maiden as she went with timid *gait* over the *gate*.)

Toorali, toorali, toorali, la.

"Bravo!" "Good!" shouted Higgins and Wiggins.

"Come, now," implored Spriggins, adopting the conciliatory plan, "won't you let a fellow have a little peace. A'nt it bad enough for anybody to be in ill-luck without having it continually flung in his teeth? Just be generous for once, and leave me alone."

"Can't leave you alone short of the supper," said Wiggins. "Can we, boys?"

"Impossible," replied the others.

"We're going to have it printed," said Higgins, "and sell it at six cents a copy. 'Twill go like hot cakes."

"Fancy Miss Cribbs' sensations when she sees it," added Wiggins. "Won't she call Sprig. by anything but euphonious names?"

"I'll sing it under her window," said Biggins. But now for the next verse."

"Stop!" cried Spriggins. "Rather than be the laughing stock of the town, I will give you this supper. But you must allow me to say that I consider it mean in you to take advantage of my misfortunes. I protest ——"

"Hang your protestations!" said Wiggins. "Don't stand there making speeches. All we want is the supper."

All four smacked their lips.

On the table in an upper room of the Ligni Gallus, was spread, regardless of expense, a royal feast for the Knights of the Knife and Fork.

"If there is one employment above another in which I delight, it is in eating," quoth Wiggins. "So come on, and '*crammed* be he who first cries hold.'"—Shakespeare.

Were the present chronicler to attempt the heroic, he would describe how valiant Wiggins attacked and conquered poultry and fried oysters; how the noise of clattering steel and kitchen crockery clashed, clinking clear upon the air; how the others sought to follow their puissant leader, and have nothing but bones to mark their victory; how the dark streams of ketchup flowed on every side, and the fiery tide of pepper sauce rolled on; while above all the din rose the hoarse voice of Wiggins, fiercely shouting for "more Oysters."

Nearly an hour the contest raged. Biggins yielded first. But though vanquished, he sang:

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But I do think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Back and side go bare, go bare, ——."

"We'll try your capabilities in that line," said Wiggins, interrupting, "only wait till I finish these oysters."

The oysters were finished and the circulation of the fluids began. (This scene is supposed to have been before the enactment of the Maine Law, therefore the drinking was in accordance with the Statute.) Then and there did the jollity wax high. Spriggins was called on for a speech, but no sooner did he begin to speak than Biggins insisted on singing, "Back and side go bare, go bare." Whereupon Higgins attempted to silence the singer by placing his hand over his mouth, and got remunerated for his trouble by the insertion of Biggins' incisors into his second digital. Thereupon he uttered a yell which caused Wiggins to seize him by the collar and tell him to "hush his noise."

"Mr. Wiggles," said Higgins, as he rose to his feet and supported himself by a chair, "Mr. Wiggles, I thought—hic—you'se my fren. If man's my fren don't take hole my collar. You took hole m' collar. A'nt my fren. *Quod rat demonstraddleum.* Le' go m' collar,—don't I'll spot you. Tell ye l' go my collar."

Wiggins loosed his hold upon his collar. For which act Higgins was

so grateful that he insisted on embracing him, and assured him that he "was his fren' and Sprig. should make speech," and began to shout, "Sprig." "Speech."

Now Spriggins had first arrived at that stage of inebriety in which he could talk very rapidly, though in a maudlin and disconnected manner.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we meet here to-night for a solemn purpose,—and that purpose is Miss Cribbs. Miss Cribbs, did I say? Yes, gentlemen, this is the 'head and front of my offending,'—here am I 'cribbed, cabined, and confined.' O, my friends, if you knew how I loved that girl," here Spriggins burst into tears, "and how she has trampled my young affections under her feet when they were shooting up fair and green like——like——"

"Young asparagus," suggested Biggins; upon which Spriggins gave him a look which would have melted a stone, and addressing the rest of his speech to the offender, continued,

"Ah! it will do for you who have never had the iron pierce your heart, to mock at my misfortune. But I forgot that this was a time for mirth and not for tears. Gentlemen, let not my private grief affect the general joy. Let not the barren wastes of my soul sit like ghosts around the festive board, but let me rather brood over them in silence, knowing that from out that silence shall spring the phœnix of hope, and soar toward the starry promise of a golden Future!"

With which splendid peroration he closed amid great applause.

"Sprig.," said Biggins, "suppose we go and serenade Miss Cribbs? Perhaps she'll relent."

"Cert'n'y," said Higgins. "Sarylade jus' the thing."

"I know not, Biggins," answered Spriggins, "but that your suggestion is proper, in fact, I might say, eminently accordant with all the deeper emotions of my heart, and touchingly suggestive of sweeter days, when 'neath the pine-tree shade there played a little maid.' For what saith Shakespeare? 'The girl that hath no music in her soul, ——.'"

"If you're going to serenade," interrupted Wiggins, "let's go, and not speechify all night."

"Cert'n'ly," said Higgins, "let's go sarylade."

So they left the Ligni Gallus, in a state better imagined than described. Biggins was musical, Spriggins sentimental, Higgins considerably tight, and Wiggins slightly elevated. Their conversation was somewhat as follows:

Biggins. "Strike up a song."

Spriggins. "Not till we reach *her* house."

Higgins. "Back and side go bare, go bare."

Wiggins. "Stop your infernal yelling or you'll raise the police."

Higgins. "*I* don't care for pleece. Like t' see plecceman touch me. Show him Tom Hyer. One, two, three, then 'tween the peepers and over he'd go." Upon which he made a blow at an imaginary policeman, and tumbled over himself; then scrambled up again, and fiercely asked, "Who struck me?"

After many and various adventures, which, although highly amusing and delectable, want of space forbids us to relate, they reached the residence of Miss Cribbs. We shall not mention the locality, lest we should be suspected of personality, in this tale founded on facts.

It was a clear, starlight night, and they stopped for a moment before the house to reconnoitre. There was not the least sign of life about the mansion. The silence made Spriggins feel poetical.

"Resting in innocence," said he, half aloud, "lies the sweetest maiden on the face of the earth. Dreams she of me, or are her thoughts fled on truant wings to other climes, where their rosy pinions are bathed in the gorgeous purple of the misty Future? Would that I knew!"

While he was thus engrossed in his murmured meditations, the others had been holding a consultation by themselves. Wiggins' quick eye had detected the presence of grape-vines in the garden, and he even averred that he could see the delicious clusters. Fired by the sight, he had proposed that, instead of serenading, they should make "an appropriation of grapes."

"Certainly," said the facetious Biggins, "I go in for grapes, solid or liquid. Sprig., we have concluded to defer our serenade till we have partaken of a few of old Cribbs' grapes."

Spriggins thus addressed, roused himself from his reverie, and burst forth into an eloquent protestation:

"Gentlemen, will you not forego for once your own pleasure, and favor me, your friend, by desisting from this rash expedition into the sacred precincts of that garden where *she* has walked? Will you, gentlemen, plant thorns in my bosom by this reckless pursuit of your sensuous gratifications? Be persuaded by me, gentlemen, and do not under the sweet stars commit such an act of vandalism!"

Before this lengthy oration had been half delivered, Wiggins and Biggins had clambered over the fence and disappeared, the former remarking, that Sprig. appeared to be particularly well "set up."

"Yes," rejoined the other, "and the worst of it is, the tighter he gets the faster his tongue flies. But here are the grapes. Lie low and keep shady. Eat and spare not." No second injunction was needed, and the grapes began to disappear.

Meanwhile, Spriggins was determined not to be deprived of his serenade. Being left with Higgins, who could hardly stand, he resolved that they two should execute a song.

"Higgins," said he, "can you sing 'Lone Starry Hours?'"

"Certainly," replied Higgins, "sing anything."

"To the fair Miss Cribbs, then let us sing."

Now the fact that old Cribbs was possessed of a big dog, had never fallen under the cognizance of any of the party. But it was the lamentable truth. Ferocious, black, and carniverous was this canine monster. It always remained a mystery why he did not attack the grape hunters. But the stern reality of his existence was soon revealed to the luckless singer. Thus were the circumstances:

Spriggins was seated on the fence, and Higgins supporting himself by an affectionate embrace of one of the posts. The first stanza of "Lone Starry Hours" had been sung in quite a creditable manner, except that Higgins inserted a voluntary chorus of "Back and side go bare, go bare." Spriggins began to pour forth his whole soul in the second verse, when the aforesaid canine giant made his descent upon the unsuspecting musician. Higgins saw him coming, and without warning his companion, took to his heels, making, however, but a zig-zag progress. Engrossed by his own dulcet strains, and gazing with earnest eyes towards the window at which he thought the form of his Dulcinea might appear, the unconcious Spriggins noted not the dog until his proximity was dangerous. He sprang and the dog sprang. The one did not spring far enough, and the latter, i. e. the dog, fixed his teeth firmly in the coat-tail of the former, and the singer found himself in a state of suspense, himself on one side of the fence, the dog on the other, and a coat-tail between them.

From afar the grape-eaters watched his catastrophe. They could not or would not hear his cries for help. They saw there was no present danger and enjoyed immensely his predicament. They shouted to him ironically words of encouragement.

"Be patient, Sprig.," cried Wiggins, "the dog's teeth on your broadcloth will give way pretty soon."

"What a blessing it is to have a good tailor! Coats warranted not to rip on any occasion."

But the inmates of the house were by this time aroused. A window opened and a gruff voice demanded to know what young scoundrels were disturbing the peace of the neighborhood. Upon which Briggins and Wiggins departed, and our hero, giving one mighty twitch, left part of his outer garment in the mouth of the enemy, and took to his heels.

The next day, all four assembled in Spriggin's room, and compared notes of the expedition. Higgins had no definite idea of the manner in which he reached his room—can't imagine how so much dirt and dust came on his coat. The others all give quite lucid accounts of their flight towards college, and even the unfortunate sufferer himself, cannot but be amused at Wiggins' graphic description of the dog's "attack on the rear."

"I wonder if the dog is kept in accordance with the law. Is not there a statute of the city, forbidding that any owner of dogs shall permit them to run at large?"

"This dog was large enough," said Biggins the wag.

A general groan at the smallness of the joke, and a request by Higgins that water be thrown in the face of the last speaker, to prevent his fainting.

"Come in," cried Spriggins, as some one knocked.

Enter a boy with a small parcel carefully folded, and a note directed to *P. W. Spriggins, Esq.*

No sooner had the boy departed, than Spriggins jumped about the room for joy, greatly to the astonishment of the lookers-on.

"I thought she'd relent; that was Miss Cribbs' brother—this note is from her," whereupon Spriggins kissed it.

"Don't act like a lunatic," said Wiggins, "open and read for the public benefit."

"I'll open the bundle first." So saying he hastily tore off the coverings and exposed to the admiring view of his companions, the identical piece of cloth which was lost from his coat the night before. The imprints of the dog's teeth were yet to be seen. It was now other people's turn to shout with laughter, while Spriggins seated himself, looking as glum as a church owl.

"Read us the note," demanded Wiggins, as soon as his merriment had somewhat subsided.

"Never," said Spriggins, "never." But when they assured him that unless he did, they would circulate the "wondrous *tale*," as Biggins

called it, all through college, and that if he read the note, they would say nothing about it, he finally consented to give them its contents. They were as follows:

"P. W. Spriggins, Esq.,

"Sir:

"Hearing a disturbance among our *grape-vines* last night, search was made this morning for traces of the *thieves*. The only thing found was this, which I return to its rightful owner. There was a copy of verses in the pocket, signed with your name, which I have taken the liberty to keep, for the benefit of *my friends*. We have procured a new brass collar for Pompey, as a reward for his bravery." "A. C."

"Rather sharp, ain't it?" said Wiggins; "keen girl that Miss Cribbs."

The next day Spriggins took out a dismissal, telling his friends that his genius was not appreciated in New Haven.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Just before the close of the last summer term, a regatta occurred at Springfield, between two of the Harvard boats and two of our own navy. The latter were badly beaten, but we dislike to dwell upon particulars. We hope our boys will improve their system of rowing, and do better next time.

In our last, the following prizes awarded, for the solution of problems in the calculous, were omitted. Class of '56, First Prize, Julius Gay; Second do. David J. Brewer; Third do. Edward F. Williams.

The following is the order of the speakers on Commencement day:

FORENOON.

1. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by William De Witt Alexander, *Lahaina, Maui, Sandwich Islands.*

2. Dissertation, "Circumstances favorable to the Development of Genius in the age of Queen Elizabeth," by Judson Boardman Andrews, *New Haven.*

3. Dissertation, "French Writers of the Eighteenth Century, and their Influence on the Revolution of 1789," by Henry Anderson Dickinson, *Granby, Mass.*

4. Dissertation, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," by Cornelius Christie, *Hackensack, N. J.*

5. Poem, "Change," by Samuel Lathrop Bronson, *New Haven.*

6. Oration, "William, Prince of Orange," by Frederick Webster Osborn, *Bloomfield, N. J.*

7. Essay in French, "Les Huguenots en Amérique," by Alfred Perkins Rockwell, *Norwich,*

8. Dissertation, "The Historical Novelist," by WILLIAMS CLARK WHITTEMORE, *New Haven.*

9. Dissertation, "Our New Atlantis," by CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON, *Owego, N. Y.*

10. Poem, "Thurid, or the Fatal Ring," by JOHN HENRY ANKETELL, *New Haven.*

11. Oration, "Arctic Adventurers," by JOHN CALDWELL PARSONS, *Hartford.*

12. Oration, "Tyranny," by PATRICK HENRY WOODWARD, *Franklin.*

13. Oration, "Alexander Hamilton as a Statesman," by CHARLES PIERCE STETSON, *Bangor, Me.*

14. Oration, "Conscience in Human Affairs," by JOHN LAWRENCE MILLS, *Norfolk.*

15. Oration, "Political Retrogression and its Check," by STERNE CHITTENDEN, *Columbus, O.*

16. Dissertation, "Legal Integrity," by AUGUSTUS DE BERKELEY HUGHES, *New York City.*

17. Philosophical Oration, "The Rise and Fall of the Stoic Philosophy," by GEORGE TALCOTT, *West Hartford.*

AFTERNOON.

1. Oration, "The Permanent and the Transient in Literature," by WILLIAM CUTLER WYMAN, *Brooklyn, L. I.*

2. Dissertation, "Eccentricity," by FREDERICK ALVORD, *Bolton.*

3. Dissertation, "The Ruler a Slave," by CHARLES MELLEN TYLER, *Boston, Mass.*

4. Oration, "The Philosophy of Wordsworth," by LYMAN DENNISON BREWSTER, *Salisbury.*

5. Dissertation, "The Historical Plays of Shakespeare," by CHARES RAY PALMER, *Albany, N. Y.*

6. Oration, "Ophelia 'dressed with straws and flowers,'" by GEORGE STEWART, *Sherman.*

7. Oration, "The Love of the Mystical," by WILLIAM WHEELER, *New Haven.*

8. Dissertation, "The Prevalent Ideas concerning the 'Mission' of this Country," by LEWIS ELLIOT STANTON, *Clinton.*

9. Oration, Literary Old Age," by NATHANIEL WILLIS BUMSTEAD, *Boston, Mass.*

10. Dissertation, "Charlotte Corday," by WILLIAM LEDYARD AVERY, *Cincinnati, O.*

11. Oration, "The Value of Metaphysical Study to a Statesman," by HENRY ALBERT YARDLEY, *Philadelphia, Penn.*

12. Philosophical Oration, "Imaginative Faith," by CHARLES JAMES FOX ALLEN, *Boston, Mass.*

13. Philosophical Oration, "Power of Nature over Mind," by GEORGE ALVAH KITTREDGE, *Roxbury, Mass,*

14. Oration, "The Discovery of Law," with the Valedictory Address, by JOHN EDWARDS TODD, *Pittsfield, Mass.*

The exercises of "Statement of Facts," passed off with the usual éclat. The speakers were as follows:

LINONIAN.		BROTHERS.
George C. Robinson,	*President*,	L. L. Paine,
Theron Brown,	*Senior Class*,	Charles T. Catlin,
Augustus H. Strong,	*Junior Class*,	John M. Holmes.

Of the new Freshman Class, seventy-five joined the Brothers and eighty-three went to Linonia.

On Wednesday evening, 26th ult. a poem was delivered before the Linonian Society, by J. H. Anketell, of the Class of 1855. Subject, "Witches and Witchcraft."

Editor's Table.

GENTLE readers, we hail your return to our little world, with the most exuberant joy. We feel like giving each and every one of you a most extravagant shake of the hand. We long to know all your vacation adventures—how you represented your college, and your sex. We want to know everything about you—but it is our duty to write and not listen, and we must turn from you and take our unwilling pen.

How the gathering of college seems to have reanimated this "old cathedral" of a city! And this reminds us of the sensation which we experienced on reading that letter of Willis'. We were enraptured with his poetical conceit of our grandly arched streets—great cathedral aisles! We mused till the fancy seemed to expand into a reality. We shut our eyes and listened breathlessly, to catch the first low murmur of the organ, when suddenly it broke upon our ears, and from beneath our window arose the strains of that *pop*-ular melody "Pop goes the Weazel." We could have consigned the practical itinerant to a perpetual purgatory.

But as we were saying, "the cathedral" seems animated. If its organ peals out rich and full now, it is because our readers are here to tend the bellows. For of all melancholy and desolate places, it was ever our lot to locate in, New Haven in vacation is the most melancholy and desolate. So it appeared to us —a citizen of our little world within a world—as we found ourselves shut out of our own sphere, and compelled to grub about in an unaccustomed one, in search of employment. We had beheld the departure of all college with a sensation of pleasure, for we had hoped to find a little peace in the perfect freedom of vacation. What we anticipated as peace, we found to be stagnation. We sought for amusement, and found none. We applied ourselves to labor but soon grew weary. We sought out the few stragglers, who had been left behind in the universal exodus. They were as melancholy as we. Thus amusements, study and society failed to please us. So we gave ourselves up to indifference, and old time trundled us off like a wheelbarrow, through the seven weary weeks of vacation.

But we encountered more than one bright spot during our seven weeks of penance. Yes, one day we were seized with an irresistible desire to migrate. So that evening found us, with our friend Philo Judæus, fifty miles from the city, in a beautiful village of New London County. At 9½ o'clock we drew up before a long wooden building ruffled out with piazzas in front, dingy with ancient and decayed paint, and disfigured with an eruption of extraordinary chimneys.

We alighted from our vehicle and moved towards the door. All was still. The house seemed to frown from behind its ruffles as we ascended the steps. We approached the door and knocked. No sound. We advanced to another door and kicked, and the cerberus of the establishment answered with a growl and a rush against the panels. "Good!" we cried, "some signs of life." So we redoubled our exertions with fists, heels and whip, while the only visible star winked comically at us, over the ridge-pole of the barn opposite. At length we heard a faint noise—a curtain slowly rolling up—window sash following, and a feeble voice demanding "who's there?" We replied in wrath, and demanded ingress. A long parley ensued, which was heightened in effect by the thumps we bestowed on the door, behind which the ban-dog was yelling, and by the responses of said canine.

At length we effected an entrance, ate and slept.

At an early hour on the following morning, the beams of the sun, chasing each other through the shutters, awoke us, and Philo leaping up, addressed the great luminary in the following sublime manner:

"Hilloo, ole red-head! Don't ye feel some tickled
With yer big go-cart? I shud think ye'd swet,
Boostin' up-hill there, every day, vehicled
On one wheel! Say, ole Sisy phus, I'll bet
You'll go to thunder, when yer hosses get
By the half-way house, and begin to haul
Ye down the P. M. turnpike! Come and set-
tle for that half-hour snooze, you heathen Sol,
That ye've just cheeted me out on, or I'll see ye sunk, by gol!
Bigniferous blister-maker! You'll turn yaller,
When winter cums. How think you'll like *that*, hey?
Better pull in yer wicks and save yer taller,
Ole lightnin' bug! Jerusha! What a way
You have o' staring at things, an' 'specially
At fellers when they ain't half dressed! All hale,
Splendific squint! Grate Loosifer, hooray,
Tremendous, rolling, blazin' bus——

He had not yet concluded this maturtinal salutation, when a minstrel in the adjoining room, took up the gratulatory strain, and thus caroled:

"'Tis morn—arise! arise!
Night pales in dread amaze,
The torch of time its dimless blaze
Flings grandly up the skies."

Philo started. "Surely I ought to know that voice," cried he. He scratched his head in dubitation, while the unseen singer continued—

"See, bard, the world's aglow!
Bring forth thy heaven-born steed,
Where sunbeams on the crystal mead,
Shake the light heel and toe."

"It is! It is!" shouted Philo, "it is the poet, the lover of nature, the much abused Kittles! I am going to bring him to you;" and regardless of costume, he started for the door. "Wait!" we cried, appalled at the incipiency of our preparations to receive visitors, but he had vanished. We made a dash at our buttons, and awaited his return. He soon appeared, accompanied by a meagre, corn-stalk sort of a man, with a husky voice, and a head which appeared to be moulting. Kittles rushed up to us, and grasped our hand, while the big tears stood in his eyes. "I was not mistaken," he cried, "I knew I was not. You *did* recognize genius, though flattened beneath the cart-wheels of human scorn. You *did* drag it forth and now—and now, (pause.) You see me, what I am," and he walked up and down with boot in hand. We changed the subject. "That was a beautiful song you were singing a moment ago. It reminded us of the lines in Shakspeare:"

"Now the lark at heaven's gate sings," &c.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" responded Kittles, with grateful animation. "It is indeed rapturous to meet, in my desert of a life, a being like you, who can——but, by the way, would you like to have my version of Shakspeare's song?" "Certainly," we answered, and without more ado, he began:

"Now the larks heaven's door-bell tinkle,
Aurora 'gins arise;
The flower strewed fields to sweep and sprinkle,
And dust the dingy skies."

"You see I was obliged, for the sake of the rhyme, to reverse the order of the domestic deeds alluded to in the third line, but yet the idea is luminiously distinct."

"Yes," remarked Philo, "but you should have substituted, for the State of Connecticut, crows or barn-yard fowls in place of larks."

The eminent Kittles cast on Philo a glance of pity, but uttered not a word. He seemed about to speak, however, when the hotel tintinabulum and the odor of bacon hurried us down to breakfast.

We shall continue our adventures at some future time, but, for the present, we must close with a hasty line to our Readers.

We ask you, one and all, for your subscriptions, not your names merely, but your share of that lucre which alone can balance those long accounts on the printer's books. We have no space now to lay a full statement before you, but we hope to do it soon. Meanwhile we ask of you the very trifling amount of your subscriptions, as soon as convenient.

Our readers may have been surprised at the introduction of dogs and coat tails into *two* of the articles of the present number. We can only say that, having invited Cornicle and the Sachem, the respective authors of the pieces, to

the sanctum, we endeavored to induce one of them to withdraw his dog. It was in vain. With dogged pertinacity they clung to their favorite animals, each asserting the merits of his own and accusing the other of plagiarism. Had we time, we might draw a parallel between Towser and Pompey, and show the presence of the two curs to have arisen from the influence of Sirius and the similarity of great minds, rather than from any piracy, but we forbear.

We also tried to induce the printer to make a bull of one of the dogs, but he refused, offering to knock him into *pi* instead. So then our readers must endure the animals. Vivant canes!

We have seen that the Editors of the Harvard, are desirous of obtaining one of Mr. Kittles' machines. We would recommend our friends—as they undoubtedly wish to examine before purchasing—to call upon the author of the volume of poems recently published by Monroe & Co. We suspect they want the machine for the purpose of producing a jubilant song on the regatta. Wait a bit, neighbor, and let us try our hand—

It was before the race began,
The Harvard men did say,
"O men of Yale! O men of Yale!
Ye cannot win to-day!"
And then replied the men of Yale,
"That notion's in your eye,
We cannot win the race to-day?
Pray tell us, Sirs, why? why?"

And it was when the race was won,
And Harvard, on the shore,
Stood waiting till the men of Yale,
Came up with weary oar.
"O men of Yale! O men of Yale!
The Harvard boys reply,
The reason why ye could not win,
Is in your words Y. Y."

Several communications have been crowded out of the present number. They will receive attention in turn.

"The Three Advertisements" will appear next month.

The college magazines and usual exchanges are on hand.

We acknowledge also the receipt of the New York Quarterly, from the Agent, Mr. Pease.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. NOVEMBER, 1855. No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY, W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. BROWN, H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

Ornamental Cemeteries.

THE custom of moving the dead from the sight of the living is an instinct of our nature. No race of beings has ever been found so cold and dead to human feeling as utterly to neglect it; and so universally is this regard for the departed esteemed and admired, that the decoration of Cemeteries has come to be a true criterion of national taste and refinement. In our own country, until within a few years, a just reproach has been cast upon cemeteries and burial places. The American mind has not, until lately, been turned into channels for the improvement of taste, being absorbed in the attainment of more sordid and parsimonious ends. Boston was the first to discern this want of refinement; afterward New York, and the "City of Penn;" and now it has come, that almost every village and church in the older districts has caught the spirit of progress, and has lain out places of sepulture, suitable to perpetuate the memory of the departed, and to convey instructive lessons to the living.

It is with pleasure we witness these tokens of improvement, for to us the graveyard has ever been replete with pleasing, though melancholy

reflections. We turn instinctively to the grave as an appropriate spot to worship the God of the living and the dead. It was in probing for this inexplicable law of our nature, that one of the earliest of Grecian poets inquired,

> "Why do we precious ointments shower,
> Noble wines why do we pour?
> Beauteous flowers why do we spread
> Upon the monuments of the dead?"

This sentiment has still a living and growing existence in the hearts of all. Human feeling still delights to linger at the grave of a dear departed friend, to enwreathe the rising mound with the emblem buds of affection, and to implant the cypress and the cedar, memorials that "the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue." And this employment, while it affords a panacea for wounded affection, fits for a more successful battle with the adversities of life.

We have said it is an instinct of our nature to bury the dead out of our sight. Accordingly we find, even among the relics of barbarism, traces of sepulchral rites conjoined with sacred rituals. The first manifestations of art, the first outward expression of feeling, are found among these memorials of the departed. The rudest primeval tribes displayed their taste in selecting as burial-spots, places adorned by the handiwork of nature, quiet groves, the banks of meandering streams, caverns, and grottos of the earth. In the wilds of America, where do we look for the cairn of the homeless Indian, more than in these spots, which the hand of art loves to desolate?

We notice, as the first mark of progressive refinement in burials, the introduction of the *spirit of association*. We can imagine no nation more crude or degenerate than that which leaves scattered broadcast over the land, the remains of its ancestry. The rudest antediluvian tribes were seldom guilty of so gross a violation of decency: and the custom still exists only among the Nomadic tribes of middle and southern Africa. On the contrary, we early find, especially where Christianity sheds its light, a desire for united *family* burial-places. The patriarch Jacob first embodied this sentiment in these words of Scriptural elegance and beauty. "Bury me not, I pray thee, bury me not in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place." Though

> "Neighbors in the grave,
> Lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names,"

who would not prefer being gathered with his fathers to a final home on the desert or beneath the ocean? We can think of no more suggestive theme than a country family burial-spot, in some remote and secluded corner. There stands the aged patriarch's monument, towering far above the rest—his descendants, to their children's children, are gathered about him—they all bear the same name—there is no intruding grave, which the mourners may not recognize.

As patriarchal government gave way, and the church enlarged her influence and domain there arose naturally enough, a disposition to inter beneath, and more lately, in the vicinity of *places of worship*. And, I confess, there seems no little propriety, in those of the same faith and creed together abiding a hopeful resurrection, in the same churchyard. It smacks, undoubtedly, somewhat of sectarianism—too much perhaps, for the charity of these later times, which much prefers the more philanthropic custom of *common* burying-places or *Cemeteries*.

Perhaps the distinguishing feature of our own New Haven Cemetery is its simplicity. It has been a matter of surprise to us, that this cardinal ornament should have been so little regarded in graveyard decoration. In this, as in other arts, we copy too much the ancients. Their elysiums were earthly paradises,—what wonder they mimiced then in their sainted abodes? But the purity and simplicity of the Christian religion discards such pomp and tinsel. How repulsive to every refined feeling is the idea that vainglory or ostentation should receive gratification from these memorials of bereaved affection! None will deny that natural scenery and beauty, as well as artificial decoration, should tend *only to deepen the appropriate sacredness and solemnity of the chambers of death*. But how little has this universal rule been regarded. Elegant Pere la Chaise, of Paris, has been decked with the fantasy peculiar to the French,—more appropriate for a ball room, or theatre, than a place of graves. Venerable Westminster, Laurel Hill, Mount Auburn, and the new but glittering Greenwood, are all ornamented, we fear, more by pride or fashion, or ambition, than with any just taste and sense of propriety.

Sadly is this deficiency seen in the selection of localities. An eminence is chosen—overlooking landscapes, water-scenes, and the turmoil of city life. As though the fancy of the dead could yet be gratified, or affection there *seclude* her haunt and shed her tears in *solitude*. Their decoration, too, shows but little improvement. What religious impression the artificial lakes with romantic names, which Greenwood glories

in, or its showy flower-beds, with pinks and dandelions, can produce, is far beyond our discernment. Nor would we pass unnoticed its entrance or enclosure, for they seem to us singularly suggestive. The former,—built in pseudo-Gothic style, with a cottage on either side, resembles more a porter's lodge to the grounds and mansion of some grand old English baron, or a toll-gate on some eastern turnpike, where from its situation, we might expect St. Peter, with his rusty keys, to appear,—than an appropriate introduction into the "city of the dead." Its enclosure is in a sad state of reparation, affording numerous loopholes for street nuisances to creep through, and destroy its finery. Vaults were long ago scouted by all people of good breeding and sensibility;—yet we think we are safe in saying, that one half the dead of Greenwood are now mouldering in these modern Charnel-houses. Grates are used as ventilators!—much to the annoyance of the neighborhood.

New Haven, on the contrary, has been so choice of the appropriate sacredness and seclusion, that she has surrounded her cemetery with a massive wall and iron paling; and directly within the entrance, has located a clump of evergreens:—to exclude effectually the vulgar gaze. Its entrance, certainly, needs no encomium of ours;—none ever passed its sacred threshold, without feeling deeply his own mortality and insignificance. We do not, however, vaunt our own as a perfect model—nor would we, in the least, extenuate its defects, which cannot escape a critical eye. Its unshorn grass, and a general appearance of neglect, illy detract from the air of sanctitude and reverence, which would otherwise pervade its sacred grounds. It abounds, too, in high iron fences, which surround, at exclusive distances, some of its most worthy monuments; this, to us, seems uncalled for and repulsive. An appearance of nakedness, and the stiffness and angularity of its walks might, with propriety, have been avoided.

Nor would we be understood as desiring to exclude all ornamental shrubbery and coppice. The rose, the ivy, and the eglantine,

> "Those token flowers that tell
> What words could never speak so well,"

meek mementos of man's frailty and dependence, should never be wanting. All flowering shrubs should, if possible, be hardy climbers; if not let them be spontaneous, and of perennial growth. We know, there is a seeming propriety in vines and shrubbery, symbolizing by their yearly decay and renovation, death and the resurrection;—but all nature is

an emblem of this,—and it illy recompenses for the dwarfed and stinted appearance it must give. Who desires, either, to see a cemetery made over every spring, as a nursery, or flower garden! The principle we have proposed, perfected by time, is what gives to the sacred grounds of England, their venerable appearance. And unless American Cemeteries are decorated by some such rule, time will never wreathe them such a coronet, though he grow grey-headed in the attempt.

Trees too, shut out the barrenness and nakedness natural to such a place;—but let the selections be few, and the variety choice—such as by their dark foliage and gloomy appearance, or as suggestive emblems, throw the mind into a serious and meditative state. For all must object to converting a cemetery into a flora or arboretum. The yew, the cypress, and the weeping-willow have ever been considered most appropriate. And the elm, of Grecian song, so indigenous to our climate, would be a crowning ornament to our cemetery, as it is to our city. Were I to mention evergreens,—'twould but lengthen the encomium of our own, and the sad story of Greeewood. Surely the decorators of the latter have forgotten, that

> "The trees of God, without the care
> Or art of man, with sap are fed;
> The mountain cedar looks as fair,
> As those in royal gardens bred."

Monuments, by their purity and whiteness, and the suggestive nature of their epitaphs, constitute almost the sum total of grave-yard solemnity;—they have indeed a much holier purpose, and as expressions of individual affection and mementos of departed worth should be criticized with delicacy. The rules we have proposed for general decoration, apply here, if possible, with still greater force. But *variety* should be preserved—for monotony here, would be a sad comment on the resources of art, as well as a proof of the absence of taste and feeling. Let, however, artificialness and studied expression both in tombstones and epitaphs be carefully avoided, for the representation of genuine affection are simple and natural. *Let not attention be unadvisedly excited by boastful monuments of the unknown,—and let the great and good be commemorated by appropriate testimonials of their worth.*

Nor do we join in the violent tirade of modern essayists against complimentary epitaphs. If the deceased was not possessed of *one* memorable virtue—let blank silence be preserved, or let a solemn warning be inscribed for the passer by. Who desires to see human failings perpet-

uated over the grave of their possessor! "*Man wars not with the dead!* It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it." Here, as elsewhere, let a discriminating taste and a becoming modesty, associated with a correct idea of the proprieties of the place and the occasion, be the guides.

The moral effect of a cemetery, thus laid out and ornamented, especially in the vicinity of a mammon-serving and tumultuous city, cannot well be overrated. Its solemn aisles are frequented by many who never seek elsewhere the temple of God. And though the giddy may prattle, and the sentimental pluck rose-buds for their fair ones—the white monument will still stand by their side, and death be their constant companion. As one enters such a place, a feeling steels over him, not unlike that which the traveler experiences as he gazes upon the mouldering shrines and cathedrals of some city of the past, whose memory is almost obliterated;—the impression indeed is deeper, and the suggestions more personal. At the close of day, or during the quiet hours of the Sabbath, I delight to wander among its ghostly mausoleums, to view the unsleeping green of nature, standing in solemn vigil over the last resting place of the immortal soul. As I gaze upon the obelisks of the wealthy, I reflect with sorrow upon the vanity and littleness of man,—as I walk by the monuments of the honored and loved, I am convinced that nothing can perpetuate our memories, but deeds of goodness and virtue; the quiet tombs of youthful beauty and loveliness remind me of the soul's immortality,—and the faded cenotaphs that commemorate the scattered dust of our ancestry, cause me to remember that the time is not far distant, when for us, too, shall "the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken."

Mr. McCreed's Congregation, and their Neighbors.

"We are glad to learn that the elegant church erected a few months since, by the liberality of our fellow citizen, Mr. McCreed, is now filled with a large and fashionable congregation." ——— GAZETTE.

LARGE and fashionable congregation! Yes, sir! You can have no adequate idea of the vast strides public piety has made since the erection of the new church. Why, in the mere externals, think a moment of the improvements you, yourself, have witnessed. The society of the

Rev. Mr. Chokes has followed close upon Mr. McCreed, and erected a grand edifice, all of stone, sir, of modest, plain looking stone—none of your gew-gaws of masonry about that church; but everything is simple and substantial—and then they have pointed it off with a glorious sprout of a spire, all of wood, and of a chocolate color. How much better than a dwarf tower of stone, (it is said to be five feet higher than Mr. McCceed's spire,) and what a superior color is chocolate to the white of Dr. Dulcimer's, or the yellow of Dr. Sozzler's! And then the mullions of the great front windows—who could contrive such mouldings in stone as the ingenious carpenters have whittled out of the delicate pine? All for beauty and effect! And they are going to set up a new organ in Dr. Harmonne's church—a great noisy thing—and Mr. Triad, the well known artiste, is to keep it in practice, by performing the wedding march on it for two hours each day. And you can see another graceful little church among the poplars—very beautiful indeed, except a little heaviness in the appearance of the inevitable wooden mullions.

Large congregation! Sir, the interest which Mr. McCreed takes in its progress—in which he is heartily seconded by the church which has gathered in the new house—is really edifying. Evening services have been established, and it would cause your heart to leap for joy, to see the throngs of young people that assemble to hear Dr. Dulcimer's best sermons. Some of the young men say "he throws himself particularly on these occasions," but this is owing to their lack of polish. They wish to say that he preaches with unusual unction, or that his lips have been touched with an extra incandescent coal. The young men sit in the gallery, long rows of them, and you should see how they drink in every word of the sermon. Why, even the young ladies in the body of the house below, are touched by it, and many a joyful tear is wiped from their faces, by sympathetic handkerchiefs. Oh, sir, it is touching! "Young men and maidens," all interested, and exhibiting such a mutual yearning for each others' well being! Could you behold the benignant glances and smiles of this youthful, happy congregation, your heart would swell within you and you would murmur "truly it is a good thing to go up unto the house of the Lord!"

You may have heard some cynic mutter "flirtations," but he was slanderous, sir; he was more, he was almost impious. Flirtations in the house of God! And you may have heard an apparently irreverent shout from the gallery on a certain occasion, when the gas was suddenly extinguished. Did you know, sir, what that shout was? It was simply

an exhibition of feeling. Do not the Methodists shout? Yes, sir, they cry hallelujah, and they are full of feeling! So are the young men. Don't open a libelous mouth against these evening assemblies! They are popular, and the young people are warmed into sensibility and ardor.

Then there is the ragged school—you have heard of it, of course, everybody has. What is more suitable to awaken the interest of the young in the congregation, than by clustering their sympathies around some benevolent object? The ragged school is the object, sir. Here in delightful labor together meet the wit and beauty of the people. Here they toil and sow precious seed, and awaken a throng of moral associations, (which they keep up by occasional fruit festivals,) in the minds of those poor children—and after school they walk home together, with love and charity beaming from their countenances, and "hold sweet converse" as they go. "This is much better," says Mr. Plumgudgeon, than distributing tracts all alone among the wretched and repulsive hovels on the outskirts, for here your heart is kept in tune by the skillful fingers of your fair associates." Singular man, Mr. Plumgudgeon! And then he hums:

"Oh may my heart in tune be found," &c.

and hurries away with his bundle of tracts.

Mr. McCreed has indulged the musical predilections of his congregation. Such a choir you don't hear every day. It is very much superior to the one at St. Cyprian's, although the latter is so famous. It is true that one of the public prints complained, a short time ago, of Mr. McCreed's choir, for presenting to the congregation a favorite air from Rosini's Stabat. Fudge on the public prints! What taste have they in the matter of church music? Would you have the *congregation* sing, and give out Nuremburg, and all such old tunes, on every occasion? "Mr. Wallers says yes, and his judgment is one of the best!" But Mr. Wallers is illiberal, and how shall he pass judgment on the style of Mr. McCreed's enlightened and artistic quartette? Yes, the choir does its part towards filling up the new church. But don't suppose that all this progress is confined to Dr. Dulcimer's congregation. No, you have already seen the emulation that has sprung up with regard to externals, and the same is true in every respect. That horrid Plumgudgeon insists on saying that the prayer of the people seems to be "oh, give us the loftiest spire and the largest congregation," but he is crabbed and surly. Why, he, even though he is a tract distributer, ridicules "the Dorcas

institution for the aid of the Hottentots," where the young people meet to manufacture blankets, and talk of charity. What can you expect of such a man?

Large and *fashionable* congregation! Yes, sir! piety no longer creeps through back alleys to church, but it rolls along in its carriage. It is fashionable, sir, and wears silver slippers. It does not crouch in humble cottages, and shudder at the approach of footsteps, and hurry the cherished volume into a place of concealment. No, sir! It parades with book under arm—it frowns down its opponents and displays itself triumphantly in mansion and in mart. You don't expect it to cast down its eye as it sweeps into the new church. Oh, no! you hear a rustling and are suffocated with an odor that reminds you of the opera, where —reprobate as you are—you ventured last evening to seek a little enjoyment. Will you join the large and fashionable congregation in their devotions? There is nothing to pay, and anybody may enter and look at the spectacle. Don't use your opera glass—that is not the pattern here! If you have a delicate little article, such as you flourish on the steps of your hotel, you may stare to your eyes' content.

Mrs. Mitchingale, sir! How she spreads her newest style of sanctuary trimmings, and sails into her pew! How she gathers herself together, and composes herself, to listen to her "dear Mr. Dulcimer," while her grand bonnet comes down like an extinguisher upon the less extravagant piety of some of her neighbors. There is a score of Mrs. Mitchingales in the congregation. How refreshing, isn't it? to see the church patronized by such people! Miss Ouikhed, the fashionable belle! With what an air she comes out upon the floor! Her rivals, sir, and their attendant swarms! Silks and broadcloths, sir! This isn't like the "sheepskins and goatskins," is it? Oh, these happy days of public devotion!

How the congregation throng in! A fluttering, a tread of feet genteel and feet vulgar, a rattling of pew doors, an odor of vinaigrettes, bows of officious sextons, and all is over. The soldiers of the cross, all scarfed and plumed, are in their ranks, and the action commences. Large and fashionable! Oh, what a devotional feeling comes over the poor in their dwellings, as they hear of it! The men smoke their pipes in the doorway, and are glad that the church is so full, although there is no room for them. What a sympathy there is between those who worship God in the field, as they ramble about partaking of the fruits of the earth, and the occupants of the sleepy pews!

"How delightfully Dr. Dulcimer preached to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchingale, as Mr. Plumgudgeon was handing her to her carriage.

"Very," replied Mr. Plumgudgeon. "How superbly the Levites played, and what an elegant dance David executed before the ark!"

"What a strange genius you are, Mr. Plumgudgeon! You are as rude as Deacon Trott, who always smells so strongly of fish."

"Fish? yes, so Miss Ouikhed says. What a singular perfume the first disciples must have introduced into their meetings!"

"Why, Mr. Plumgudgeon!" The carriage rolled off, and he muttered, "Oh pride, pride! What would poor St. Peter do, if he should enter this church? He would not find an entrance to any pew, unless, perhaps, his Oriental dress gave him a distinguished foreign air. How did you like the sermon, Brother Trott?"

"Oh," replied the aged man, "I am getting old, and I don't understand all their fine ideas. I suppose it is all very good, but I can't get the bread of life from these sermons."

"How delightfully Dr. Dulcimer preaches!" Ah, yes! How he leads his people along towards the straight and narrow gate? 'Few there be that find it.'"

Carmen Sæculare.

PHŒBUS, shining glory of the Heaven,
And Dian, queen of groves, to whom be given
Ever-wonted honors, O attend
The prayers we send,
At the sacred season, when the Sibylline
On youth and gentle maiden doth enjoin
To lift the choral hymn to Gods above,
Who the Seven Hills love.
Benignant sun, in whose resplendent car
The day doth enter and retire afar,
Thou other same! ne'er see, where'er thou come,
A mightier Rome.
Ilythia, to the ripe womb tender,
Be the toiling matron's kind defender,
Or wouldst thou we would thee Lucina hail as
Or Genitalis.

O Goddess, grant a long posterity,
The Marital Decree prosperity—
Whose fertile womb shall generate apace
Another race;
That song and game the years may bring again—
Sure cycle of a century and ten—
Where thrice the crowds by crystal day convene,
And night serene.
And ye, ye Fates, infallible to sing
Whatever predetermined time shall bring,
To former fortune be the future joined,
A fate as kind.
Let earth, prolific both in flock and field,
A sheafy coronal to Ceres yield,
And let the rains and jovial airs prove good
To the young brood.
Apollo, placid with thy dart concealed,
To supplicating youths thine audience yield.
The maidens hearken, starry Queen, forlorn,
Of the 'duplicate horn.'
If Rome be work of thine, if Trojan band
From Ilion hath held Etruscan land,
Enjoined by the exchanging hearth and home,
Secure to roam,
Whom pure Aeneas, through the flames of Troy,
Survivor of his country, did convoy
A grander future to attain at last,
Than all the past:
O Deities, to youth grant probity,
O Deities, to age serenity,
To Rome possession and posterity,
And dignity.
Let him who offers ye white oxen slain,
The blood of Venus and Anchises' reign
Supreme o'er warring foe, but shield the blow
From fallen foe.
So now by sea and land the Parthian fears
The arms of Alba, her ensigns reveres,
Now Scythia suppliant waits our will to find,
And late proud Ind.
Now Faith, Peace, Honor, Olden Modesty,
And Virtue wander with impunity,
Now Plenty doth appear, and holds upborne
Her teeming horn.
The Augur, darling of the muses nine,

Whose bow of beauty glorious doth shine,
Unto our bodies' wearied members dealing
Gentle healing,
Loves he the altars of the Palatine,
O may he Latium and the Roman line
Forever lengthen to a better age
And heritage.
Who holdeth Algidus and Aventine,
Diana to the Fifteen will incline,
And to the youths who supplicating cry
Her ear apply.
Of Jove and all the gods propitious, bring
I tidings. I, the Chorus, taught to sing
Apollo's glory, and the hymn to raise
To Dian's praise. H.

THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE EESAY.

Science: its Nature and Influence.

BY JOHN MILTON HOLMES, CHICAGO, ILL.

It was taught by the ancient philosophers that the human race is continually deteriorating in spirituality and intellect, as well as bodily stature, and therefore was feigned a golden age in an Hesperian realm of old, where beneath the paternal sway of Saturn, beings who were always happy reveled in the immortal fruits of beneficence and virtue. But the great law of history is *progress;* as might indeed have been inferred a priori upon the ground that the life of nations, not less than that of individuals, is directed by an overruling and beneficent Providence. It shall be our aim to show how far the progress of mankind towards the earthly maximum of human happiness has been promoted by Science.

Neither science alone, nor republican institutions alone, nor social reform alone, can make men fully blest; but they can all take an efficient, though subordinate, part in the great scheme by which Christianity is engaged in restoring man to the early glories of his being.

True Science is not mysterious; it is a knowledge of facts—of facts as they exist in the nature of things, or as the relations of causes and effects. We thus obtain the distinction of abstract and physical Science.

A proposition in Euclid is a fact which we cannot conceive of as otherwise. The essential connection between light and healthful vegetation is a fact for which pure reason could not predicate the necessity. The former is an illustration of abstract, the latter of physical, Science. Between these there exists so close an interdependence, that we shall not attempt to separate them as we proceed to consider the direct influence of Science upon the mind.

And first, of the gratification and advantage conferred by a knowledge of *principles*. It is related of the great apostle of modern Science—Lord Bacon—that he once piled up and burned in his court yard a number of treatises concerning gardening and agriculture, exclaiming at the same time—"*These books are without principles.*" The thought that principles lay concealed beneath the old routine of opinion, has been, to many minds, as the voice of our long dead. The soul loves principles independently of any contingent good, just as the sense of taste is gratified by pleasant food, without any thought of the advantages of nourishment. The soul longs for excitement. Empiricism is exceedingly dull. But Science ministers to the desires of the soul. She brings treasure from the great vault of heaven and the bosom of the earth, and from the mind of man, and then exalts all these phenomena into illustrations of unchanging laws.

The *advantage* of Science may be gathered from the consideration that man is placed here in *his* chamber of the universe as the subject of mighty laws, spiritual and temporal, which it is dangerous to neglect and fatal to despise. Here, as in human jurisprudence, the offender is bound to *know* the law. Science interprets these laws and applies them to the emolument of man. Hence the vulgar objection against theories and theorists can have no weight. Every theory is the germ of a practical truth. Every theorist is father of the future inventor. Thus the apparently barren speculations concerning iodine have been of immense advantage in medical and photographic art; and the long known truth of the conducting power of metals has at length given surety to justice and dispatch to business. As a means of mental and manual industry, a knowledge of principles gives us self-confidence, prepares us for all emergencies, and furnishes us with rules for conduct long after mere formulæ are forgotten.

Secondly, Science gives us correct habits of thought. The human mind, like the lower animals, is apt to act at the instigation of impulse, rather than listen to the passionless voice of reason. Science is patient. Stone by stone are her deep foundations laid. Step by step does she

mount upward to eternal truth. Consequence from consequence, experiment upon experiment—these are her methods. In the examination of all new speculations, whether religious, philosophical, or industrial, this patience is essential.

Science is thorough. We cannot listen to her teachings as to the fragment of a song. All that follows is connected with all that precedes. We can at once tell if any part has been omitted. We cannot use the *language* of science without understanding the associated idea. Here at least it is not possible to darken counsel by words without knowledge. We cannot reason from catch words. Before science utters her decisions, the minutest, the remotest, the most varied facts must all be scrutinized like the files of a well ordered army. Thus we learn what real investigation is—what true demonstration is, and are enabled to guard against the most dangerous of errors—self-deception. The *thoroughness* of Science is shown by its mode of operation. Art works by synthesis—Science, on the other hand, by analysis. The poet and painter are content with the mere shows of things. Raphael paints a Madonna from a lovely model, and straightway we are enchanted by the vision. But Science proceeds to investigate the laws of life—to describe the properties and functions of nerve, and bone, and muscle, and to separate even these into their ultimate elements. Thompson depicts the beauties of a park, and collects hill, dale, stream, and tree, into an exquisite poem. But Science digs beneath the surface—discloses the marvels of geology, and stops not until it has described the order of creation and classified the mysterious fossils that for ages had slept in their solemn sepulchres.

Science is honest. She has too keen an appreciation of truth, from her communion with nature and from the inevitable deductions of reason, to utter the ambiguous oracles of Empiricism. All her processes are thrown open to the light, for she wishes them to be known and proved by all men. The sphinx-guarded wisdom of Egypt and the esoteric philosophy of Greece afford us no exception. Although the ancients had considerable command of nature's resources, they had but little knowledge of her laws, and in point of fact ancient science is a misnomer. The truthful character of Science has stamped and will stamp its impress upon the world's destiny, and does much to confer upon her votaries a nobler skill than that of the fairy who spake pearls—the art of speaking the truth.

True Science is *hopeful*. So much has already been accomplished in the twin realms of thought, mind and matter—such a vast territory remains for conquest—that Science is almost ready to join faith and laugh

at impossibilities. The philosopher has seen errors become doubts, and doubts become demonstrations, and demonstrations axioms. He has so often witnessed light out of darkness, and fruitfulness out of sterility, that his heart beats high by the pools of ignorance and iniquity, watching for a descending angel to stir the slumbrous waters.

It is not too much to say that Science is essentially *protestant* in its nature. The foundation of the Romish faith is the doctrine of authority based upon a human infallibility. But the inductive philosophy, on the other hand, demands evidence and demonstration. Against the authority of ages the *Great-heart* of the world's progress rebelled. The Baconian asserts what the Catholic denies—the right of private judgment. And if the mind is so benumbed that in religious matters it is content to take all upon trust, it is evident that it cannot sympathize with that rigid and continual investigation of natural things, which is the great characteristic of modern Science. History corroborates our argument. Science has diminished as the Catholic belief has predominated, from "starry Galileo in his woes," down to the irrational warfare of the English tractarians against Buckland, Agassiz, and their collaborators.

Thirdly, Science gives us a better knowledge of the Creator. God is one, but his attributes are many. All these attributes are embodied more or less perfectly in the manifestations of nature. In fine, as one of the old philosophers expressed it—"The whole universe is a thought of God." We know that the intimations of Deity thus gathered, are but as the auroral flash to the effulgence of high noon. But we cannot afford to give up the whole material creation to the deist. For surely God never would have spread before us so rich, so exhaustless a banquet, had the fruit been useless or unwholesome; he never would have enriched his written revelation with such a wealth of imagery, from the ocean and the hills, from the light and the darkness, and all the phenomena of the material world. We shall see hereafter that Science has done much for man's *temporal* needs. But she has done more—a good greater than all she has done or can do, as the heavens are higher than the earth. As from some imperishable monument, buried deep in a pyramid of Cheops or Cephrenis, the skillful pilgrim deciphers the memorials of a well-nigh forgotten civilization, so from the hand-writing upon the walls of space, and from the stone tables hidden in the everlasting mountains, does Science translate the attributes of their Creator. Thus did David and Paul gather new and vivid ideas of the Almighty from the light o
nature. And uninspired writers, from Socrates to Paley, have obtained

from the august glories and minute contrivances of the universe, proofs of an intelligent and eternal designer.

When we approach the most wonderful of the Almighty's attributes —his love—feeble as our conception of it may be without the great central truth of the Bible to exalt it—yet even here, Science, like Paul at Lystra, teaches us that the God of nature has not left himself without a witness, in that he does good, and gives us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. And this adaptation of the natural forces to the wants of man, which the common observer thinks upon as a matter of course, Science knows might be far otherwise, that by a slight alteration in the composition of the atmosphere, all might be reduced to barrenness and death. We should but dimly have seen proofs of love and care for man in the rude ore—in the shapeless stone—the buried coal—the untamed energies of nature—had not Science given a meaning to all these; declaring that in the eye of God, even from the beginning, the rude ore was teeming with all the implements of industry; that in the bosom of the shapeless stone lay hidden temples and palaces; that the coal-bed was pregnant with imprisoned light; that the vanquished elements, even of old, had commandment to give new wings to commerce, and arms that never tired to toil.

Again, Science gives us a new and sublime idea of God's omnipotence. It tells us of a wondrous power which laughs to scorn all human energy; which binds the might of the ocean and the mountain, and leads the planets in their rejoicing race; but which nevertheless stores up the dew-drop for the thirsting bird, and guides the streamlet to the withering grass. What is *Gravitation* but a feeble emblem of God's providence—of that perpetual watchfulness which numbers the hairs of every head, and the dropping sands of every life?

The proofs which Science gives of creative *wisdom* would swell a volume instead of a scanty paragraph. Everywhere we see adequate means applied to given ends, without misapplication or superfluity. We see mighty and manifold laws all executed in perfect harmony, and all the tribes of the animate world adapted to their different methods of existence.

We gather a new and overwhelming view of creative *power* when we consider the vast magnitudes and distances of Astronomy, or the unimaginable ones of Geology. Thus by the instrumentality of Science does the spirit of God again move upon the face of the waters—evoking life and beauty out of darkness and chaos.

Finally, every advance of Science affords us new evidence of the

truthfulness of that wonderful book which was written more than three thousand years ago, by men profoundly ignorant of physical knowledge, simply as an organ of religious truth; but which, nevertheless, gives us delineations of God's creative energy and sustaining laws, to which human research has never been able to offer a successful contradiction.

We come now to consider the influence of Science upon society, through the medium of Invention and Art.

Bodily good, in some shape or other, is the direct and distinctive aim of the Baconian philosophy. The only truly scientific method of investigation is according to the precepts of that philosophy. Art without Science is mere quackery. It is true that in the earliest stages of society Art must have preceded Science. Men were obliged to eat before they thought about scientific cultivation, and to have fires before they investigated the properties of caloric. Without Science the lowest animal necessities might, indeed, be satisfied; but nothing more than these. Civilization demands systematic agriculture, manufactures and commerce. Science has created and developed these, by increasing man's native powers, by producing new powers, and by the division of labor. It has, in fact, given us Political Economy, which, perhaps more than aught else human, has promoted peace and prosperity among men.

Science has tamed for us the beasts of the forest, and changed wild berries into delicious fruits; it has said to famine, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;" it has extirpated virulent diseases, and prolonged the average duration of human life; it has given us boats of iron that will not sink, and palaces of crystal that will not burn; it has spanned continents and removed mountains, and shrunk the ocean to a little stream; it has given us co-workers of a giant's power and an infant's gentleness, which have ploughed and threshed and reaped our fields, like the lubber fiends of Saxon fable, and made the craftsman's hammer mightier than that wielded by Scandinavian Thor; it has made the lightning a swifter servant than the Tartar's horse of brass; it has made the illimitable powers of air and fire and flood more obedient than the enchanted slaves of Prospero, in multiplying human comforts and enjoyments, and in scattering throughout the world the blessings of wealth, prosperity and civilization. Such have been the fruits of Science.

It may be objected that if Science, in the progress of invention, has given us many good things, it has also given us many evil things; that the manufacturing system of England has inflicted misery and premature death upon innocent children; that the invention of the cotton gin

has riveted the chain upon the southern bondman; that weapons of warfare have been perfected as rapidly as the implements of peace.

It would be easy to show, in answer to this, that the further advance of Science must mitigate the condition of the bondman and the factory child, and banish war from the face of the earth. But it is enough to reflect that evils, far more severe and widespread, than these fell to the doom of bygone ages; and that if Science carries any evils in her train, she provides also the intelligence which detects and the philanthropy which relieves them.

But wealth and Art are not the sole components of human welfare. Man liveth not by bread alone. The effect of physical improvement has been to elevate the *intellectual* character. In the first place, it has given men opportunities for mental culture which they could not otherwise have enjoyed.

If by some mysterious commandment, Science and all the advantages of Science were banished from our world; if the sailor, deprived of his quadrant and logarithms, were left bending at his oar; and the farmer, ignorant of the truths of Chemistry, were left to plough the sand; if the housewife were left grinding at the mill, and the mechanic to work up forests by his hands alone; if the laborer were left to bear his own burdens, and tidings could be carried only by the feet of men; if every human being were thus left with sweating brow and straining eye, with racking nerve and toiling limb, to stern and ceaseless conflict with winter and nakedness and famine; what opportunity could there be for exaltation above the mere animal necessities of existence?

It is not until productiveness of labor reaches such a point that it does not require the whole of men's time and toil to provide for their physical wants, that means are afforded for intellectual development. The natural capital thus accumulated and applied to the improvement of the mind, is then reäpplied for the supply of physical needs, and thus these two great principles of productiveness and mental development act and reäct upon each other, and conduce to the rapid advancement of the race.

Physical welfare has tended to improvement in *civil government*. The reverse of this is undoubtedly true; for all God's servants are good friends, and help one another. But physical amelioration lies at the very foundation of law and order. The savage cares but little for good government, for he has no possessions to lose, and personal wrongs he can redress by the strong hand. But the case is very different when men acquire personal property, when they have lands that may be con-
[illegible]cated, houses that may be pillaged, when they depend for enjoymen

upon all the comforts clustering around the name of *Home*. They *then* have a strong interest for opposing anarchy or despotism. They will seek for laws which shall protect their own property, and, as a natural consequence, will be led to respect the property of others. It was the invasion of the rights of property by Queen Elizabeth which sowed the first seeds of Puritan resistance. It was an invasion of the rights of property which gave us a republican form of government.

Again; as the Arts advance to their perfection, the respect paid to mere physical power will be diminished. This is a great gain. In ancient times bodily prowess, as manifested upon the battle-field, was thought the noblest attainment of man. And he alone was thought worthy to govern, who could scatter death and terror amid the ranks of opposing warriors, and put to flight gods and heroes with his tempest-nurtured spear. But a few handfuls of gunpowder can now transcend the fabled achievements of Hercules and Ajax. A pint of water and a pound of coals will do the work of a thousand giants. Men begin to see that there is something better than corporeal vigor. They begin to understand the apothegm of Verulam, that "Knowledge is power," the idea of a greater even than Verulam, that "Wisdom is better than strength;" and thus will arise the idea of a more beneficent form of government than that which is the reward of mere physical prowess and audacity.

What are the effects of physical improvement upon the *moral* advancement of man? This is a momentous question. That view is infinitely deficient, which sees man only as a creature of earth, and not as an heir of immortality. God has given man a triple nature, as a mysterious emblem of His own. These three are one. The health of the intellect depends upon that of both the others. As Horace Mann remarked in one of his beautiful lectures, "Health is somewhat more than etymologically connected with holiness." If reason had not taught it before, experience has fully shown that little can be done for the moral amelioration of those who are greatly destitute of physical comfort. The French missionaries found it out in Canada, Oberlin found it out in the Bau de la Roche, Mr. Pease found it out in the Five Points' mission.

Again; knowledge is the foundation of true religion. God's service is a *reasonable* service. As in His ancient worship He required the firstling of the fold, and the first fruits of the vineyard—the costliest purple and the rarest stones; so much more does He now require men to serve Him with *all* the mind. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, of falsehood, of bigotry, of persecution, and all uncharitableness; her religion is lip worship and limb worship, chant of psalm and fold of

tunic, but not the homage of the soul. The truly-believing mind learns its relations to its Maker, not by sacerdotal dicta and hereditary descent, but from the oracles of God himself, written ineffaceably upon the holy page and in the living light of the outspread universe, illustrated by all the deductions of reason, by all the teachings of history, by all the achievements of art.

We have hitherto spoken as though the salutary influence of Art had been addressed merely to the physical improvement of man, and have then shown the good effects of this improvement upon his higher nature. But the various Arts do directly tend to refine and exalt, and to promote peace and human brotherhood.

As the works of nature bind the soul to God, so do the works of Art bind man to man. Music is a universal language of earth; and as it cannot, like poetry, be polluted by becoming the vehicle of selfishness or impurity, it is also the language of heaven. This heaven-born agent is the mother of love, of devotion and rejoicing; it knits together the hearts of the household band; recalls into existence buried youth and forgotten friendship, even as a low sung strain of the *Rans des Vaches* carries back the tearful Switzer to his Alpine fatherland.

Painting, too, does a good work. The simple portraits of Washington, which overhang so many American firesides, are the ancilia of liberty. The invention of the Daguerreotype, alone, is a surety that generous affections shall not be dried up in men's hearts. It has multiplied, and will multiply those manly and refining tears which Cowper shed upon his mother's picture. And then, the art of Architecture! How it concentrates the sympathy of nations! How it fosters that love for the past and the distant, which exalts manhood above brutality! How much did St. Peter's Church accomplish for England in the days of the pilgrimages! How much does Westminster Abbey link our hearts and draw our pilgrim feet to England? And those stupendous structures, which mediéval Germany piled up to God, have honored him by attracting thoughts of world-wide brotherhood for the race of which it stands a representation, even more than by the sacrificial wealth of genius, the ineffaceable beauty, the imperishable strength.

If such are the fruits of the Fine Arts, what shall we say of those whose primary aim it is to facilitate human intercourse by improvements in locomotion and correspondence? Nothing is so effectual as personal contact in removing antipathy and prejudice. Without travel, one would hardly be aware how many good men may be found outside of the creed in which he was baptized, and outside of the country in

which he was born. Even so are *national* prejudices modified. It begins to be discovered that the English are not all tyrants, that the Americans are not all negroes, that the French are not all harlequins, that the Russians are not all centaurs. Friends, and families too, scatter among different countries, in pursuit of subsistence; and thus every emigrant and every immigrant becomes a hostage of peace.

Heretofore the great part of human energy has been expended in war and destruction—but now that the nations are performing all the good offices of civilization—breaking down the barriers of exclusive legislation—exchanging the fruits of the earth and the fabrics of the loom—revering each others' worthies—translating each others' books—copying each others' inventions—treading each others' libraries and galleries—kneeling by the shrines of each others' glory, and sitting in amity by each others' firesides, there is dawn upon the world's horizon, despite the *thunder in the East.*

There is a glimmering prospect of that happy era foretold and sung by seer and bard, "When the drum shall beat no longer, and the battle-flag be furled in the parliament of man—the federation of the world."

Thus shall Science, concentring and consolidating every human element of progress, guide an obedient world to the throne of the Creator, to receive that fruition of glory and rejoicing which shall be coëval with the life of the soul.

The Three Advertisements.

By Φ. Γ.

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The lark-spur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'" TENNYSON.

CRUMER ended his narrative calmly, and in a tone of quiet tenderness that made the eyes of his old classmates glisten with sympathy. Blynn was silent, but Brotherby, after a slight pause, replied with much

emotion, and went on in his turn. "Happy! Ah, Tom, my jewel, they say rightly who declare that you deserve to be happy. The world feels obliged to him who has had the good fortune and cleverness to vary the poor, stale story of common courtship, as you and Philo have done. Your words are sweet to my soul, brother Tom; pleasant as a Crusade song to some old palmer crippled in the holy wars. Wait a little, and let me remember. You have beguiled me, Tom, and I have lost my clue. Forty-eight years! That strange and dimly-visible yesterday, in whose morning we three began to love each other so well. I have it now. The thread of one more bright legend runs twinkling down through those multiplied summers and winters like a silver stream. I must follow it, as I promised you, and conclude these novel biographies with my own.

'Twas a long time, you know, before I could bring myself to share your sport. I had not the mercurial fancy which was common to both of you, and was always, as far as concerned the ladies, the shyest man of the trio. Your persuasions, however, and the unquestionable testimony of those attractive daguerreotypes, induced me at last to cultivate my epistolary style. I followed your example, and determined to mingle my favorite mathematics and logic with the politer pleasures of female conversation. I advertised in the same paper with you, and about a year later, but, with a precaution which led you to complement me for shrewdness, I selected the semi-weekly issue, and sent my notice to all the rural villages in the extreme corners of the land. My respondents were few, as I had anticipated, but I was repaid for my manner of procedure, by finding the few well worth my while. I vacillated for some time between two of so nearly equal appearance and pretension, that it required all my acumen to arrive within guessing distance of their relative merits. They called themselves respectively 'Cora' and 'Minnie.' Minnie was a warm-hearted, sunny-tempered young Western beauty. Cora was a daughter of the North—sprightly and amiable, and wrote cleverly enough for an authoress. Upon her I fixed at last, and soon began to find delight in her regular and beautiful replies. An exchange of daguerreotypes was proposed, but she informed me that there was no artist within convenient distance of her native place, and I must wait till the course of events afforded her an opportunity to sit for her picture. The mystery of mutual disguise seemed to please her; so we agreed for a time to remain in ignorance of each others' looks and names. The correspondence grew interesting to us, and we told each other a great many secrets.

Love, however, became a delicate subject, and we never mentioned it except in careful periphrases, and third-person-plurals. Yet one thing was certain, 'Cora' and 'Arthur' were *friends*—friends they knew not why—friends they thought not how; and the little keepsakes she sent me, and the kind wishes she uttered for me, and the ardent 'God-speeds' with which she cheered me had a charm in them that made the last year of my college life a constant summer.

Nobody knew how many of my literary performances during that period were spiced with the native dainties of 'Cedar Glen.' Cora, who dated from a Seminary in that locality, would frequently furnish me with some pretty gem of her own, which, with a little management, I could bring into play remarkably well.

I remember, once, reading a metaphysical essay on the 'Ministry of the Unknown.' 'When our souls,' said I, in one place, 'are compelled to *trust* because they cannot *know*, they open to the fact of their immortality with cheerful eagerness, and fling themselves back in the calm persuasion of a better existence, that shall at last solve the great riddle of human hope. While faith is our only happiness in weakness and ignorance, it is no less the teacher of power and wisdom, for it is the foundation of that *worship* which alone keeps the mind docile, at the same time that it expands and ennobles it. Faith, as our souls enlarge, becomes to us a prophecy. In the apt language of *Miss Hannah More*,' (and here I threw in one of Cora's fragments,)

> 'The inward sibyl, with the sleepless eye,
> Hallows our fancies and refines our sight,
> Till forward through the Infinite Unknown,
> In nobler thought we chase the heavenly forms
> Portrayed by sacred scribes with mystic term
> And shadowy intimation, and the voice
> Of the Apocalyptic angel, like
> The tiding-whispers of a message-bird,
> Calls from the gates of Eden, 'Come and see.' '

I repeated this in a confident tone, and the sentiment was received with enthusiasm.

For about a year I carried on this pleasant literary barter with my correspondent of Cedar Glen, she furnishing me from time to time with such articles as I could easily turn to account, and I in turn rewarding her with short pieces of my own composition, to be inserted in her weekly exercises, her album, or the pages of a small Seminary periodical, of which, owing to her ready writing, she had been chosen Editress.

Thus matters stood when College Commencement, the last occasion on which I was to participate as a student in Academical exercises, came on. You had shown me Ellie sometime previously, Blynn, as I passed through Woodfield with you, and I was so stimulated by the sight of your beautiful treasure, that I almost determined to send my true name to Cora immediately, solicit hers, and make an appointment to visit Cedar Glen as soon as Commencement should be over. I had vowed once that I would not be the first to ask a mutual revelation, but the thought of your happiness, Philo, and the conviction that I was losing much by delay, quickened my impatience to an intolerable pitch, and I sat down to write my fair friend a letter. Before I finished it, however, I so far modified my determination as to withhold my name, and only requested that she would favor me with some clue to her real address, and allow me to call upon her after my graduation.

During the public exercises of Commencement day, I came very near betraying myself in spite of all my caution. In my oration which I prepared for that occasion I had somehow or other interwoven a short passage or two, which I liked particularly well, from the identical pieces that had been sent up to Cedar Glen, and published in Cora's paper. It happened that Jenkins, a sub-freshman, from this same Glen Seminary, and an acquaintanee of this very girl, who had heard the piece read, and, of course, could not but recognize the passages in question, was present in the audience when I delivered my speech. This unlucky hap was likely to have spread the name of Niles Brotherby in a quarter where that individual, for reasons best known to himself, preferred not just then to be known. Contrary to probability and the general course of things, Jenkins went home and related to Cora the fact of the coincidence of the passages above mentioned, but *kept the speaker's name to himself!* She begged him to point out on the programme the person whom he had thus partially identified as her correspondent, but the fellow would reveal nothing, except on condition of her showing him all the letters I had ever written her! Cora resented this, and away went Jenkins chuckling over the secret which he meant to make so much capital out of.

My young incognita wrote me her direction, and urged me to make my proposed visit as soon as I could. I was to stop at a small village on the shore of Sebago Pond, about forty miles from the foot of Mt. Washington, and inquire for Dr. James McKenzie. It was at his residence, she said, that she intended to spend her vacation. It was further

agreed that on my arrival I should notify her by a certain specified message, whereupon she would send me her card, and set a time for me to call upon her. I went to New Hampshire in August, and, journeying eastwardly, sought out the village on the Sebago. A party accompanied me, destined for the White Mountains, who consented to linger in the vicinity for the sake of the scenery and the excitement of boating, while I accomplished my visit, after which I was to join them and travel towards the North, up the Saco river, hunting and fishing on the way.

On inquiry I soon found the house of Dr. McKenzie, and directed a note to his care, as I had been told to do. I waited long and uneasily for the promised response, but none found its way to my lodgings. I did not know what to make of the mystery, but concluded that there must be some miscarriage or mistake. Morning and evening I walked past McKenzie's dwelling, for three days, but saw no indication whatever of the expected lady visitor. Then a sort of nervous delicacy came over me, and, plagued half to death with very uncharitable doubts, I quitted the village, and sought my companions, trying my uttermost to forget that I ever did so foolish a thing as to advertise for a wife, and attempt to follow up a masked correspondence. I began to take the matter seriously. Second thought made me view it more reasonably, to be sure; but on the whole I concluded not to say any more to Cora, unless she wrote to me for an explanation. (The truth of the case was, as I afterwards knew, that the noble girl was *sick*, and could not meet me. She was as much disappointed as myself.)

Three weeks from that time I might have been seen wending my way back to Massachusetts, with indefinite quantities of fox hides and pheasant plumes, and a pair of moose antlers stowed away in my traveling valise, the trophies of a triumphant hunt. Thus ended my trip to the White Mountains.

Pass now over the space of just one year, and allow me to introduce myself to you as a Southern Tutor.

It was near sunset in one of the most lovely Alabamian valleys. The wind was as sweet as a Molucca gale, and the gardens there blossomed like a Persian Paradise. In the portico of a planter's mansion that stood in the midst of the most luxuriant of these gardens I sat puffing a hookah, in the approved Turkish fashion, and reading the last chapter of 'Paul Plimpton.' This was the title of a popular tale just published complete, (having been previously printed without a signature in several successive numbers of the National Era.) Certain peculiarities in the

plot led me to take an uncommon interest in the story, and I was beginning to murmur a wish, as I finished the *denouement*, that I might find out the writer, when the eldest daughter of my host, a well-educated young lady of eighteen, came out of the house with a newspaper in her hand. 'Mr. Brotherby,' said she, 'have you seen the last notice of Paul Plimpton? Here is quite a lengthy review of it, and more than that, it is stated that its author has been found.'

'Read the article, my dear,' said I; 'I have not seen it.' She did as I requested, and I learned that the novel which had interested me so much was attributed to a young attorney of Frankfort, Kentucky. The writer proceeded briefly to sketch the plan of the book, and applauded its author with the warmest expression of admiration. But I was so vexed to hear the whole turn out contrary to what I had dreamed, that I listened to but little more than the first half of the article, and when my fair reader had done, I involuntary exclaimed, 'I hope it is a mistake. I had made up my mind that Paul Plimpton was the work of a female hand.'

'I should have guessed the same,' replied the young lady; 'and the matter and manner are all Northern, every whit. Who could imagine that romance to be written by a Frankfort lawyer?'

'Not I,' I said; 'let me see who are the publishers. 'Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.' I should suppose then—but I will not conjecture. It is enough to say that I am incredulous.'

It was October, and I was in the city of Mobile. I saw at the Hotel where I lodged a Northern lady, whose appearance interested me greatly, and I determined to make her acquaintance at the first opportunity. Her father was with her, and as soon as he learned that I was a New Englander, he greeted me as cordially as if I had been an old friend. I was soon introduced to Miss Kate Lincoln, and from that moment began to pay her my politest attentions. For whole months we were almost constantly together, and before we parted, we had so far become possessed of each other's confidence that we scarcely thought a secret worth keeping which was not mutual between us. My correspondence with Cora was about the only thing I did not tell her.

The evening before we were to separate she whispered in my ear a piece of information which totally changed my opinion of her, and redoubled my interest in her history. 'You may start,' said she, 'when I tell you how much my delicacy has made me content to suffer from the

misapplied praise of a heedless and hood-winked public. *I am the authoress of Paul Plimpton!*

* * * * * *

Three years have passed since my return from the South, and the sun of a Winter morning shines into the windows of an extensive Law Office, in a city of the Old Bay State. The distinguished master of the establishment enters and walks to his desk. Laying down a bundle of papers, he pulls off his fur coat, and with a patronizing air, says: "Brotheby, do you want a case?" "Certainly, sir; what is it?" "An action for the recovery of estate. The parties are Miss Catharine Corinna Lincoln, and old Levi Perkins, a griping, miserly, mean, starveling-souled, vulgar fraction of a man, whose numerator bears so small a portion to his denominator, that respectable citizens have long since kicked him out of their reckoning, vowing that his sneaking individuality is too paltry to cast even the penumbra of a shadow, and wishing him as far below terra firma as he is below human average. A brother of this Perkins had dealings some years ago with Miss Lincoln's father, and, becoming involved, in the course of time, deeded to Lincoln a valuable farm of 500 acres, including a rich quarry of white marble. On his decase, which happened shortly after, his effects came into the hands of Levi, and the old niggard has been coveting back that property ever since. Last Fall, Mr. Lincoln died and left all his possessions to his daughter. By smelling about the premises and bribing spies, when the estate was being settled, Perkins has succeeded, it seems, in finding a flaw in his brother's deed, and has instituted a suit against Catharine, to wrest the farm away from her. There is considerable mystery about the old fellow's under-handed work yet to be unraveled, and I imagine many curious developments will be made in the difficulty of identifying papers. The case is a capital one to try your powers of stratagem upon, and call your legal arithmetic into exercise, and if you would like, I will put you in the way of it at once."

I had finished my legal studies when this conversation took place, and was employed as a clerk in the Office of Judge S——. When he offered me this case, I was wholly inexperienced, having never managed an action at law as senior counsel, in my life, but I was encouraged by his confidence in me, and made up my mind to *begin*. There was something moreover in the *defendant's name*, which induced me to undertake the task with more readiness than I might otherwise have done.

I set myself to work immediately; visited the town where the parties

lived, and started a series of systematic investigations into the character of Perkins, the history of his proceedings and all the suspicious circumstances connected with his pretended discovery of the flaw in the contested deed. I then called on my client, and to my astonishment found her to be the same with the Kate Lincoln of Mobile! my amiable friend and admired authoress! I confess I had half mistrusted this before, but I dared not hope it could be true. You may judge how much the unexpected coincidence of circumstances tended to enhance the interest of this our second meeting.

I soon learned from Catharine's own lips the true state of things, and proceeded without delay to improve upon the hints which her version of the case suggested to me. She claimed that the deed in her possession was *not* the deed received by her father from Perkins' brother, but a counterfeit substituted by some trick of light-fingered knavery, at the time the estate was settled. I examined the deed and saw that there was a flaw in it. Comparing her testimony with the suspicions which I had gathered about the neighborhood, I thought I discovered a clue which would lead me to a triumphant solution of the whole difficulty. Still there was need of all my vigilance and energy, to follow out what I had begun. After incredible toil, and repeated disappointments, I succeeded in finding the two witnesses who had signed the deed of Perkins' brother, and securing their appearance at the approaching trial. Meanwhile I had agents at work upon old Levi. One of them by a course of skillful engineering, which would be too long to tell, succeeded in winning upon the confidence of the greyheaded felon, until he actually intrusted to him the whole secret of his villainy, and showed him the *identical deed*, which he had surreptitiously taken from among Lincoln's papers.

The old miscreant thought he had found another accomplice, and my agent did not deem it best to be in any hurry about undeceiving him. I had no doubt, but that I should now be able to get the genuine deed into my hands, and you may be sure the eyes of my fair client glistened when I acquainted her with the prospect of affairs. The case was a clear one.

In a few weeks more, the trial came on. The witnesses were all present, and underwent a severe examination. The counterfeit deed was brought on, and riddled through and through. Perkins' array of testimony was formidable and the defendant's cause looked sufficiently unpromising. The counsel for the plaintiff arose and made his speech. While he was thus engaged, the somewhat odd intelligence was whispered in my ear that this honorable individual was formerly of Frankfort, Ken-

tucky, and was no other than the dishonest scoundrel who had suffered himself to be puffed in the public prints, as the author of "Paul Plimpton." I assured myself that the information was correct, recalled the circumstances, and remembered the name, but said nothing. My turn came to speak in defense. I went through the evidence against the authenticity of the deed in court, and then touched upon the character of the prosecutor and his witnesses. I had so much truth on my side, that the whole house heard me with applause, and murmured an amen to every word I said. Perkins and his gang were in very bad odor when I got through with them. At last, I alluded to my antagonist at the bar —ran back to the history of "Paul Plimpton," and the meanness of the man who had stolen a title to fame, by its popularity, and, pointing my finger at the cringing attorney, shouted, "Gentlemen of the jury, *this is he!*" Then extending my hand toward Kate Lincoln, I bade him gaze upon the *real* authoress, and confront, if he dared, the patient genius whose laurels he had worn with so ill a grace. The effect was electric. The whole court-room stormed with shouts for my client, and hisses for the confounded attorney. During the confusion, a man came crowding into the tribunal and hurrying up to the bar, threw down a paper on the table before me. When quiet had been in some measure restored, I proceeded to close my plea.

"May it please the Court," said I, "and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, the claim of my client has to my mind, been already established. The testimony with which *she* appears, unlike that of the other part concerned, *cannot* be called in question. The prosecutor's counsel has scouted our title to justice because we failed to show the *fate* of what we hold to be the genuine deed. It might be better could we prove to you what became of it—and if it is necessary, gentlemen, we *can*. The genuine deed *is here!*" As I said this, I held up before the court the important paper which my agent had so opportunely brought, calling at the same time upon the two witnesses who had signed it, to attest its identity. There was no need to say any more. Kate Lincoln's cause was won.

Some days after this exciting trial, I was with my friend, Catharine, examining some of her papers. Among them I caught sight of a letter directed in my own hand-writing! I tore it open in spite of her attempts to detain me, and read the signature, "Arthur Gibson." Seizing a pen from the inkstand, I deliberately copied the name in the identical hand, and wrote the name "Cora Hosmer" beside it. She started. Kate Lincoln was the "Cora" of my correspondence.

Where is she now, my dear old class-mates? Do not wonder if a streak of tenderness comes over me as I finish this story of mine. In that parlor she sits in her easy chair, the hale and *cheerful mistress of my mansion!*

Reader, I heard no more. I saw no more. The balcony and garden with the three story-telling friends, all vanished away, and the calm breeze, and the moon-light, and the Summer stars of 1903 passed on.

I have dreamed. So have many. But my heart tells me it is not weakness, and

> "If thus I love (O blame me not) to peer
> Down the long Future, picturing many a year,
> Yet Hope permits a half-assuring ray,
> To promise dawning to that wished-for day;
> When vain Romance, no more with fabling tongue
> Can claim the dreamy tale I now have sung,
> But God shall prove how much my vision means,
> By *living* issues and by *real* scenes."

The Future Land.

O Youth! O Hope! beyond the narrow Present,
There lies a land of limitless delight;
Wherein rise castles dreamy, evanescent,
Adorned with radiance rare and splendor bright.

There gather we the choicest of our treasures,
The kindred spirits whom our hearts hold dear;
There life flows on with deeper, purer pleasures,
And nobler joys crown each successive year.

The sages say, that, like a desert vision
Which mocks the faint and thirsty pilgrim's gaze,
These dreams of youth, these hopes of sweet Elysium,
Will vanish as we near the Future days.

Let this be so: let life be disenchanted
When time and tears shall dim our hopeful eyes,
Yet still the heart, with care and sorrow haunted,
Looks to the Future for its Paradise.

The Comus of Milton.

THE dramatist, who has a true conception of his art, gives the whole force of his genius to the delineation of character. He pictures it to us, in its lighter and more solid phases, as it really exists among men. When its formation is due to rank or education, he creates the refined Portia and Bassanio or the slavish Caliban, with his companions, the jester and the butler; if it be the result of a peculiar temperament, we are introduced to Falstaff, whose jollity and boastfulness are only equaled by his cowardice, or made to see, in the person of morose Shylock, a narrow mind, which dotes on money, and a vicious heart which longs for revenge. But these peculiarities proceed from light causes, and lie on the surface of character. Their exhibition, however truthful it may be, shows us only so much of man as is visible to outward view, and calls up only so much of our experience as we have gained by observation. The deeper and more solid elements of character, have their birthplace in the soul. So far are they from being what station and animal temper alone would make them, that these are either their feeble exponents, or the cloaks which conceal their true significance. Looking beyond the mere outside, we find that they must be attributed to the action of principles and impressions upon the spiritual man. It therefore falls within the province of the dramatist, to lay bare the machinery of internal being. He becomes an interpreter of the inmost thoughts and holds a mirror before the most secret workings of the human breast. While he furnishes us with vivid pictures of what we have seen with our eyes, by penetrating into the hidden mysteries of our nature, he also reminds of what we have felt in our hearts. He describes emotions, which, when we experience them, we can neither understand not define. Fleeting ideas, which we are not only unable to express, but even to detain for a moment, he embodies in language and presents to us as a permanent possession. And in thus giving us a momentary glimpse at ourselves it is true that he gains an important triumph. But there is a nobler view of inferior life which still remains.

Whenever a principle takes up its abode in the soul, it moulds the whole man after its own fashion. Although its effects do not appear at once, it is nevertheless sure to produce a change. It expands so slowly that we do not perceive its influence, and yet so powerfully, that in the end it rears a character either symmetrical or deformed. To trace the

progress of such principles—to show how, as it quietly unfolds itself, it uproots old notions and transforms the entire being—is indeed the proudest work of the dramatic art. Internal development, however, is of two kinds. It may consist in the gradual hardening of the feelings when acted upon by bad motives or their gradual refinement, when under the influence of ennobling sentiments. The former the dramatist is much abler to exhibit than the latter. For the rules of his art demand unity and completeness. There must be in what he portrays a beginning, a middle, and an end. To represent successfully the growth of a great energy within, he must paint not only its appearance and its effects, but its first introduction into the soul. Herein resides the power, which he has, of following a great crime "from its first suggestion to its last earthly consequence." As soon as the intention to commit it is formed, the turning point of life has arrived. The spirit deserts its wonted channel, and steers out into a new course. A sin of such enormous magnitude, rising before its eye, and casting a shadow over the moral being, draws from past innocence a dying shriek. The sweet reflections, which the mind formerly enjoyed, because all guilt was absent from it, are in a moment wrested away. Whatever is good is driven from the domain of the heart by the approach of an insidious foe. This innovation in the bosom of man, like those in the society around him, gives rise to a terrible convulsion. So violent is the inward disturbance, that the origin of those effects, which flow from old purposes dislodged and new introduced, is clearly perceived. The dramatist does not grope in the dark, but can see the crime, whose history he writes, at its very birth. The manifestations, too, by which its progress is attended, are forcible and even startling. Fear, hesitation, remorse, horror of imagination, inconsistency of conduct are all its visible and tangible results. These he can grasp and with great faithfulness embody in dramatic shape. But the softening of a nature, from the time when pure principles were first instilled into it, to the time when they have carried it almost to a state of perfection, is a process more subtile and less easily pictured by acts and scenes. The original influences which contribute to the formation of virtue are many and various. Early training and early association, the tender warnings of the mother, the lesson of some example, the potency of some careless suggestion—all these are at the source of the virtuous character. To combine them into one grand cause and make them the origin of future moral beauty, does not come within the scope of the drama, but rather befits that touching poesy, which appeals with such force to our sensibilities. The

development, moreover, of the gentler qualities is as uniform as their beginning is obscure. They present nothing striking, but take possession of the soul silently and secretly. Passive is their action—imperceptible and monotonous are their usurpations.

By these facts, we can explain the simplicity which is so apparent in the plot of Milton's Comus. There is nothing with which it contrasts more strongly than the Macbeth of Shakspeare. The latter traces the progress of crime from the moment when it is first conceived, to that in which it does its deadliest work. As the play lengthens, the "purturbation in nature" becomes more awful. Each separate act brings to light a new feature—each scene, too, is a step farther in the march towards a final issue. Hence from the very nature of the subject there arises extent and variety of action. Comus, on the other hand, is something essentially different. It deals with an element of character, whose peculiarities are not so strongly marked and whose birth is not so accurately known, as to allow of its being represented in theatrical dialogue. The author celebrates in it, the triumph of Virtue. But instead of illustrating the successive stages of her growth, as a motive power in the heart, he makes her, while in the full maturity of her strength, victori ous over an enemy. In Macbeth everything is motion and development—great causes work out great effects—bad principles form, ripen and explode. In Comus is displayed the beauty of a character, which already exists, full-grown and blossoming. In the one you behold the restlessness of that which is continually going forward, in the other the majesty of that which stands forever firm. Considered, therefore, in reference to the plot, this play of Milton can neither be intricate nor extended. He exhibits the attributes of Virtue, by placing a young lady, who is the embodiment of them all, in a contest. And when such a species of action, which is more fitly described in an epic poem, appears in dramatic form, it must necessarily be characterized by simplicity. Its use, however, for setting forth a quality, so as to show its greatness, accords well with sound philosophy. Moral excellence, to be sure, so long as it continues to adorn the individual, and make society the abode of happiness, cannot fail to be admired. But emergencies force it to a test, call out its energies and unveil its true grandeur.

Christianity, though always lovely, never shines so brightly, as when battling with persecution. The martyrdom which the religious man suffers, without ever changing or adding to his faith, proclaims its latent vigor so that the world gains a nobler conception of it. Nor is valor, the glory of ancient warriors, known to exist in a remarkable degree,

unless a battle or some lesser struggle demand its exercise. In accordance with the same truth, the combat in Comus reveals the power and courage of chastity. To exalt the lady, whom this virtue beautifies, is the dramatic aim and unity of the play. She is the prominent figure, and in her all the interest centers. First, for *her* safety the spirit of the upper air, "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," "shoots from heaven;" next, to cheat *her* eye the god of Bacchanalian revels hurls "into the spungy air" his "dazzling spell;" then, over *her* loss the brothers mourn, and prompted by love to her, use the means which a gentle shepherd suggests; last of all, through sympathy with her affliction, Sabrina, "goddess of the silver lake," leaves her watery home, and with "chaste palms, moist and cold," looses the hold

"Of the unblest inchanter vile."

The order in which these different parts succeed each other, is extremely natural. A spirit opens the play with a soliloquy, and it is with great propriety that he is presented to us first. As the guardian genius of the place, he sees at a glance whatever is going on. At the very entrance of the lady into the wood, he knows the dangers to which she will be exposed. And like a watchman on the walls of a besieged city, who, at the approach of a foe, sounds the alarm, that the troops within may prepare to defend themselves, he arouses us to the anticipation of a base deed. He tells us how revelers will attempt to disfigure what is fair. As those troops, surprised and awakened, seize their arms, and go to meet the enemy, so we, full of admiration for the heroine and of prejudice against her adversary, look around at once for deformed monsters. Hence the next division, flowing naturally out of the first, transports us into a midnight frolic of a lower order of gods. After the pure maiden has come into the power of their leader, the interest deepens. In the guise of a shepherd, and with a promise to conduct her safely through the shady grove, he disappears in her company. Becoming, on this account, alarmed for the welfare of the being whom we have already learned to love, we next expect to find some way of help —some source of assistance. We are accordingly allowed to catch a glimpse at her brothers, and to behold evidences of their love and sorrow. They continue mutually to alleviate their fears, by offering suggestions and encouragement, until a supernatural agent, approaching under the garb of Thyrsis, substitutes for conjecture a regularly formed plan, and for powerless threats, earnest action. By this episode, as it were,—this turning aside to search for some effort at rescue, our minds

are partially relieved of their anxiety. The treachery of Comus, which is now brought to view, they have become fully prepared to witness. While by his wily talk and still more wily enchantments, he seeks to secure his victim, we are ever watching for the arrival of Thyrsis and the brothers. These defeat his purposes, release, by the aid of Sabrina's remedies, the spell-bound lady, and restore her to her Father's Palace. Thus all the portions of the play, considered merely with reference to their connection, succeed each other in an order perfectly accordant with nature. Each following one is a natural and expected sequence of the preceding.

In the arrangement of the different parts, there is also manifested an ingenuity, which is preëminently deserving of notice. The opening speech is an instance of it. The spirit who utters it, constantly hovers in the air. As the innocent journey through the dark forest, where the greater part of the action is laid, it is his office to protect them. The lady, upon entering, engages his attention, and enlists his sympathies. He forms, without hesitation, the design of securing her a safe passage. Simultaneously with his coming to this determination there crowd through his mind, in the twinkling of an eye, his own duty, as the presiding genius, the whole history of Comus and his object in living in the wood, and also the peculiar relations and destination of the lady. We do wrong in considering the soliloquy, in which all this is embodied, a mere narration. It is only when we conceive of it, as flashing through the brain of the spirit, in less time than the lightening comes and goes, that we can see the appropriateness of its place and of the matter which it contains. Viewed in this light, its clumsiness vanishes out of sight. Looking upon it at this angle, we are willing to acknowledge that Milton has communicated to the reader, in the right way, a degree of information, which it was necessary for him to have, in order to obtain a satisfactory insight into the drama. Perhaps, also, it was his aim by this means, to place in a more striking light, the little mythology which he has himself originated.

Again, we learn from what the spirit says in the beginning, that at some future time, he will figure in the action. Here, also, there is an ingenuity evinced. For his disappearance, with the intention of rendering assistance, excites the curiosity. We long to know how he will accomplish his end. But by keeping him out of view until near the close of the play, the author keeps up the interest throughout. It is as though a novel was perused. We look forward to the revelation of something, yet unknown, as in Macbeth, we wonder from first almost to

last, how the trees of Dunsidane Forest can move, or how it can be true that Mac Duff is not born of woman. That, too, is a very ingenious expedient, by which, in one place, a lyrical song is introduced. It is put into the mouth of the lady, that her notes, echoing afar off, may announce to her brothers where she is. And then with what propriety Comus utters a eulogy on her music! As soon as she finishes her song, nothing is more natural than that she should pause and listen for a response. During this interval, he expresses his admiration of her voice. What he says, however, must be regarded only as a reflection, which passes through his mind, while he lies concealed among the shrubs, with all the rapidity of thought.

Scattered through the poem are many beautiful sentiments. Though rarely sublime, they are yet all characterized by tenderness and sensibility. One in particular attracts our notice. The idea, which is hinted at in the Scriptures, that angels attend upon the pious, and watch over all their actions, is very strikingly suggested to us, when we see two superhuman beings, the attendant spirit and Sabrina, in the service of Virtue. But the characters have not the variety and novelty, the activity and individuality, which always constitute the chief excellence of dramatic productions. The whole play is so arranged as to aggrandize the heroine. Even the monster, who seeks her ruin, is made to acknowledge her purity, and to marvel at the courage of one so delicate as she. Unlike Shakspeare's principal figures, whose words and actions all go to illustrate some peculiar style of man—some one phase of the inward life—she does nothing to individualize herself. She is superior to the other actors, because their deeds and thoughts contribute to her exaltation. Still there are a few instances, where the characters appear in some manner true to themselves. The younger brother s quick and impulsive, the older, more grave and serious. In the lady, too, we occasionally see the playfulness of a sweet temper. The confidence and lack of suspicion, so much admired in a guileless maiden, we cannot fail to observe in her manner of committing herself to the care of Comus. From his talk, and that of Thyrsis, as well as from various allusions to the occupations of shepherds, we catch bright glimpses of pastoral life. Satisfactory, indeed, is the sight we sometimes get of "flocks in their wattled coats," or the sound we ever and anon hear of "reed with oaken stops."

But to appreciate rightly Milton's Comus, we must look upon it as a transcript of nature, rather as an analysis of the soul. Nature has not in all literature, a more faithful likeness of herself than this. Her inscription is not only apparent in its descriptions, but also in the words

which express them. The language, always sublime and perspicuous, is, in one place, so peculiarly expressive of the thought, that it seems to have the power of life and action. The dance of the monsters opens with a lyrical song, the first eight or nine lines of which it is almost impossible to read rapidly. Imitating, as they do, the hesitation of Comus, when he first comes upon the ground, they advance with a slow and halting movement. They give us the notion that, before he enters into the revel, as if to be sure that no one is present—as if he doubts the evidence of his senses which tell him that the sun has gone down and the stars are shinning—he pauses and examines cautiously about him. Satisfied at length that all intruders are absent, he begins the dance. Then the syllables move with a quicker pace,

> "Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
> Midnight shout and Revelry,
> Tipsy Dance and Jollity."

After all, Comus is not a drama. Its stateliness does not allow us to call it so. It is a series of little discourses, full of beauty and full of thought, which are only put in the form of dialogue, that they may have some connecting link. B. D. M.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Berkeley Premiums for Latin Composition in the different Classes, have been awarded as follows:

Class of 1856.

W. A. Bushee,	P. W. Calkins,	W. H. W. Campbell,
L. R. Packard,	E. A. Smith,	E. A. Walker,
	T. K. Wilcox.	

Class of 1857.

J. C. Day,	G. S. Gray,	L. Holbrook,
J. C. Jackson,	G. A. Mueller,	W. Smith,
	N. A. Wells.	

Class of 1858.

R. O. Dwight,	J. W. Gibbs,	G. B. McLellan,
D. A. Miles,	A. N. Hollister,	W. S. Pitkin.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTION OF MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

Class of 1857.

1*st Prize*—O. F. Avery, G. A. Nolen.
2*d Prize*—J. T. Lovewell, W. Smith.
3*d Prize*—G. S. Gray.

OBITUARY RECORD OF YALE ALUMNI, FOR THE YEAR 1854–5.

Class.	Name.	Place.	Date of Death.	Age.
1787,	Rev. Freegrace Reynolds,	Wilmington, Mass.	Dec. 6, 1854,	88.
1793,	George W. Stanley,	Cleveland, O.	Sept. 5, 1854,	79.
1794,	Rev. Isaac Lewis,	New York City,	Sept. 23, 1854,	81.
"	Samuel Andrew Peters,	Colchester,	Dec. 19, 1854,	85.
1797,	Rev. Israel Brainerd,	Syracuse, N. Y.	Oct. 5, 1854,	82.
"	Thomas Day,	Hartford,	Mch. 1, 1855,	78.
1802,	Ebenezer Moseley,	Newburyport, Mass.	Aug. 28, 1854.	
"	Gideon Tomlinson,	Fairfield,	Oct. 8, 1854,	74.
1803,	Samuel Forbes Adam,	Canaan,	May 2, 1854,	72.
"	Samuel Church,	Newtown,	Sept. 13, 1854,	69.
"	George W. Strong,	New York City,	June 28, 1855,	74.
1807,	William Dubose,	St. Stephens, S. C.	Feb. 24, 1855,	67.
1808,	Amasa Parker,	Delhi, N. Y.	Mch. 1, 1855,	70
1811,	Samuel S. Phelps,	Middlebury, Vt.	Mch. 25, 1855,	61.
1812,	Nathan Guilford,	Cincinnati, O.	Dec. 18, 1854,	68.
1813,	Russell Parish,	Lowville, N. Y.	Feb. 20, 1855,	70.
"	George Sumner, M. D.,	Hartford,	Mch. 1855.	
1814,	Henry Gibbs,	Philadelphia, Pa.	May 25, 1855,	61.
"	Anson Moody, M. D.,	New Haven,	Feb. 11, 1855,	63.
1817,	Samuel H. Mead, M. D.,	Greenwich,	Oct. 1854.	
1818,	Rev. Eleazar Brainard,	Manchester, O.	July 24, 1854.	
"	Thomas Harmar Johns,	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Nov. 22, 1854,	57.
1919,	Theodore W. Porter,	New York City,	Apr. 3, 1855,	55.
1821,	Oliver A. Shaw,	Yazoo City, Mpi.	Apr. 4, 1855,	
1822,	Frederic Whittelsey,	Cleveland, O.	1855.	
1823,	Rev. Stephen Peet,	Chicago, Ill.	Mch. 20, 1855,	60.
1824,	Matthew Ives,	Westfield, Mass.	Apr. 24, 1855,	50.
"	Charles Walker,	Northampton, Mass.	Jan. 17, 1855,	52.
1825,	Seabury Ford,	Burton, O.	May 8, 1855,	53.
1826,	Rev. James D. Chapman,	Cummington, Mass.	Dec. 19, 1854.	
"	Rev. Richard S. Williams,	Perished in the Arctic,	Sept. 27, 1854.	
1827,	Henry Pierpont Edwards,	New York City,	Feb. 26, 1855,	46.
1831,	Luzerne Rae,	Hartford,	Sept. 16, 1854,	43.
"	Jonathan Stoddard,	New Haven,	Apr. 27, 1855,	47.
1832,	Rev. Frederic S. Ernst,	Port Hudson, La.	Aug. 1854.	
1834,	John Noyes, M. D.,	Lyme,	Oct. 26, 1854,	39.
"	Charles R. Wells,	Springfield, Ill.	July 23, 1854,	41.
1838,	Edward R. Way,	St. Paul, Min.	Aug. 2, 1854,	35.
1839,	William Fairman,	New York City,	Nov. 23, 1854,	40.
"	Abraham E. Gwynne,	Cincinnati, O.	Jan. 29, 1855,	34.
1840,	Oscar T. Noyes,	Plattekill, N. Y.	Nov. 1854,	35.
"	William Perkins,	Perished in the Arctic,	Sept. 27, 1854,	33.
1842,	Newton Edwards,	Augusta, Me.	May 7, 1855,	33.
1845,	James G. Gould,	Marietta, Geo.	Sept. 21, 1855,	29.
1847,	Anthony Wayne Baker,	Attakapas, La.	Dec. 1854.	
"	George W. Hollister,	Belleview, Nebraska,	Apr. 3, 1855,	28.
"	William S. McKee,	St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 12, 1854,	30.
"	Samuel C. Waring,	Perished in the Arctic,	Sept. 27, 1854,	28.
1848,	Robert M. Richardson,	Philadelphia, Pa.	Apr. 17, 1854,	26.
1849,	Joseph Hurlbut,	Paris, France,	July 4, 1855,	28.
"	Charles B. Waring,	New York City,	Oct. 12, 1854,	26.
1850,	William H. Richards,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	May 21, 1855,	30.
1852,	James Atwood,	New Orleans, La.	Oct. 5, 1854,	22.

Editor's Table.

"Inter viros gaudetque legi."

In complacency and good humor towards the whole world does the "Yale Literary Magazine" enter upon its majority. Twenty-one years of College popularity, of precarious existence—for, be it known, College periodicals are not generally destined to longevity—have been its lot. With a patronizing air "Maga" encourages her more youthful sisters, and cheerfully welcomes them all on to posterity. And during these past score of years what revolutions has she seen! How has she seen honor after honor added to our institution! How has she seen phases of personal character developed through series of years; the results of which are now so powerfully affecting our country's religion, politics, and literature! Truly twenty years of College life and experience hold woven into them more than a generation shall see, of great causes for mighty effects in the future. But although she may have seen much, our Magazine is not yet superannuated, but rather, as we trust, preparing for a vigorous course hereafter, and a green old age.

Chilly November is upon us, and every one seems to wear the guarded look of a mailed Esquimaux in furred accoutrements. The joys of the fireside succeed to manly exercises in the open air, and—but hold! what have been the manly exercises of this term? The Seniors have, as usual, taken their matutinal walks; the Juniors have their Cricket clubs; the Sophomores await—as do we all—the usual foot-ball game. But you, ye men of '59, what do ye, to win glory for your class?

We regret sincerely that the time-honored foot-ball game should have been suffered to fall into disuse. Our younger brothers will, we are sure, soon come to the same way of thinking, and then we shall have the old custom reëstablished on a firmer basis. Our old ceremonials are too much identified with our College to be hastily abandoned. They should be rather reformed, if objectionable, than abolished. We hope some reforms may be effected in various of our popular usages, and that this, rather than an entire abandonment, will be the aim of those at present offended with the existing order of things.

Surely if all our College readers were moved by the spirit that indited the following lines from a contributor, there had been no need of dropping these unpleasant words.

Air—*Beautiful Venice.*

Dear Alma Mater, Illustrious Yale,
The theme of the school boy, the grandsire's tale,
Long will our hearts with the love of thee burn,
And often the steps of thy children return.
For classic old Yale! thou art covered with years,
Made sacred by song, and affectionate tears,
And the shrines of the earth have no other goal,
Like dear Alma Mater, beloved of the soul!
Dear Alma Mater, dear Alma Mater,
Dear Alma Mater, beloved of the soul!

Dear Alma Mater, Light of the land,
Where noblest are knit in a brotherly band,
Where study and song, like the tree and the vine,
Forever together their foliage twine.
All that's cherished in eld, all that's cheering in youth,
Make lovely forever this Fountain of Truth!
For the shrines of the earth have no other goal,
Like dear Alma Mater, beloved of the soul!
(CHORUS.)

Our friend, the author of "A Few Days on the Shore," which appeared in our October number, will not, we hope, let his maiden effort be his last.

Mr. Kettles must not be offended at our failure to publish his pieces. They shall soon appear.

Indisposition, and a great pressure of readable matter, constrains us to be brief for this time, and bid our readers another adieu.

The usual exchanges are at hand.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A premium of $5 is hereby offered for the best College Song. All pieces are to be handed in before the second Wednesday of January, and must be signed by a fictitious name, to which all communications from the Editors will be addressed through the Post Office. The merit of the poem, and the air to which it is adapted, will be taken into consideration.

EDITORS OF THE YALE LIT.

THE AWARD.

The Editors, having elected Professors NOAH PORTER, D. D., of the Class of 1831, and BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Jr., of the Class of 1837, as graduate members of the Committee to award the Medal, have received the following report:

"TO THE EDITORS:—The undersigned, having been appointed a Committee to adjudge the Yale Literary Prize, would report that they have decided the essay on "*Science: its Nature and Influence*," to be most worthy of the Prize.

NOAH PORTER,
BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, JR.,
LOUIS C. FISCHER.

The envelope accompanying "Science: its Nature and Influence," being opened, was found to contain the name of

JOHN MILTON HOLMES,

and to him accordingly the Medal is awarded.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. DECEMBER, 1855. No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY, W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. BROWN, H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

Cantica Yalensia.

SOME years since, a praiseworthy intention of preserving from oblivion our best songs, suggested the publication of the small pamphlet of which we have before us the second edition.*

In its very conception the project was essentially Yalensian. No College in the country has such a variety of songs as we. Nowhere are better songs written on subjects trite and apparently exhausted. Many of these are of a high order of merit, many are good, and yet by far the greater number are forgotten with the occasion that gave them birth.

To remedy this waste of poetic genius, the present little collection was devised; its prime object being to glean from the overwhelming number of catches and glees such as might be peculiarly Collegian in their character, and especially such as might exhibit most truthfully Yale Student Life.

The Editors have succeeded as well perhaps as was possible, under the circumstances. We must make due allowance for the difficulty of procuring copies of all the best songs, and for the large amount of mat-

*Songs of Yale. New Haven: Published by Thos. H. Pease, 1855.

ter from which the selection was to be made. Without attempting to citicize the publication, we apprehend that much might be said, both *pro* and *con*, in regard to our Songs and Song-writing, and more especially of the latter.

Our songs are, for the most part, as we have observed, mere ephemeral productions. This is in perfect keeping with the circumstances of their composition, and in it we may remark a grand point of truth in our songs. No production of the *mind* can distinctly portray the state of heart which dictated it, unless it be natural and true in its reflection of the individual's character. Now the very ideal of College life, is a rapid succession of joy to trouble, of amusement to labor, of relaxation to toil. Transitoriness is the element of bliss in our present existence as Students. *Abandon* is the distinguishing feature of our songs, the true stamp that Student carelessness should impress upon them. In short, our songs, in their peculiar mode of *composition*, evince their natural rise from the Student's heart.

Sufficient explanation can be found in this for the inaccuracy of *thought*, or rather want of thought, manifest in almost every one of our most popular songs. This is a characteristic everywhere, and should not be applied to our College. Other Institutions have not that exuberance of good feeling that prompts the Yalensian to vent in quaint, and sometimes uncouth rhymes, the glee of the heart. Yet, however much College feeling may vary in intensity, the popularity of the far famed "Gaudeamus," is abundant proof of its universal existence. In this song, we discern no great poetic thoughts, no brilliant ideas, nothing indeed to mark the labored piece. But it does contain true Student spirit, and this one characteristic has made it, though of foreign origin, as familiar and expressive to the American as to the German Student, and will preserve it sung and felt as long as there is a Burschen-craft. Its

"Vivat Academia"

will tinge the cheek with the glow of enthusiasm and patriotism. The swelling cry of

"Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,"

is a proof, clearer than argument could demonstrate, of the natural chivalry that animates the scholar.

But we would confine ourselves to such songs as have originated in our own College, excluding for this reason the notorious "Shool" and "Cocachelunk" brought hither from West Point. The numberless par-

odies upon these two songs are due more to the suitability of the air to College purposes, than to any intrinsic merit of their own.

One peculiar disadvantage which the writer of College songs has to encounter is the *narrowness* of his theme; and, lest some may be disposed to take issue on this point, we hasten to qualify the remark. By narrowness we mean the barrenness of material when wine and drinking are discarded, and the caution which must be used in introducing these elements into a College song. In national songs, patriotism and devotion to liberty afford an ample theme without a necessity of resorting to ideas not immediately connected with them. With this one reservation, (and in this are manifestly many exceptions,) the old rule that "Wit, wine and women" are the proper materials for Song, will hold good almost universally. The great difficulty is not to exceed the natural limit of either of these in the composition of a Student song, not to make wine or love the ruling passion in the collegian, and still to preserve for them an existence. The prevalent and quite true idea that Student life concentrates all the choicest pleasures of life, culled from every source, is carried too far when it imagines the expression of these to be easy in proportion to the number and truth of enjoyments.

Let us look at an example. An ordinary drinking song cannot be a truly College song. Its grossness is incompatible with the refinement of an educated mind. To call a purely sentimental love ditty an expression of true Student thought, would be an absurdity, never, we venture to say, perpetrated by a sane man. A broad vein of conviviality, and an interspersion of a few tender sentiments, will nevertheless contribute much to the zest and popularity of songs intended for masses either of men or Students. The art of proportion in the use of these two materials is of last importance in making the song a picture. In the following how well the wine serves to smooth down the pedantic beginning into jovial hilarity, and render the whole verse a representation of a true scholarly spree:

> "Then away with your circles, sines, tangents and squares,
> For Day and for Euclid not one of us cares.
> Dame Nature has taught us to form a curved line
> With a circle of friends, round a bottle of wine!
> Oh! a bottle of wine! a bottle of wine!
> For our song is in praise of a bottle of wine!"

Or in the hackneyed strain of—

> "We think it perfectly right, Sir,
> On every Saturday night, Sir,

To get a little tight, Sir,
To drive dull care away."

How insipid the commonplace, were it not for the Yalensian chorus of—

"It's a way we have at old Yale, boys,
To drive dull care away,"

to lend the Collegian feature.

Another difficulty besetting our Song writer lies in an established preference, as it were, in College, for the careless and off-hand kind of songs over the more labored and solid. It is useless to deny that an element of buffoonery, incautiously introduced at some such premeditated burlesque as the Wooden Spoon or the Burial of Euclid, has acquired an undue influence in all poetical efforts in College. One half, or more, of the poems delivered before the literary societies are of a nature half humorous, half ridiculous. It is this perversion of taste that chiefly hinders the writing of songs as remarkable for intrinsic merit as they would be valuable for their bearing on Student character.

We had intended examining one or more of the classes of songs into which the collection is divided, but space will not permit. The pamphlet to which we have referred is well deserving of our support, and is in itself a condensed picture, to a certain extent, of the routine of habit and opinion in a Yale Student.

Mr. McCreed Patronizes Literature.

The library, Madame! "Isn't it charming?" Certainly it is. You don't see any ostentation here. Mr. McCreed, although he has spared no expense to gratify an accurate taste, has carefully avoided all display in his new mansion. No carved oak—no polished frozen floor! This is not a *public* library! Mr. McCreed spends a great many quiet hours here, and has consulted his own taste without reference to yours and mine. We belong to the outer world, and the library is not ours, but Mr. McCreed's. If we wish, we can find the shining oak in the art gallery, where we, with other connexions of Mr. Public, are invited to recline on black, gloomy lounges, and look through ugly black tubes at staring nymphs and Madonnas—real copies of real old pictures. But

what a contrast is here! What comfort! Mr. McCreed's eyes delight themselves in orange and blue, and you see orange and blue in the velvet carpet, with a litter of purple flowers and white ditto scattered about. Could you, Madame, have selected better? Then the shelves—how much more tasteful, as well as substantial, are those airy iron frames, painted a light blue color! Frescoes, too, on the ceiling, in blue and gold; and an elegant stained window with representations of the muses, all in yellow, on a blue ground! Did you ever see a more tasteful choice or disposition of colors? One visitor, a thin man, with stooping shoulders, was heard to mutter "horrid" as he went away; but his opinion was nothing to that of the public. "And what does the people say?" You, Madame, say "very nice!" and you are a part of the public. Everybody says "very nice" and dislikes to handle anything in the room.

But the books, of course, are the principal attraction in Mr. McCreed's library. Books in green, books in red, books in black, and books in gilt! There are more gilt backs though than anything else; for every man of taste experiences more enjoyment in reading a gilded book than a black one. So Mr. McCreed says, and the rows of poetic, scientific and historic gilt show how generously he has carried out his principle. Romance you don't find. Miss Juliet McCreed attends to that department in her own room, after her worthy father has retired. But science and history are what Mr. McCreed delights in. You can often find him in one of the large easy-chairs reading his newspaper, with an abstruse work open upon the table at his side. (He would avoid display, and always snatches up his paper when he hears visitors coming.) You can judge from a little incident—it is only one of many—how Mr. McCreed fills his library. The other day the following letter was placed in his hands:

Mr. McCreed—

Dear Sir:

We take pleasure in recommending to your notice, as a patron of science, a work in three volumes, which we have just published, on the culiciform insects of America. It is illustrated with one hundred elegant engravings, and will be an ornament to the library of any scientific man. The price is two hundred dollars.

Yours, very truly,

GOUGE & GOBBLE.

"I must buy this work," said Mr. McCreed. "It will make a fine appearance on the shelves, and will match well with my 'Gerroe Ger-

manæ!" So, a favorable answer was returned; and in a few days the book came. The "patron of science" viewed it with evident pleasure. Not so Mrs. McCreed. "I declare," exclaimed she, "it's a book about fleas! It's too bad, Mr. McCreed; yes, indeed, it is. It's a regular swindle!" The worthy man answered with a smile, "What do women know about science!" and he placed the new treasure in a conspicuous position.

"How beautiful they do look!" Yes, Madame! the laborious binder has spent many an hour over those precious tomes. He has devised a thousand ingenious ornaments for their covers. Every shelf says as plainly, "Mr. McCreed patronizes a good workman," as does young Mr. Polhamius' coat, for instance. Of course, some are found to sneer. Mr. Plumgudgeon, after looking at the books, said, "H'm! h'm!" What could he mean by "H'm, h'm?" He could not have wished to be critical. *His* library is not half as large, and it is quite worn and dingy. Perhaps he was envious. You, Madame, had "H'm, h'm," in your throat, and very nearly uttered it when you saw the work on culiciform insects. You have nothing so fine in your library.

Mr. McCreed is not proud of his library.

He does not throw it open to the public and point out the glittering rows and say, "Have n't I a magnificent library?" Not at all! He only admits visitors into the literary retreat once a week, and then he always absents himself, leaving them to listen to the remarks of a servant whose praises are, of course, unheeded. Neither does he grudge time to less solid reading. He takes two or three papers and enjoys the perusal of them. He introduces Harper to the family and laughs as heartily as anybody at the comic pictures. He encourages reading among his children, and buys them a great many useful biographies and other like works.

And don't imagine, Madame, that Mr. McCreed's interest is confined to his own home. Oh no! He gives a great deal of money to public societies, sending it to them with the most modest of notes requesting them not to publish it. "But they always do!" Certainly they do, Madame, do you suppose that they are going to discourage such a benevolent man by a frigid silence? Then he sustains public lectures. Did you ever see them make sausages? "Oh!" Of course you have not! Well, its a very interesting stuffing process, and that Plumgudgeon says, that they lecture the people now a days as they stuff sausages. A perfect higgledy-piggledy—so he expresses it—a little science for meat with savory herbs and seasoning of poems and funny things! He says the

rocess does nobody good. The public has "heard Mr. This and That,' and its knowledge is before you. But Mr. McCreed, in spite of Mr. Plumgudgeon's opposition, sustains a diversified course of lectures and uses all his influence to bring the people to hear them. He takes a more enlightened view of the case. "Do away with our lectures," remarks he, "and we shall have a theater established forthwith! Something must be sustained of an interesting character to keep people out of mischief." So he pays liberally for lectures, and I assure you, Madame, they are a delightful institution. All the youth and beauty of the city are there enjoying each other's society and beholding the most distinguished men of the day—all for twenty-five cents. You attend, of course, Madame? No? You ought to—you should have heard Mr. Twaddle, the other evening! Oh, it was the funniest lecture! Mr. Plumgudgeon looked very grave as he saw the people pouring out. You know that his plan is to sustain courses of lectures on useful subjects. He says it is impossible to do justice to any topic of value, in one evening. Which is the best, Madame, courses of useful lectures drawled out to thin houses, or entertainments of wit, sprinkled with desirable information and houses full of youth and enthusiasm?

Do you know how much Mr. McCreed gives to literary institutions? You may be sure it is a very large sum. "But he is n't always so liberal. There was young Tacnillie who tried to borrow money of him to go to College. Mr. McCreed told him he could avail himself of the 'McCreed fund for indigent students,' and refused to loan him a cent. Do you call that generosity? Of course Tacnillie was too proud to accept such terms and was obliged to seek aid in another quarter." Well, my dear Madame, that was right. Mr. McCreed's *public* benefactions would be materially curtailed, were he to notice all such private applications. And, besides, many unworthy persons would undoubtedly take advantage of his liberality. How much better is it for him to establish the 'McCreed premiums for Sanskrit composition,' and thereby render a lasting service to the cause of public education? How could he have established the 'McCreed School,' had his pockets been drained by repeated loans? We do not appreciate the goodness of this patron of literature, Madame, and we must not constitute ourselves his judges.

"Well, it will be some time before we shall visit another so beautiful room." Yes, Madame. We may call this a half-hour spent with the best-looking authors! And now for the 'art gallery!' W. C.

Political Prejudices.

The State is a necessity of our nature. Without it man degenerates into barbarism. Its relative perfection is an exact index of a country's civilization: and hence of the intelligence and welfare of its people. Under its protection the European displays all the fruits of intellect, and all the arts of refinement:—without its aid the Hottentot sinks into physical enervation and mental imbecility.

But the State is not self-existing. Its continuance depends upon a well-directed, efficient support. This can only be rendered from a knowledge of the nature and purposes of government; an understanding of the relations which should exist between the State and the people; and of the practical duties which those relations involve. To investigate all these is the province of Politics. In its highest and truest sense, as the science of government, it thus assumes an intimate connection with the most vital interests of man in all his pursuits. It aims at the perfect adjustment of the individual and social relations. A faultless Political System would, indeed, secure to each member of its body precisely those rights to which from the law of his being he is entitled, and exact from him precisely those services which, from the same law, he owes to his fellow. The requirements of natural law would be strictly fulfilled.

Such is the ideal of a perfect State.

But a perfect work implies a perfect agent. An ideal State must be supported by an ideal humanity. The conditions of its existence are, in the first place, an intelligence that will determine unerringly what *ought* to be done; and, in the second place, a capability for carrying out those decisions with absolute fidelity.

Both these conditions are wanting. Supreme wisdom forms no attribute of man. There is a liability to error even in the *exercise* of his faculties. But in the absence of such exercise, inevitable mistakes must result. The fault of action is possible; that of inaction, certain. From this lack of consideration originates a class of agencies, formidable in their strength, and in direct antagonism to political independence and rectitude. There are notions which have never passed the ordeal of sober thought;—conclusions which have never received the sanction of Reason. They are foregone. Inclination precedes a conviction of necessity or propriety. Passion speaks before Principle. Preference outstrips Philosophical inquiry. Belief is engendered without the aid

of Logic. Opinions are formed before Reason has discussed, or Judgment confirmed them. These opinions we call PREJUDICES. These, as an element of Political character, it becomes our present purpose to consider. In the pursuance of this purpose two questions present themselves:—

I. What is their origin and character? and,

II. What is the duty of man in regard to them?

I. The former must be answered by investigation,—the latter by reason. The causes of their existence,—the germs of their growth, are discoverable in certain peculiarities of the human mind.

Early impressions, the dim and shadowy notions of childhood, develop themselves into firm convictions, and cling to the man with all the power that hallowed association can inspire. The precepts which were blended with the nursery songs; the lessons of political wisdom which fell from paternal lips, become the creed of the child, unquestioned and unquestionable. The father fashions the political faith of the son. Each Prejudice in the one produces its counterpart in the other. Through generation after generation, essential errors are transmitted as precious heir looms down the family line.

Moreover, man loves what has received the sanction of age. He cherishes the *Old* for its own sake. He shrinks from that Vandalism which respects not the mark of years. Antiquity is to him a pledge of excellence. Nay, more: it is a ground for perpetuity. The sacredness of the Past must not yield to the necessities of the Present. This feeling produces the apathy of the Chinese: they dare not disturb the landmarks of the centuries. It produces the self-satisfied inactivity of the Mohammedan: his Koran says:—"Every *new* law is an innovation, and every innovation is an evil." Unsightly defects are mellowed in the light of ages, until what would be rejected as error, if the offspring of to-day, is received as truth from the storehouse of yesterday.

Again, man is prone to believe what others believe. When some idea is presented to him continually in his intercourse with the world, he insensibly comes to adopt it as his own. Repetition induces supposition, and supposition ripens into fixed belief. "What everybody says must be true," is a proverb too generally received. In times of great public excitement, especially, ideas gain credence without the shadow of plausibility. What is once put forth pervades the entire mass, and, borne on by the impulse of passion, and the fire of enthusiasm, it stifles the protestations of considerate Reason.

Matters of an individual nature also, private friendship and personal

hatred; the affection of kindred and the jealousy of rivals; the desire for wealth, and the lust for power; all these go to swell that mass which at every step opposes man's progress in the performance of his political duties. These influences which warp the feeling and blind the judgment, though often harmless in themselves, and at times revealing a most lovely phase of human character, form the groundwork of all those Prejudices which sap the foundation of government, and degrade the high-minded politician to the soulless demagogue.

Political Prejudices either pertain to a single person, to a particular portion of the country, or to the whole country; that is, they are either *Individual*, *Sectional*, or *National*.

In their narrowest form they constitute individual peculiarities. With a limited field their activity is all the more fearful. A political theory never lacks a convert when it appeals to an existing Prejudice. Selfishness speaks when everything else is dumb. The covetous man favors that policy which promises wealth. The office-seeker clings to what promises high position. The man of aristocratic feeling shrinks from the doctrine of popular rights, and supports whatever tends to their overthrow; while the jealous pauper opposes what may benefit his wealthier neighbor. Each may, with an earnest zeal, pursue his political course, without ever troubling himself to inquire how far considerations of real weight enter into his calculations.

With a more extended province Prejudices assume a local character. Examples of the most virulent Sectional strife are not wanting among us. Disruption and Secession, Northern threats and Southern defiance, have become familiar things. Geographical boundaries limit feuds without number. The most bitter factions are called into existence by wants or dangers, real or imaginary, which are peculiar to locality.

In a still broader sphere National Prejudices go to make up National character. Such is our vanity which vents itself in bombastic eloquence, and fails to discover aught that is noble, unless it bears the stamp of exclusive Americanism. Such is our egotistical selfishness which bids us turn a cold shoulder to our brother who comes an hour behind us over the wide waters, from those very lands which gave birth to our own fathers. Patriotism is praiseworthy; but an over-weening national pride, a morbid national feeling, is alike abhorrent to the teachings of reason and the promptings of humanity. In view of that bitterness which is engendered by local jealousies and by national preferences, we may well say with the great souled bard of Hertfordshire:

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other: mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

In their immediate results these Prejudices are as various as the circumstances which call them into action, and as the peculiarities which enter into the composition of individual character. They induce one to defend old doctrines, another to broach new ones; lead one to inglorious ease, another to fanatical fury. Nor are these variations subject to any regularity. They are fortuitous. The slightest circumstance may occasion their existence, or determine their power. Their foundation is mere fancy, and they are themselves as fickle as their origin. More than this. Prejudices are eminently progressive in their tendency. Each strengthens itself and paves the way for others. What exists at first as a mere preference, assumes the character of an absolute necessity. The *wish* becomes a *will*. The acorn is transformed into the mighty oak. The seed of mustard increases until its branches overshadow the earth.

It needs no reasoning to show that such influences as a motive of action, more likely to be wrong than otherwise at the outset, and with an inherent tendency to multiply their own powers, are in all cases exceedingly liable to lead astray, and fearfully dangerous as a controlling power. But when they become a settled rule of action, when one surrenders himself up to them as his standard guide, inevitable destruction must result to all that is noble and manly in the politician. Such a course blots out the last trace of intelligence and morality as guides to men, and leaves its victim like drift-wood upon the waters—helpless, aimless and worthless. Its universal prevalence would thwart the whole object of politics, and terminate in the utter subversion of the State. Such, universally, is the tendency of Prejudice: blinding, corrupting, destroying!

"As the serpent-like bejuco winds its spiral fold on fold,
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in its hold,—
Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the fell embrace,
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine is in its place,—
So this bestial scourge of nature round the vassal's manhood twines,
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba choked with vines."

II. Every evil in life brings its corresponding obligations. Political Prejudices create a class of political duties. To counteract these, as far as possible, is obviously imperative. But to what extent is this practicable? Prejudice has its root deep in the constitution of the human

mind, and to destroy it would be to alter the nature of man. Its eradication, then, is impossible. Our efforts must terminate in the partial accomplishment of what we might desire to attain. To estimate it correctly; to limit its influence; to make it secondary to other and higher motives of action; these constitute one of the most binding, and yet one of the most difficult, duties which it is incumbent on the politician to perform. While its presence is universal and inevitable, its modification is imperative.

As a Politician, the duties of the Patriot are, in the first place, to free his own mind from the destroying influence. But correction implies knowledge. Investigation must precede reformation. He cannot remedy the evil before he knows its precise extent. He cannot act the physician until he understands the disease. He must distinguish Prejudice from Judgment. Together they form the basis upon which opinions are founded. To the one or the other every belief may be referred. Every impulse should reveal its parentage. Every current should be traced back to its fountain. When this is done, Prejudice is understood. The line of demarcation is drawn, which separates it from Judgment. Its power is correctly estimated. The preliminary work is finished, and a way is opened for improvement. Earnest inquiry is followed by consistent effort for the removal of the wrong.

Prejudice and Judgment are antagonistic. Their relative merits as reliable standards of action are obvious. Prejudice requires discipline. It should be subjected to Judgment. When they come up, side by side, in the mind of the Politician, each struggling for preëminence, he is under the most sacred obligations to exalt the power of the Intellect above these empty chimeras of the brain. And when the ebullitions of passion or the promptings of selfishness struggle to uproot and overturn the true and the right, still more should all be made to vanish before that high moral Principle which alone gives true dignity, and which alone insures success.

Politics without morality, is a name without a substance—an idea without a reality—a scheme without a foundation. A system which looks to the elevation of man as its ultimate object, must in no wise lose sight of these principles which form the basis of that greatness which it seeks to establish.

Moreover, man in his character as a politician is constantly brought into contact with the Prejudices of others. The statesman is called upon to devise laws for people whose minds are biased by the greatest multiplicity of interests. The citizen is surrounded by popular excite-

ments, and meets with doctrines from which he is compelled to differ. Shall the Patriot, in the capacity of a statesman or a citizen, utterly disregard this feeling, on the one hand, or yield to it implicit obedience, on the other. It would appear that neither is the truly consistent course. Downright antagonism only sharpens Prejudice, and an utter disregard of popular feeling is sure to increase its intensity. But the good of the Nation is not to be sacrificed to a mere whim. Prejudices, as such, are never to be obeyed. They are *in themselves* almost unworthy of even a show of respect. They are to be submitted to only when opposition would create a greater evil than submission. Then passive acquiescence becomes a duty. The rule of expediency holds good in a class of political emergencies. That course which, without conflicting with the eternal laws of right, is most conducive to the good of the State, the patriot is bound to follow. "Salus populi suprema lex," was the golden maxim of the Romans. It is a comprehensive system of Politics, safe for all ages: "The welfare of the people is the supreme law!"

But there is a duty beyond, and higher than all this. When the *Politician* has ended his work, the *man* has another labor to accomplish. The Politician is to deal with things as they *are;* the man is to make them what they should be. The work of the one is defensive: of the other, aggressive. Regarding Prejudice as the great enemy of truth, the Patriot is bound to exert his whole influence for its decrease. Not only should he possess the negative excellence of not submitting to it himself, but he should war against its existence in others. He should labor incessantly for its diminution. To exert a direct influence is the first thing; but perhaps a more efficient check may be applied indirectly, by the dissemination of Education. Ignorance is the foster-parent of Prejudice. Intelligence drives away the mists and errors of partial views, quickly as the sun scatters the clouds of the morning.

As a companion to education, Morality must be guarded. A healthy moral principle is the safeguard of political faithfulness. But humanity, alone, is unequal to the task. Christian Integrity, heartfelt and sincere, is the great bulwark against Prejudice. When this is found in its strength, and in its purity, there is, so to speak, a perfect arrangement of imperfect forces. The highest attainable degree of excellence is reached. The "Golden Age" of governmental history will be realized, the highest type of civil institutions developed, when Politics and Christianity shall harmonize, and the exponent of each shall stand forth one and the same—the Politician and the Christian!

N. C. P.

Lines.

THE son of Fame may hug his dreams
And gloat upon his fancied bliss,
The bard may quaff Castalian streams
And boast his goddess' coyest kiss;
The titled lord may count his bands
And feast on all that wealth can give;
My joy a higher sphere demands,
And must a sweeter praise receive.
Not all their hopes and soft desires
Can move my heart and conquer me,
Like that grand passion which inspires
My spirit on the bounding sea—
By moonlight on the bounding sea.

With graceful sweep the dancing bark
Rode proudly through the weltering brine;
The heavens were fair—no star was dark—
Nor dark a single thought of mine;
For other light than lunar ray,
Did o'er my soul serenely smile;
And music, sweet as vocal May,
Possess'd my peaceful breast the while.
I saw, I felt, I dreamed of thee;
I bless'd thy dark and laughing eye,
And knew thine angel hovered nigh
My bark, upon the bounding sea—
By moonlight on the bounding sea.

"Classic."

VENERABLE is Antiquity. The old ladies who flourish (and may they wave") at so many of our Boarding-houses with their niscences of the past century, and their painfully expressive ane though often bore-ous, are very venerable. In these degenerate when there exists a piously repressed, and manfully disguised, still very general repugnance to those studies on which so much grandeur and reputation of our Colleges is founded,—the Classic same feeling of awe which ensures respect to the tiresome dames

said, prompts inquiry into the nature, moral and mental, of the substitutes which discontented Young America proposes for time honored Latin and Greek. On a visit to a "one horse College," during the past summer, we discovered, on a Freshman's table, "The Child's illustrated Primer," which we were informed it was designed to introduce into the studies of the Freshman Class. At an institution like our venerated Yale, claiming a higher standard of scholarship, a somewhat more advanced work might be required. "Ah!" says some 'old fogy,' stickler for the old order of things, "You may do well enough in introducing as disciplinary studies, Don Quixote or Gil Blas, in Spanish,—Tasso or Dante in Italian, Faust or Schiller in German and in French, some of the Classic old plays of Racine or Voltaire—but unless you use the free-and-easy wantonries, and lawless drolleries of Shakespeare, unless you make our Colleges mere schools of actors, what will you do in English?" "Oh! most respected, but not sufficiently circumspect Old Fogy," we reply, "it is possible for us to name several English studies, even among those which you have, grumblingly, it may be, and fearfully admitted into our Collegiate curricula, which, in their dryness, and in their barrenness of anything like practical utility, (which you may know, is the phantom that has bewitched Young American go-aheaditiveness,) might transport into ecstasy even the most concentrated intensity of your own scholastic Old Fogyism. But these are not what we contemplate, as substitutes for your idolized Homer. The work which, by its similarity in many respects to your own cherished Iliad, at once recommends itself, while, at the same time, it is free from many defects with which your Idol has been charged, (Alas! Old Fellow! that nothing mundane should be perfect!) is one somewhat familiar to the youthful mind of the Anglo Saxon world, as the Melodies of Mother Goose. We have alluded (are you attending, Fogy?) to the similarity between these specimens of the Classics, and, since you smile incredulously, recall what learned Greek Professors tell of the history of the Iliad. Is not Homer a Myth? Who can tell? Was the Iliad the work of a single mind, or a collection of the rhapsodies of many bards? You agree with us that these questions are still in doubt. Very well. Now "throw yourself on your dignity,"—put forth your utmost powers of mind and memory, and tell me, if you please, Who was Mother Goose? When did she live? How many cities contend for the honor of her birth? What is it you are muttering about "Massachusetts—Know-Nothing—Nunnery—*Hiss*tory; or theatre—*His*-trionic?" Fie on you! venerable Fogy—at your years and implied discretion—to

steal such vile puns—one from the newspapers, and the other from Tom Hood. Why don't you say something about Spartans and dancers? All geese hiss, and stand on one leg. Do not take our books, Old Fogy—that is a Freshman trick. Ah! you wish to read us that title page? Well! "The Mother Goose: containing all the melodies the Old Lady ever wrote. Edited by Dame Goslin. Embellished with an exact likeness of the veritable Mother Goose, and numerous engravings from original designs. New York: Leavitt & Allen. 1854." There! you turn to us with a triumphant smile. You say that if she had her likeness taken, she must have had an existence; and since her descendant has edited her works, you can trace her genealogy. Ah! but your Homer has a likeness. What! you have never seen it? For shame! Old Fogy, to pretend to adore a book, every edition of which you have not seen. Hunt up, in your library, and cut the leaves of an edition published by Henry G. Bohn, and you will find him, blind as a bat, and crowned with bays. Again, suppose you turn over the leaves of the volume you hold in your hand? There is no portrait of the venerable dame in it,—the announcement you triumphed in was only a trick of the trade. Commentators differ with regard to the existence of both of our Authors, and you will see that in this delightfully classic obscurity and insoluble mystery, lies the first point of resemblance. You will find the other point, on which we propose to touch, in the subject matter. Homer delighted in portraying great characters,—prodigious feats of valor,—great battles, and olympian revels. While he has undeniable beauties, critics all agree that there is much of insipidity to weary and disgust the reader. But is there not, candidly speaking, something superior in the way in which Mother Goose has treated similar subjects? The short, rapid strokes of true genius, painting vividly to the mind, and omitting such ponderous trash as Homer bores you with—unless here and there a fragment, as a foil to surrounding beauties. What, for instance, in Homer, can equal the scene presented in the singularly graphic line,

"The Cow jumped over the Moon."

Or what more completely illustrate the manners and customs, as well as enterprise of the age, than the following stanzas:

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to Sea in a Bowl."

"Little King Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and Pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pan-cakes,—you ne'er saw the like."

Did you, Ancient Fogy?

Turn with us now, if you please, to the educational influences of the works. The primary sentiment of the Iliad, as you remember, was that of wrath; and the story makes our respected friend, Achilles, although perhaps a perfect gentleman, a sadly immoral rascal; and in this point the effect of the Iliad is evil. From this objection Mother Goose is free. Were there any wrong doings, poetic justice was always meted out to the offender. If the Piper's son Thomas did so far forget his character for honesty and the honor of his respected papa, as to steal—Oh! horror! and to steal a Boeotian quadruped!—Thomas, the Piper's son, was properly flagellated.

Not to pain you, my dear Fogy, by farther mention of the defects of your beloved Iliad, let us name some few of the many advantages which the more modern work possesses. In the first place, being English, it will perhaps be intelligible to the youthful mind, at least of our American world. You sneer. True, we know very well that to you intelligibility is an unpardonable defect in a study; we know you are a perfect Miss Blimber. Studies for you, "must be stone dead, and then you dig them up like a ghoul." But Young America thinks differently,—that young gentleman has almost formed the idea, that useful things may be studied and understood; he is almost a heretic in education, and you must watch him closely, or fear some astonishing explosion that will bring your old rookeries of moth-eaten Fogyism into glorious confusion, about your own sacred ears. Being intelligible, the student may become interested in it, and his study may be something more than a dull task,—there is a little philosophy in that remark, Fogy. Do you know what it is to take pleasure in a study? Again, by the ordinary accompaniments of a Greek recitation, faithfully applied, Mother Goose may be made a vehicle of instruction in many of the collateral branches of education. Inquiries into the situation of Norwich, Coventry-Cross, &c., might introduce Geography. The man in the Moon might throw some light on Astronomy. The various animals mentioned might lead to Natural History. The Cat and the Fiddle, to Music, and so on through Grammar, Philology, Arithmetic, History, Natural and Mental Philosophy, Eloquence, Poetry, Versification, Politics, Manners, Morals, Religion—in short, everything, even to Phrenology or Free-love. Surely the dismissal of the Grenadier, couched in the emphatic and denunciatory words, "get you gone, you *drunken sot*," would supercede all Maine laws. While the horrible fate of the "Old Man, who couldn't say his prayers," (can you, Old Fogy?) would

destroy all need for the Monitorial System in Chapel. "But," you grumble, "there is no Poetry in Mother Goose." Softly, there, my friend,—we grant you there is high-toned poetry in your Iliad,—yet what good does it do there? Can you call to mind, from your own reading, a single case in which you appreciated and admired the poetry of Homer? When a Freshman, do you remember any occasion on which your attention was called to the beauty, or the force, or the rhythm, or any one of the thousand graces that go to make up the spirit of Poetry? Don't shake your head, old fellow! But there is Poetry in Mother Goose. This work has been admired for ages for the purity and delicacy of its metrical flow, and the variety of its metres. And there is one peculiarity, Fogy, which I will whisper into your private ear, as eminently calculated to fit it for an American College. Very nearly all the poems in the collection are susceptible of adaptation to the tune of Yankee Doodle! Conjure up, if you can, a more poetic fancy than this:

"With silver bells and cockle shells,
And *Maidens*, all a row."

How delicately, and with what a suppression of Art, is the old and tiresome "flower of beauty," rendered "Maiden," while the bard sings of a garden! But, Old Fogy, we perceive what your conception of Poetry is. It must have "Cloud-compelling Zeus," "Rosy-fingered Aurora," "Earth-shaker Poseidon," "Oxeneyed-revered Juno," and half a dozen similar turgid and sonorous extravaganzas on every page, before it can be Poetry. Here Mother Goose fails,—but could we not have Herr Snigilfritzenstein, of classic fame, editing an edition, introduce by note or otherwise some large poetic words? Did it ever occur to you, venerable conservative, what an excellent lesson in Political Economy there is in the verse,

"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe—
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do!"

What an excellent manager she must have been to have dwelt with such a family in so confined a residence, and what tact and discretion the poet gives her in disposing of her too numerous offspring! "But," you say, "the deposition of Homer and Greek wouldn't look well,—it would hurt our reputation abroad, if such old and tried friends should lightly part." There, you've hit it, Old Boy—depend upon it that is all that upholds the reputation of your musty old Colleges, and your so called learning. You are somewhat like the man in the fable, who,

having a small animal resembling a dog, by that caudal appendage which provident Nature has furnished for the expression of emotion, feared to let go his hold, lest the rest of the world should see, or rather, perceive, by another sense, that the animal was not a dog. You are afraid to cast aside your reputation, lest the world should see that it is hollow and rotten; so that there is no danger, at least in our College generation, of our being ranked by a satirical Poet, with those

"Whose Alma Mater was Old Mother Goose."

But seriously, my dear Old Fogy, you must be vigilant, and on the alert to change your tactics. Once it was well enough to graduate an hundred ignoramuses; they were still learned enough to meet the wants of the country. But the times have changed, my old Friend, and the world has progressed,—the masses are instructed in valuable, practical, useful knowledge,—they no longer adore with blind fascination the seal of a Diploma, written in bad Latin. Men who enter College must no longer

"Gang in stirks
And come out Asses."

Look to it, that they do not longer, not only know nothing on graduation, but even forget what they knew before entering. "Keep your top eye open," Old Fogy, for a revolution in learning.

"Cultivated Intellect in Public Life."

In the various spheres of Public Life, there is no more *efficient* power than *cultivated* intellect. With its tireless energy it discards false theories, reforms the narrow suggestions of avarice into generous liberality, and guards against extremes in human action.

Prominent among its fruits is an openhearted recognition of man's social nature, from which has resulted a distaste for cloistered life and its sordid selfishness. This recognition, too, has refuted the mistaken theory of the Ancients, that learning was pure and *dignified* only when recluse and hidden from vulgar eyes. With them science was raised on high to escape the touch of the ignoble. Philosophers taught pupils whose lips were sealed, and immortal minds perished bereft of wholesome discipline. With us isolation has no charms to decoy ignorant worshipers. Blind and superstitious indulgence finds no lodgment.

Wordy titles and emblazoned antecedents form, at best, a meagre substitute for real merit. Worth, to be respected, must be known; talent to succeed, must be continually on the rack of exertion, and virtue must be unalloyed to withstand the fiery ordeal of temptation.

Cultivated intellect tempers Radicalism and Conservatism into the golden mean. It is keen-sighted enough to discern how much of each the exigencies of the times demand and modifies its action according to national expediency. Here a worship of old ideas and practices leads to unwarrantable conservatism. There a servile and groundless reliance upon the good issues of the future, dictates an equally unwarrantable radicalism. As in the material world, all the phenomena which purify the earth and make it habitable, are the result of a strife in the elements, so in the political, a war of antagonistic principles is the only safeguard of a healthy prosperity; but there must be those above and before, who, in the turmoil of the fray, may direct the battle and protect the vanquished from violence. Between radicalism and conservatism, dangerous without proper guidance, but salutary when allowed to combat on equal terms, the great minds preserve the equipoise. When these principles take undue shape, when easy minded conservatism sees principles compromised, inalienable rights disgracefully abated, the press muzzled, and even the word of God closed on the perishing souls of men, and gazes with eyes undimmed upon a vast scene of political debauchery, or when empty headed reformers, beyond the bounds of common expediency and common sense, rant uselessly against some political evil magnified by their awry vision, villifying those who will not follow them—the great intellects urge on conservatism to the quick step of the age and shout to reckless innovators a dictatorial, "Thus far and no farther." These are monarchs of thought worthy of a throne.

Cultivated Intellect guards against extremes in the development of national character.

There is a visionary Quixotic spirit with which nations become imbued, wherein predominate dreamy romance and chimerical ideas. They draw hair-breadth distinctions between verbal nonentities, and endeavor to perfect schemes in realization alike undesirable and impossible. The ideal man stands in marble on the high pedestal; the actual man wallows in the gutter. As they grow in power, like the Romans of old, visions of conquest and universal dominion break upon them.

There is, too, a utilitarian spirit which, though hostile to visionary theories and spectral ideas, is, nevertheless, liable to abuse. It appeals to the strongest human passions and allures its votaries with a gaudy

show of regal wealth and splendor. Such is its concentrated power that men and nations seem plastic to its touch. It warps individual character into selfishness, and make nations grasping in policy. It disgraces the beautiful and grand in nature, with partial and sordid views. When patriotism beats high and emotion becomes intense—when feelings come welling up from a full breast, the utilitarian quenches these virtues with his sovereign test—"cui bono?" Dangerous is such a spirit and hostile to the best interests of a nation.

At these junctures educated men are they who stand forth, mail clad, and armed with the keen two-edged blade of intellect, they lay bare brawny arms and strike hard blows for justice and humanity. They impress men with the reality of life, warm cold-hearted selfishness, and embody the spirit of wisdom to lead them to the goal of true prosperity.

In view of this there is a peculiar claim not to be overlooked, growing out of the exigency of the times. I submit that our nation, characterized for a dashing headlong activity, ever preoccupied in the advancement of material thrift, and looking coldly upon any occupation the fruits of which are not tangible, loudly demands that this preponderance of utilitarianism should be overbalanced by an intenser cultivation of sterling intellect. The painter's pencil, the sculptor's chisel, and the poet's lyre, have been dethroned, and their places filled with a motley crew of money-changers. Through the abodes of men, where poverty makes crime a dire necessity, roll the chariots of wealth, silencing the cries of orphans and the low-heart throbs of the suffering sick and dying. Onward men rush, frantic with unholy zeal, freezing the warm currents of sympathy, and quieting the qualms of conscience. Gold is their God; banking houses their temples of worship.

How long will it suffice for history to teach nations, that in the bosom of civilization may be engendered a malady which will destroy it—how Athenian learning, Spartan bravery and Roman justice, all sunk beneath the rising power of wealth! Can we coolly argue ourselves into the belief that we are an exception to the universal laws of retributive justice? Can we ground our security in the present, and our prospects in the future, upon such a detestable theory as manifest destiny? Can I not discern in this tendency the seeds of decay and ruin? Am I not right in saying that if this spirit increases preying upon the vitals of honesty and virtue, our nation will suffer shipwreck? Then may the bards of some weak and despised nation, with the spirit of Montezuma and the Incas, cast upon us the taunting strain:

"Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia? do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou that hast wasted earth and dar'd despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies;
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pit thine avarice hast made."—*Cowper.*

In the face of history, under the light of experience and against reason, let not money make the sum of existence. Let the cultivation of intellect supplant this unholy quest of gain.

Cultivated Intellect is the bone and sinew of government. It is essential to the legislator that laws may be established which consult the interest of the people; to the judge, that impartial justice may be meted out, and that the purity of his ermine may not be sullied by prejudice or ill-grounded bias; to the executive, that neither the bribes of wealth nor the considerations of rank, may swerve him from duty. It guides the hand at the ballot-box, and spreads broader the protective Ægis of Trial by Jury. It aids the diplomatist while on foreign soil he fights his bloodless battles. It gives to the Statesman the sage's wisdom, and the prophet's foresight. So when discord distracts the people, he strikes out massive weapons in the glowing forge of his intellect, and hurls them reeking into the great heart of the nation. I claim for Cultivated Intellect a strength and support to all the offices of Public Life. I claim for it, finally, a permanence and position subordinate only to the exercises and hopes of the Christian religion.

Near by then, and under the sanctuary where men feed on living truth, let Academies of learning rise where immortal minds are shaped and trained in beauty and symmetry, and where the dome of thought is strengthened by the cement of thorough discipline, and adorned with the trophies of Genius. N. B.

A Legend of the Potomac.

I CHANCED, while passing through Virginia, on a southern tour, a few years since, to spend the month of October on the banks of the Potomac. The village of T———, in which I was sojourning, was evidently one of remote foundation. Everything bore an ancient, nay, an antediluvian impress. Finding little to interest me here, I gave way to the impulses of a pedestrian disposition, and daily wandered off into

the surrounding country. I thus became intimately acquainted with every nook and corner within miles around.

My favorite place of resort, however, in these daily excursions, was the village grave-yard, situated on the river's edge, nearly a mile above the village. Many an hour have I passed in vain attempts to decipher the epitaphs, which the rains of more than an hundred winters had well-nigh washed from the solid stone, upon which they had been engraven. Many of the monumental slabs had gradually sunk, unti their summits barely peered above the grass, that sprang thick and luxuriant from the soil enriched by human dust.

It had been the burial-ground for centuries. From generation to generation the villagers had been gathered to this their common abode. Here the village worthy and the worthless vagrant—the sober puritan of olden time, and the luxurious prodigal of later days—all slept on, side by side, in their narrow mansions.

The ground had once been enclosed by a strong stone-wall—no trace of which was now to be seen, except a grassy ridge, slightly elevated above the surrounding surface.

Kilmonarch's glen—a place somewhat celebrated in the goblin traditions of this region—was situated on the opposite side of the river, and a short distance above the grave-yard. It took its name from the hero of a band that formerly dwelt there. The appearance of the place was peculiarly romantic. My first impressions upon beholding it were but strengthened and impressed by the ghostly stories I afterwards heard concerning it. The effect upon my mind might have been in some degree attributed to the circumstances of my visit. It was late in the afternoon of a cold, drizzling day. The damp and murky appearance of the weather rested like an incubus upon my spirits; and the Autumn winds, rustling with the wet and wilted leaves, spoke to my ear in plaintive whisper a thousand sad memories. Everything tended to breathe into me a melancholy sadness.

On entering the glen, my eyes immediately fell upon the ruins of Kilmonarch's castle. It was but a mass of moss-grown rocks. One lone chimney peered far above the broken relics around, and impressed upon the mind a sense of gloom and desolation almost insufferable.

Kilmonarch and his comrades, says tradition, had held this glen from the remotest times. Whence they came, or what was their occupation, has ever been a profound mystery. It was once believed that they were a semi-human race—witches—in league with the spirit of evil. Some say, that at the time of the settlement of the village, they held sway

over all the surrounding country, and offered much resistance to the early colonists. Being overpowered, however, they retreated to this glen as a strong hold against all further encroachments.

They are supposed by some, on the contrary, to have been a band of desperadoes—pirates—whose leader had been the accomplice of the celebrated Kid. They assert, in support of their opinion, that even now, on a moonlight-night, a ship, with a black flag streaming from the topmast, may be seen gliding swiftly up the Potomac, by the village, followed by a streak of livid fire. They firmly believed that in this haunted dell were concealed the treasures of that hero pirate. He had built his stone castle above the golden coffers, and enjoined upon his comrades to guard it well.

Kilmonarch and his associates were seldom seen or heard during the day. At midnight hours, the echoes of their reveling yells rung along the woody dell. In one of these wassailings, it is said, they met their end. It was on a stormy summer night. The rain came down in torrents. The lightning flashed brightly—and the hills sent forth the never-ceasing echoes of the thunder. The revelers heeded not the rage of the elements without. A discordant chorus of oaths and drunken glee came from the old stone castle, that drowned the turmoil of the hurricane—and rushed far away on the fleeting gale.

The storm raged on—midnight came—the revel was at its climax. Each gust of wind, that whistled along the glen, bore away their fiendish yells. Each thunder clap, that shook their habitation, warned them of their approaching doom. They heeded not, but reveled on, as if in defiance of Heaven. At last the Storm-God, as if weary with his frequent and unavailing admonitions, curbed for a moment his rage. One moment of awful silence—then burst upon the castle, from the murky canopy above, a thunder-bolt of streaming fire. The hills that hemmed the vale shook to their very centres. * * * * The storm passed away, and the pale moon, rising above the neighboring hills, cast its glimmering light on the ruins of Kilmonarch's castle.

Thus perished, says tradition, this mysterious band. For a century this gloomy glen contained not the habitation of a human being. Over it brooded a holy horror, and seldom did human foot dare to desecrate the haunted home of the pirates. The more superstitious thought that though dead, their spirits still kept watch over their buried treasures. On a stormy night they could distinctly hear their bacchanalian yells. Oft, they say, at twilight, the school boy, returning from the village school, has been frightened by the death shriek of a traveler who per-

ished there by Kilmonarch's hand—nearly two centuries ago. The spectre Kilmonarch himself walks nightly three times around the ruins of his old castle, and vanishes in a cloud of sulphurous smoke.

About the close of the last century, the village numbered among its native inhabitants a youth, whose name was Leonard Vaughn. He was of obscure parentage and entirely destitute of property. While a boy, however, at the village school, and afterwards in the pursuit of his profession, he displayed an untiring perseverance and industry, united with an intellectual ability, that won for him an enviable reputation.

At the age of twenty, he commenced the study of medicine with a physician—the oldest inhabitant of the village. For two years he applied himself with an assiduity and success that surprised his veteran instructor. It was, indeed, thought by all, that his aspirations for eminence in his profession, could not fail to conquer every difficulty. He had overcome the want of wealth and influential friends, and he, himself, never dreamed that any obstacle could successfully resist his iron will. He lived to learn, however, that the difficulties which he seemed to have surmounted with great toil and endurance, existed only in his imagination, and that the true enemy to the progress and final success of a faithful student, was to be found in the quarter least expected.

While engaged in his studies, he had accidentally become acquainted with Mary Emerson, a young lady celebrated in the village for her personal beauty, as well as her great wealth. She was the only child of the richest man on the banks of the Potomac. Leonard, though possessing a spirit that seemed invincible under the disadvantages of plebeian birth and poverty, nevertheless was not wanting in the more delicate feelings. He had no inclination to yield to a feverish love-madness, that burst into a flame at the sight of mere beauty, but he had an exalted opinion of true womanly worth. In his acquaintance with the village belle, he was unable to restrain the impulses of an honest heart, and ere long he found himself in the giddy whirlpool of love.

He was conscious of the great disparity between his own fortune and family, and that of the object of his affections. Yet, in his estimation, this was but a seeming barrier. His attachment was a rational one, and consequently not easily thwarted. Unfortunate youth! he could prove to himself beyond a doubt, that he could with all propriety love the richest woman in all the county, but it was impossible to pursuade her that a penniless student was worthy of her affections. In vain did he display to her the worthlessness of wealth to procure happiness. He

offered neither riches or family reputation—naught, in truth, but the undivided affection of an honest heart. He met however with a cold reception. The haughty family and friends of the girl scorned and despised him, and he soon became aware that in his present suit he could not hope to succeed. He had begun to neglect his studies, and was convinced that he must relinquish his profession of medicine or his profession of love. To accomplish the latter object, and remain in the society of Miss Emerson, was totally impossible. He determined, therefore, to quit his native village for a time—until he could complete his studies, and be prepared to commence practice.

From a want of means he was unable to go far, and he must live in the utmost seclusion. Kilmonarch's Glen offered a safe and convenient retreat. There, amid the ruins of the old castle, one apartment might be found, which, with some slight repairs, would afford a comfortable hermitage. With a small bundle of books, and other requisites to the successful pursuit of his studies, gathered under his arm, and a cloak thrown about him, he left his old studio, for the last time, one dark night about the middle of March, and proceeded to cross the river. Having come to the water's edge, he threw down his cloak and bundle to unloose his skiff. Being somewhat absent minded, he left his cloak lying on the bank.

The next day he was not to be seen in the village. Several days passed and no tidings came, and his acquaintances began to feel anxious and make various conjectures as to his probable whereabouts. His cloak, however, solved the mystery. All concluded at once, that being disappointed in love, he had committed suicide. The sad news fell heavily upon the heart of Mary Emerson. She reproached herself for having listened to the counsel of haughty friends, and for discarding honesty and frankness. All soon observed the traces of grief upon her visage. Spring and summer passed away, and with them the bloom of youth and beauty from the fair maiden's cheek. The first winds of autumn rustled the willow boughs above her new-made grave.

In the meantime, Leonard Vaughn had been faithfully pursuing his studies in the solitary glen. By careless exposure, however, he had taken a violent cold, shortly after his removal thither, and long ere he suspected it, consumption—the never-failing messenger of death—had laid its icy hands upon him. When he was aware of his approaching doom, he calmly resigned himself to linger out his days in solitude. He had become wedded to his lone and solitary abode, and he determined never again to visit the village of his birth. He still continued

his studies as before, to wear away the long and wearisome hours of pain and suffering.

Anatomy had always been his favorite branch of study, and even during his residence in Kilmonarch's glen, he often procured subjects for dissection from the village grave-yard across the river. A few days after the burial of Mary Emerson, he thought of repairing thither to obtain a subject, which would probably be his last; for his health was fast declining, and he was conscious that life to him was but a brief span of a few months at most.

It was late on a moonlight night, that he left his lonely cell with lantern and spade in hand, to wend his way to the grave-yard. Having crossed the river and entered, he selected the newest looking grave, and on it commenced his excavations. For more than an hour he steadily worked. At length, having reached the coffin, he paused for a moment to rest his weary and exhausted body. He was leaning on his spade and looking down into the gloomy grave—wondering, perchance, how long it might be before some curious student would draw forth *his* lifeless remains from this final resting place—when a wild, unearthly shriek startled him. The spade dropped from his paralyzed hand, and fell heavily upon the coffin lid below. Ere the echoes of the first died away, another louder greeted his ear. All doubt was at once dispelled. It was a panther, in pursuit. With one desperate stroke he burst the coffin lid and drew forth the corpse. Wrapping it close in the shroud, forgetting spade and lantern, he rushed, at full speed, for his skiff. He leaped in, and just as he shoved off from the shore, the beast, wild and frantic with hunger, rushed down to the water's edge—his eyes glaring like meteors.

A few feeble strokes and he was far beyond the reach of danger. Dropping his light oar, and leaving his boat to glide gently down the current, he granted his weary limbs a moment's repose. From fright and great exertion, his feeble frame was perfectly exhausted. The blood flowed freely from his irritated lungs, and almost suffocated him. He was thus quietly seated when a gust of wind blew the white covering from the face of the corpse that lay in front of him. His eyes followed it as it rose high in the air, and was wafted away—the moonlight glistening through its gossamer folds. Turning his eyes on the corpse, he was horror-stricken to behold the pale and emaciated features of Mary Emerson. Not a murmur escaped his lips. In a moment more the boat was moving peacefully along, bearing, like a funeral car, the body of youth and maiden.

The next morning the boat was drawn ashore at the village. There was no difficulty in recognizing the bodies. Many still believed, however, the former report, that Leonard had perished in the Potomac. They said that he had left his watery resting-place to seek the remains of his beloved. The bodies were conveyed to the silent village graveyard, and laid side by side in the same grave. They, who in life were separated by the paltry considerations of wealth, in death were united.

Often the story of Leonard Vaughn has been breathed by an ardent lover in the ear of an obdurate fair one. Every vapory cloud that floats in the moon-lit sky, is said to be the fair Mary's shroud. Every will o' the wisp that dances along the river in the burning air of a summer's night, the honest and unsuspecting beholders declare to be the wandering lantern of the unfortunate student.

Berkshire Homes.

God made the country, and man made the town.—*Cowper.*

THE beauty of an American landscape lies almost exclusively in its natural characteristics. Art has not yet busied herself in erecting gigantic structures to add to, or perhaps we should say, to detract from the undisturbed harmony of our scenery. No ancient civilization has left us splendid proofs of its advancement in those tottering columns or crumbling arches that give to European views a peculiar charm that ours do not and cannot furnish, until a long lapse of time shall have hallowed every spot with some traditionary association, or shall have thrown an additional interest around those we already possess.

And these associations must be of a widely different character from those that are interwoven with the history of the mother countries. Pyramids, colossi and feudal castles, in the natural course of events, we can never have; they are types of a far different age,—an age in which strength of muscle lorded over strength of mind, and Right was enslaved beneath the ponderous arm of Might.

Eternized by no monuments of art, *our* associations, dear to us alone, are embodied in the great works of Nature herself,—in the giant cliffs, the majestic streams, the smiling plains that are scattered with such bounteous profusion over our land.

To us, indeed, it seems rather a matter for congratulation than for

regret, that our country is destitute of those time-honored-relics that form such a distinctive feature in the scenery of the old world. There is, it is true, something peculiarly imposing in their appearance when embowered by a forest of century-old oaks, crowning the summit of a beetling crag, or watching as solitary sentinels over a barren waste, once a fruitful garden. They are historians, almost endowed with life of the scenes and age they represent. Every stone in their structure speaks to us a volume. Working so strongly as they do upon the imagination, they carry us back to their own times, placing before our eyes a panorama of events in which they themselves have been important though silent actors. Herein lies the romance of ruins, and for this reason they are sought by all and particularly by educated travelers.

But were an historic voice to issue forth from their decaying portals, methinks its tones would be mournful, its legends sad. Stripped of this enchanting crust of romance, with which fancy envelops them, the researches of truth would bring to light an interior too often stained with crime and accursed with deeds of atrocious cruelty. The Coliseum, the most magnificent symbol of Rome's colossal greatness, is but one vast mausoleum for the hecatombs of human victims who have been there sacrificed, at the turning of a thumb, to pander to the lust of a debauched nobility and a brutal populace. Perhaps the old chateaux of the Rhine might also testify to deeds, if possible more hideous, and that, too, enacted in the vaunted age of chivalry; even the towers of London and Rouen have been witnesses to the murder of Princes. If such are the chronicles of ruins, thank Heaven, we have inherited from the Aborigines of America none of these proofs of their material greatness and moral degradation.

Our landscapes are, for the most part, fine illustrations of what Nature herself, unaided, can accomplish in adorning her rougher works. The spirit of utilitarianism has, it is true, slightly changed the face of our country. It has bridged our rivers, tunneled our mountains, and intersected our valleys with roads, canals, and railways; it has leveled, to some extent, our primeval forests, made our Hudson and our Mississippi highroads for commerce, and has even set up paper mills upon the brink of Niagara. But most of these innovations, so far from marring, even embellish the natural appearance of the scenery, so that the greater part of our land is not less beautiful, not less sublime, than when first moulded by the hands of the Creator, or when bequeathed to us by its former occupants.

There is no section of New England more interesting, and affording

more delightful views, than that part of Massachusetts lying among the Hoosic and Taconic ranges, and comprehending within its limits the county of Berkshire. Save to a few, who, shunning the fashionable haunts of Saratoga and Newport, flee thither from the stifling heat of the city, its charms are unknown. No newspaper has "our correspondent" here to report the current scandal, to laud the wine of "mine host," or to pass judgment upon assembled beauties. Almost entirely encircled by mountains, its situation is eminently secluded; yet even these natural barriers disclose here and there a ravine or "notch," through which the locomotive threads its way, making it easy of access to those wishing to rusticate for a season amid its rural retreats.

The sportsman, the utilitarian and the artist, alike find here inducement to exertion, and are equally well compensated for their labor. Ample forests, expanded meadows and untrodden mountains, concealing game, choice and abundant, invite the lover of "ye noble art of venerie." The never failing sources of the broad Housatonic, cascading over their rocky beds, afford "invaluable privileges" to the artisan, and anon meandering gently through green fields, flirt for a moment with some follower of good old Isaak Walton, ere they dash onward to the sea. Bustling manufactories, with their satellites of snug tenements, are hidden here and there in sequestered vales; while within a cannon's shot of them, upon the plain, lies the quiet "Sabbath day" village, separated from the other by a short though effectual distance.

Upon the northern extremity of the county, and forming its most conspicuous object, stands Graylock, upon whose hoary crest is the annual "camping ground" of the Williams students. The lover of natural beauties, like them, may clamber the rocky steep, where

> "The beauty and the majesty of earth
> Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
> The steep and toilsome way."

From the summit the eye grasps at once a spacious amphitheatre, bounded only by walls of nature's own erection. Piles of white marble stand out in bold relief upon fields whose emerald hue is again contrasted with the diamond-like luster of miniature lakes gemming, here and there, this circuit of hill and dale. No scenery can be perfect without water. For as in an ocean or desert we search out some green oasis to interrupt the otherwise unbroken level, so in any extensive landscape, the eye turns from the alternation of mountain and valley, and craves the variety of the calm and placid lake, doubling in its silvery sheen the nodding trees upon its bank.

A ride from Pittsfield toward the southern part of the country reveals a succession of views, all the more pleasing from being more circumscribed. That little cottage which you see at a distance from the road, and sheltered by a few stately elms, is the youthful home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose exceedingly pure and elaborate writings have won him an envied reputation in the literary world. Its quaintness and dilapidation forcibly remind the reader of his works of the House of Seven Gables. Truly, Genius prefers the hut to the palace as a nursery for her favorites. The landscape on leaving Lenox become more extensive and highly picturesque. Lovely ponds—or, as the English would denominate them, lakes,—are embedded here and there in deep valleys, and thickly studded with islands, whose heavy foliage throwing dancing images upon the water, presents one of those accidental alternations of light and shade that the painter loves to catch and fix upon his canvas. Upon the right of the road, in a dell, seemingly scooped out for the purpose, is the "Stockbridge Bowl" of Miss Sedgwick, encircled by lofty hills that appear to hug it in their embrace, as if to defend its glassy surface from the rude assaults of the elements. Proceeding onward a short distance, we arrive at last upon the brow of a hill commanding, if not the grandest, certainly the loveliest prospect we have yet seen. Almost beneath our feet, and surmounting a gentle acclivity, is, perhaps, the most beautiful village in New England. Deriving its name from a tribe of Indians that once frequented these haunts, the early labors of the good people of Stockbridge were devoted to their conversion, or perhaps the issue would lead us to say, to their extermination; for those who were before loth to quit so lovely a spot, under the benign influence of civilization, quietly submitted to a removal beyond the Mississippi, leaving nothing but a few graves behind to remind us of their existence.

Skirting the southern slope of the village the Housatanic, now expanded to a broad river, loiters slowly through the meadows, like an idle school boy released from his irksome task. Terraced up from its bank, and near the center of the village, is the mansion of Miss Sedgwick, and near by, upon Laurel Hill, is the "Sacrifice Rock," around which she has thrown a romantic interest in her Hope Leslie. Tradition states that the water always found in the hollow of the rock is yet tinged with the blood of the Indian maiden; though incredulous, matter-of-fact persons stoutly insist that it proceeds only from the decomposition of fallen leaves. Assuredly the water is red, but farther than that we would not vouch.

Directly opposite Laurel Hill, and but a few steps from the village, is one of those freaks of nature which are well calculated to astonish us, and to awaken our curiosity as to their origin. A range of lofty hills, which follows the course of the river, is suddenly interrupted near its termination by a chasm or rift that penetrates deeply into the mountain, and appears to have been caused by some abrupt and violent convulsion of nature. Seen under the glare of the torch, the "Ice Glen" reveals a mass of rocks thrown together in the wildest disorder, dripping with moisture, and ever concealing in their caverns ice which the rays of the sun have never reached. Parties dressed as grotesquely, if not as hideously, as our "Burial" processions, make frequent excursions thither at night, and by their costumes add greatly to the natural wildness of the scene. Upon the opposite side of the valley, and overlooking it from a gentle ascent, is the birthplace of President Hopkins, whose earnest and devoted labors have raised Williams College to the present honorable position it occupies among American institutions.

Continuing on to the southward from Stockbridge, the chalky face of Monument Mountain speedily looms into view. Standing boldly out over the plain, it is yet easily accessible from the south and west;—

> "But to the east,
> Even to the vale, go down the bare, old cliffs,
> Huge pillars, that in mid heaven upbear
> Their weather beaten capitals."

Bryant has made this classic ground by the beautiful legend he has woven from a simple tradition of the Indians. A girl of the Stockbridge tribe conceives a violent attachment for her cousin. This love, deemed incestuous by her relatives, is forbidden, when the disconsolate maiden, decked in the wild flowers of the mountain, throws herself from the precipice. A pile of stones, increased by every passer-by, till lately marked the spot:—

> "And Indians, from the distant west that come
> To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
> Yet tell the sorrowful tale; and to this day
> The mountain where the hapless maiden died
> Is called the Mountain of the Monument."

One of the peaks of Mount Washington, at the southern extremity of Berkshire, affords the grandest view in Massachusetts. The scenery from its summit appears to the best advantage when clothed in the gorgeous hues of an autumnal sunset. Its foliage of maple, oak and sumach

is then invested with the most brilliant colors of the spectrum. The sun, flinging over each hill-top a crown of golden radiance, and sparkling from the clear waters of Bash-Bish, gives the landscape an appearance, perhaps too gaudy for the most refined taste, but yet strikingly magnificent. The prospect extending in every direction to an immense distance is filled up with a never-ending succession of mountains, villages, and lakes, until the eye, satiated and absolutely wearied with the extent and richness of the panorama, rests at last with gladness upon the closing object;—the blue heights of the Katskills guarding the peaceful valley of the Hudson,—Irving's enchanted ground,—his almost spirit-land.

H. B. B.

The Spectre Ship of New Haven Harbor.

"Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel."

In the year 1646 there was built in Rhode Island, for some of the richer men of New Haven, a new ship, of which one Lamberton was appointed master. On her arrival at New Haven, though of good and commodious dimensions, she was found to be so faultily built, that her captain often said she would prove the grave of those who might embark on board of her.

Nevertheless this did not prevent many from determining to sail in her, and lading her with goods for trade. In January, 1647, cutting their way through the ice of the harbor, they set sail. On board were many of the most notable of the New Haven worthies,—Gregson, Turner, and the "goodly Mrs. Gregson," being among the number. A strange presentiment appeared to possess all minds as they bade their friends adieu. Mr. Davenport prayed, with tearful eyes, "Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these, our friends, in the bottom of the sea, they are thine." Thus, amid prayers and fears, they departed over the sea.

But they returned not again. Bleak winter blossomed into spring, yet the pleasant waters of the bay, from which the ship had faded in the midst of ice and snow, were gladdened with no welcome sail. Neither were tidings of their arrival at their destined port brought by any

of the ships from England. Distressing doubts and gloomy fears began to arise. The nameless presentiment which overshadowed all minds at the embarkation was now remembered,—ominous tokens and signs were noted.

As the months passed on with still no news from the missing ship, even the most hopeful began to despair. Those who had at first surmised that she had been driven by contrary winds to a foreign port, and was, therefore, longer absent, gradually yielded to the conviction that they never more should behold the gallant vessel. There was mourning for their loss throughout all the colony, and much prayer to God, that, if it was His good pleasure, He "would let them hear what He had done with their friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to His holy will."

Their fervent prayers were answered. In the month of June a terrific thunder-storm overhung the town, arising from the northeast. After this had passed away, and the atmosphere became serene, about an hour before sundown, a SHIP, like to the missing one, came gaily up the harbor with canvas and colors all abroad, sailing against the wind, neither tacking nor veering, but holding an onward course. She seemed rather to sail in the heavens than the sea, though she came no nearer the shore than is done by vessels of such large dimensions. Some, however, averred that they might have hurled a stone on board of her.

Many were drawn forth to behold this strange vision,—this work of God. The very children cried out, "There goes a brave ship!" All that saw her said she was the very likeness and image of the ship they had lost. She continued in full sight from a quarter to half an hour, amid exclamations of the admiring spectators, who could distinguish the colors and rigging of the various parts.

Suddenly there appeared on the top of the poop a man, with his left arm placed akimbo, and his right holding a sword, with which he pointed towards the heavens. Thereupon the ship vanished. First her main-top seemed to be blown off, her left hanging in the shrouds; then her mizen-top; then all her masting seemed blown away by the board; then careening, she overset, and so vanished into a smoky cloud, which soon was dissipated, and left the air as pure and clear as before.

Greatly edified by the sight, the pious spectators hesitated not to say, "This was the mould of our ship, and this her tragic end." They returned thanks to God for thus placing at rest their minds, disquieted by hopes and fears; and Mr. Davenport publicly declared, "That God had

condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of His sovereign disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually."*

Thanksgiving Eve.

ANCIENT and venerable are the customs of our Alma Mater. Losing their origin in remote antiquity, sanctioned by the great who have gone before, hallowed by associations of many years, they become in our eyes exceeding valuable, to be preserved and transmitted forever. We do not deny that the influence of these institutions has been for good; that they have given zest and individuality to our College Life; that they have linked the present with by-gone generations; that they have bound us more firmly together, and lent the sanctifying force of time to our proceedings; still, much as we dislike to startle old prejudices, to shock the nerves of that gouty and dilapidated gentleman of the old school Fogy Antiquity, who loves

> To show on holiday's a sacred pin
> That touched the ruff, that touched Queen Bess' chin;

there are some of these notions against which we must protest—they have an ancient and fish-like smell exceedingly disagreeable to our nostrils. We assert that when anything becomes so that age does nothing more than add strength to its bad odor, and thickness to its must, that the civilized sensitiveness of our modern olfactories should not be pained by the effluvia, or the immaculateness of our modern kids soiled by the touch. If our Grandfathers immolated themselves before the Car of Juggernaut, and were crushed under its ponderous wheels, it may have

* The above is almost a literal transcript from the original accounts of the appearance of this phantom ship, according to Mather's Magnalia, Book I, 25, Winthrop's History of New England, vol. II, 328. Peter's Hist. of Conn. (London Ed., 186,) has a still different account; but as he pretends to borrow from Mather, I have not noticed it. I may add, that Winthrop places the appearance of the ship two years after its loss, while Pierpont's letter, as given by Mather, makes the ship appear in the spring following. Winthrop speaks of the appearance of the man with the sword, while Mather only tells us of the ship.

been very fine, very heroic, very manly for them, but really, provided the way is wide, and the coast clear, we would decidedly prefer to stand one side and let his Godship pass. We have been led into these remarks by the recent reform which we are most happy to record of the jollifications of Thanksgiving Eve.

Never was there anything which needed regeneration more than this. It had become an absolute nuisance, and no one could venture inside either of the society halls on that night, without witnessing fizzles most abominable, speeches unendurable, jokes so stale and old that nine-tenths of Yalensian graduates, for the last one hundred and fifty years, turned in their coffins, claimed them as their own, and sent back dismal groans of plagiarism! plagiarism! Really we have witnessed far better proceedings in the Debating Society, voices of the Nations of the town of Bunkum. The experiment was eminently successful. Never did we see so much fun crowded in the same space of time; never fully understand the amount of Wit and Hilarity concentrated in Old Yale.

The combined Societies—a magic word, everybody happy, everybody willing to contribute for the amusement of the whole, and the whole wonderfully appreciative of the efforts of everybody. Oh, Muses and Melpomene! Oh Shades of the mighty Past and shadow of the portentous Future, how shall I describe the grace, dignity and splendor, with which the twin giants presided? Freshmen gazing in gaping wonderment; Seniors in intense enjoyment; Juniors amusing themselves for the amusement of others, and Sophomores convulsing the crowd by their own convolutions. Charades and charlatans, elocution and eloquence, impersononations and improvisations, poems and puns, Langdonics and laughter, jokes, jests and jigs, burlesques, bon mots and beatitudes, songs, stories and sermons, following each other in quick and rapid succession, dazzling and blinding by their brilliancy, flashing and sparkling hither and thither, causing sides to ache by the pungency of their point, and arousing the inextinguishable laughter of the Gods. From our Lady of ills to the tongue that motioned and the hands that talked, from Kiah's sad derelictions to the Down-East love-scene, from Western Myths to gymnastic gyrations, from the Anti-Slavery lecture to Beethoven, from opera to adjournment; what can we distinguish as better than the other, particularize or describe? Ah, Mrs. Scruggins, Mrs. Scruggins, how deeply did we sympathize with the magnitude of your domestic misfortunes, the remissness and failings of your partner for life, the sad waywardness of that motherly animal whose duty it was to periodically please the palates of your family circle, and the destruction of

your garden fixins. Reminded of Mrs. Caudle were we; of many scenes of conjugal felicity we have witnessed—of the heroism we once displayed when burly Irishman was beating red-headed wife—when we thought to rescue fair one and knocked down burly Irishman—when red-headed wife sprang to her feet, charged on us with a fire-shovel, and cracked us over the cranium with a "take that, ye spalpeen, fur interfarin between a man and his wife, ye dirty rascal;" we never did again,—our head pains us yet at the very thought of the thing, and grim visions arise of a future Mrs. ———, which frightens us, and makes our slender body quake in its boots.

How shall we do justice to the splendors of the German Opera, the dulcet tones of whose melody and whose wizard-like music haunts us still? Never before have we heard the master-pieces of the great composers so brilliantly executed, or appreciated so fully the genius of their sublime conceptions. Donnizetti might (?) have imagined himself in his own Italy, listening to the carols of maidens and rustic swains. We do not wish to make any invidious distinctions, and while we would give full credit to the greatness of all, we must say that the magnificent tenor of the leader, and the deep, deep, bottomless, ever resounding bass of Signor, claimed our particular attention.

There is one originality introduced by these artists which we wish might universally prevail, and that is, personifying the ideas. Music is so ethereal, so evanescent, that the thought should be perpetuated in the act, and the expressive manner in which, by means of their nether extremities, they pictured the chorus, "We're a band of Brothers," is worthy of all praise, and will remain fresh in our memories forever.

What merry recollections did the elocution performance recall of earlier years in our College course, of South Middle and Biedbugi, of expulsions from and explosions in his presence, of irrascibilities and genial serenities, of good speaking and the stomach pumps! But odd, and queer, and strange, as are our reminiscences of that happy time, of the happiest portion of our life, there is much that is kindly, much that is fond. Nor will we allow this opportunity to pass without saying something of one for whom we have a genuine admiration. His peculiarities only served to distinguish him, his eccentricities to render him lovable, his quaintness to stamp his individuality. A strange mixture of warm-heartedness and genius, of forgetfulness and memory, of "charity and humor," the wonderful oddity of manner, the startling transitions from grave to gay, from lively to severe, the eminently episodical conversation, the peculiar avoidance of the subject matter in hand, and artful dodging

the point of discussion, only served to cover the slumbering fires of an intellect powerful and acute, of a knowledge almost universal, and a sympathy which embraced all humanity.

The printer's devil is at our side and the limited space allotted us exhausted; yet we cannot close without one word on our College customs, which we would gladly extend into an article. The exuberance of youthful spirits must have some safety-valve or its explosions will be dangerous. We have at present five, the Foot-Ball, the Wooden Spoon, Thanksgiving Eve, Pow Wow, and the Burial of Euclid. The first has passed away in our degenerate times with the dying love for rougher sports and athletic games; one of the others long ago was nobly rescued and reformed; of the regeneration of another we have just given but a lame account. And now, devil, just wait a moment while we throw out a single suggestion, and only meant as such in regard to the last sad duties toward the great Mathematician. Might not the ceremonies be improved, might not something unique, original, improving, be substituted for the present stale and detestable exercises, still preserving the splendid paraphernalia, the torch-light procession, the magnificent masquerading? We think there might.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

DEATH OF EDWARD J. C. ATTERBURY.

DIED, in New Haven, on Thursday morning, Nov. 22d, EDWARD J. C. ATTERBURY, of Trenton, New Jersey, a member of the Sophomore Class in Yale College.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class of Yale College, Nov. 22d, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our number, by death, our classmate, EDWARD J. C. ATTERBURY,—therefore

Resolved, That one has departed from among us, who, so far as his brief stay has enabled us to determine, was deserving of our highest confidence and esteem.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathies to the parents and relatives of the deceased, trusting that they will receive consolation from that God who was the hope of him now gone before them.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; that a committee of six be authorized to accompany the remains to Trenton, and that copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, to the New Haven and Trenton papers, and to the Yale Literary Magazine.

WALTER S. ALEXANDER,
ELISHA S. THOMAS,
ADDISON VAN NAME,
} *Committee.*

Nothing has occurred during the past month to break the quiet of College, save the death of one of our fellow-students. An event so unusual as a death in College, enlisted the warmest sympathies of all College for the bereaved friends of the deceased.

The burial of Euclid was celebrated on the night of Nov. 15th. Everything passed off quietly.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the elections held Oct. 10th, the following Officers were chosen:

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	Presidents.	
J. H. WORRALL,		C. MANN,
	Vice-Presidents.	
C. M. DEPEW,		C. T. CATLIN.
	Secretaries.	
S. O. M. SEYMOUR,		D. F. FOREST.
	Vice-Secretaries.	
W. S. PITKIN.		S. GOODWIN.

Editor's Table.

"He chydes and he chatters,
He prates and he patters,
He clytters and he clatters,
He meddles and he smatters."

"Are these things, then, necessities?"

As the rainy and dismal winter steadily gathers upon us, nipping out-door enjoyments as it does the vegetation, and gloomily concealing every trace of the city's vernal beauty, some of the more sombre and serious-minded may sigh for our own College pleasures, and lament in nature's dreariness the coming on of a season of unendurable *ennui*. Such, indeed, is apt to be the first thought when through the misty window-pane we look out upon a rainy snow-fall. But just as the weather is the more inhospitable, so do our indoor pleasures increase in zest.

"Those who may think a life at College
Fagging and tagging, poring and boring,
Hav'n't their noddles o'erstocked with knowledge;
Life in College is full of glee;
'Tis learning, quaffing, joking, laughing,
Cheating the grave wigs so merrily."

Winter is indeed the season in which to enjoy a life within College walls.

Every pleasure, however, has its drawbacks. What may at one time cause bliss, may soon after be considered only as a source of annoyance. With all of the recommendations that our coziness in College affords to exalt the jollity of winter, the stern reality of out-door weather must cause our spirits to sink at

the thoughts of another siege of ice and snow, and drizzling rain. Of all disagreeable necessities a New Haven winter is the most unpleasant. We heartily wish that it were past and gone. Visions of deceptive puddles of water occupying, as if on purpose to "sell" the unwary pedestrian, the middle of the side-walk, haunt our imagination as we look forward to our coming trials. Anticipations of wet feet and choking colds already threaten night-mare to the unfortunate who suffers his mind to dwell upon the cheerless prospect. Happily the approaching vacation will intervene, a halcyon fortnight stifling for the time in its round of festivities all our ill-humor at bad weather. To those who can in person participate in the jollities of the home circle, Maga giveth her congratulations—for those who, like ourselves, are forced to drag out the time in pleasures which are feeble when compared to those of home, Maga and the Editors pray a success commensurate with the magnitude of the occasion and the eagerness of the seeker.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, one and all, fellow Students. We wish you all the pleasures of the season—lots of gingerbread, quantities of doughnuts, and all other things desirable, from sugar-candy down to sleighing.

Thanksgiving day with its turkeys and mince-pies, its great show and small realities at our boarding-houses, has passed by, unmarked by any great event save the *Hyena-like* appetites with which famished students preyed upon the viands set before them. And here let us, in the name of the ill-fed students, protest against our present boarding-houses. Extortion is their motto, and we are fed, sparingly too, upon victuals that have not even that consoling quality of being decently cooked. We are not Gourmands nor Epicures, but we submit the question, is it not better to reinstate the old system of Commons, rather than be fed with worse than common-fare, and be charged Hotel prices?

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A premium of $5 is hereby offered for the best College Song. All pieces are to be handed in before the second Wednesday of January, and must be signed by a fictitious name, to which all communications from the Editors will be addressed through the Post Office. The merit of the poem, and the air to which it is adapted, will be taken into consideration.

EDITORS OF THE YALE LIT.

The Yale Lit. is, it would seem, attracting notice in high places. We acknowledge the receipt, from the Navy Department, of a splendid volume of the "Coast Survey."

The article on "Cultivated Intellect in Public Life," was written for a public occasion, and intended for an Oration rather than an Essay. Our readers will bear this in mind whilst perusing it.

ERRATA.—In the November No., on page 75, line 27, for "not," read "nor;" same page, line 31, for "inferior," read "interior;" page 76, line 1, for "such principles," read "such a principle;" page 80, line 37, for "coats," read "cotes;" page 80, last line, for "inscription," read "inspiration;" page 80, line 39, insert "than," after "rather."

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. FEBRUARY, 1856. No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY, W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. BROWN, H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

Student Energy.

It is always interesting and profitable to philosophize upon one's mode of life, and see whether it is all that might reasonably be expected from the circumstances. Even when there is no disposition to alter, or reform, a little truth, barely received into the mind, is sometimes elevating. Accordingly, we have determined to take a rational view of our life as students. And at the start we make an appeal to the experience of every one who has been long with us, and ask him if he is as thorough and active a student as he expected to be? Most, we apprehend, would say that their enthusiasm had become more governable, and less likely to spur on the mind too fast for the body. Having looked at the subject and weighed facts rather coolly, we are bold to say, without fear of contradiction, that we have not quite such active and energetic dispositions as the world outside give us credit for. We have tried to summon up energy, and look at the subject seriously; and having done so, we first give the facts, and then our philosophy. But facts are uninteresting sometimes, in proportion to their truth: and as we believe this is a case of that kind, we shall only make the general remark, (and trust to

the honesty and humility of most to confess the truth of it,) that we lose our earnestness rather early in the course; and that afterwards, bottling up a little for special occasions, we live the rest of the time without it, or only as it is forced in by outward appliances, or the laws of the Faculty. We may look through diseased eyes, and mistake as to facts; but if we do, we shall be content to lose the labor of our philosophizing, and will glory in the falsity of our dreams.

Taking it for granted, then, that many a student is oppressed with a listless and lifeless inactivity, we believe that the cause, at the bottom of it, is a want of true sympathy with his studies. And we believe that this want of sympathy is not, in the main, owing to the dullness of his spirit; but that it has a deeper cause, and one beyond the immediate control of his will. And in the first place the studies of the course are, most of them, only means of discipline. Presidents and professors tell us that, if entirely forgotten, the essential discipline that they have occasioned yet lives in the mind. The remark is, probably, true; and yet it is plain, that such being the case, that one enfeebling motive must operate on many minds. If a study may be forgotten with comparative impunity, we shall unconsciously contract an indifference to its full spirit and meaning, especially if itself uninteresting. But most of our studies are intrinsically uninteresting. Curiosity impels us but little to enter into the heart of them. At any rate, to most of us there is no motive urging us on with joyous interest to such studies, till at length we dwell on them with engaged sympathies. I said, to most minds there is no such motive. There are two important exceptions. Some minds are open to the incitement of horrors. Some minds, too, will study from a mere love of learning, with no ulterior interest.

There are minds of such curious make, that a mere exterior motive will awaken in them and support an iron energy. We doubt the final advantage of such motives to the mind, when they awaken not its intrinsic love of science and learning, but only graft on it a dogged energy, by feeding a passion, which, to say the least, is not intellectual. Honors stimulate the mind healthily, when they are associated by the mind with its native desires of truth and beauty. But the scholar's love of honor does often, nay, in most cases, stimulate alone, with no such noble connections and healthy relations.

But some minds will study from mere love of learning, with no ulterior interest. This class is more rational than the mere devotees of honors; from the fact that their love is natural, and not created and fostered by extraneous motives. And yet the mere love of learning,

with no reference to its uses, and no sympathy with the mind's nobler desires and activities, however much invaluable light it may supply the world with, in the scholars it produces, is assuredly not the highest motive to true mental action, and as certainly not natural and inspiring to most. We have thus a numerous class, if not a majority, who are insensible to the love of honors, and to the love of learning for its own sake. This class has its own sympathies, with their own direction and turn. We must have motives of another kind for this class, and of these we now speak.

All will admit that the most perfect specimen of a student energy is found in the so-called self-educated man. The philosophy of this is plain, and may be summed up in two leading facts: his self-direction and his clear insight into the uses of the studies he pursues. By self-direction, we mean an intelligent application of the mind to the gratification of its leading sympathies, coupled with an earnest inquiry into the mind's condition, and its corresponding demands. We are not speaking in favor of this kind of education, but only of its bearing on student energy. Now, we start with the supposition that a mind has a supply of those elevating sympathies, which usually incline it to a college course. These lead the self-educator at once into the midst of that knowledge which immediately interests his sympathies. Being his own guide, he is led to look at this knowledge more thoroughly, to enter into the heart of its meaning, and pry to the utmost bound into all its bearings. He is led to proceed thus thoroughly, from the very feeling of responsibility to himself. He has no high authority to which he can implicitly trust, and on which he can cast back the blame of ill success. He thus becomes in the highest sense interested in himself; and this self-interest, while it bids him penetrate deeper into the essence of his knowledge, actually leads him into new fields of thought; and thus new sympathies spring up in his mind, and feel around for new fountains of truth and life. Surely energy can here lack no inspiration, where the mind is admitted to the full view of a world that enchants its vision and chains its sympathies.

Thus much does the feeling of responsibility, and the self-interest it occasions, give the healthiest impulse to the mind's activities, and the widest range to its sympathies. And this living self-interest that has thus sprung up, will ever keep an eye on the wants of the mind, and joyously direct it to the best sources of improvement and growth.

But the self-educated man has his energy further inspired, by a clear insight into the uses of the studies he pursues. He puts no trust in

oracles here. He sees fair promise of lofty benefit to his mind, and consequent pleasure to his manly taste, before he submits himself to an otherwise repulsive discipline. He connects the tasks of the scholar with the growing sympathies of the man; dry abstractions with intellectual realities; superfine niceties of learning with scores of uses. Thus it is easy to see that the self-educated man has motives to energy, that take hold of a living self-interest, and renew and add to themselves, as his mind advances and grows.

If, then, we are not wrong in our reasoning, we can account for much of the lack of energy in the college student, by the dissimilarity of his character and ways, to those of the self-educated man. And first, in self-direction, he fails. He is partly excusable in this by being awfully misled by a popular belief, that college imparts education to a passive recipient. However unreasonable the notion, when we think of it, yet in the form of a notion it keeps alive a superstition which all do not escape. There is a sort of abandonment of one's self in college to the course, which is altogether too prodigal of one's individuality. We would not advise a slighting of the course: rather the opposite. Yet every one should have some sort of a private existence, by cultivating which, he may individualize and naturalize the discipline he acquires. He should have a mental life growing—opinions forming—a private system of thinking, which he can call his own, and which is his education; while his discipline gives but the nutriment and power.

However worthy this may be as a plan, it is certain that only something of this kind can support an ever-living energy for most of the students. When the student feels that his mind is growing—when he is conscious of an educating process that is breathing a new life into his mental powers, and opening a new world of thought far beyond the range of his little old one—when he becomes interested in studies, because they gratify growing tastes, and challenge growing sympathies; then will energy need no forcing in, from arguments without, but will spring up in his mental being, an organic, native force.

There are many who derive such an energy from a self-education they carry on; and the only difficulty is, that it chimes not in with the regular course. They have, as yet, not discovered sufficient sympathy between the course and their own private education. Hence, dividing their energy on both, it loses its tone. Hence another source of decaying energy, is a lack of a clear insight into the uses of our studies. We do not sufficiently see the connection between them, and the well-being of the mind. We pore over them, on faith, and because they are pre-

scribed. Could we see them as they bear on our growth, and reach over into the higher uses of the mind, we should at once catch an energy from the discovery. We do not look, or else cannot find it, and thus slavishly bear the drudgery.

We do not say that our course, if only thus followed, will yield no good. We only say that discipline would take a firmer hold of our mind, and thus become, in a truer sense, our own, if it could be joined with our intelligent and active sympathies. We do say that as discipline becomes drudgery, it is wearing down our energies. And a majority of our students are daily adding their evidence to this truth, when politely anathematizing their recitations, they sit and sigh for the time when they shall do something that shall interest them as men.

We have thus endeavored to trace out the causes which operate so unfavorably on student energy. We have found that they all have their beginning in the lack of an intelligent sympathy with study. And if this is true, we cannot but be led to this very practical conclusion, which we have before come to: that a clearer understanding of our system of education before we enter upon it; a far-reaching insight into the practical bearings of every study, before we wed it on faith; together with a more thorough self-direction and more earnest regard of one's individuality, are necessary prerequisites to a happy and profitable course. Students are men growing. They will have stout hearts and living minds, as their manly sympathies kindle and inspire.

Selim the Solitary.

By Φ. Γ.

"Νῦν δὲ τὰ μέγιστα τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἡμιν γίγνεται διὰ μανίας θείᾳ μέντοι δόσει διδομένης."—(*Plat. Pheadr.*)

He was an old man with a wild eye and a tangled beard. I saw him where he had built himself a throne over the shelf of a cataract and sat alone in his surly joy. A second Elijah fed by ravens. He would not tell me his native country nor his father's name, but frowned when I questioned him and bade me begone. "Say to me," I entreated, quoting the words of Connal in Ossian, "what cave is thy lonely house? What green-headed hill the place of thy repose? Shall we not hear

thee in the storm? in the noise of the mountain stream? When the feeble sons of the wind come forth and, scarcely seen, pass over the desert?"

He turned his face at the sound of the poetry, and I saw that I had touched the key-note of his madness. Raising his finger, he began:

"'One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate:
And as she listened to the springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-opened portal glowing;
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.'"

"That Peri was my mother. I have sat among the princes of Light and heard them tell of her redemption. I have walked for long, long ages of Summer and Sabbath where the Angels dwell, and listened to the wonderful wisdom of the sages of Paradise. They called me Selim, the happy child, but I lost my bright estate one day, and after that I remember no more. O, if some kind Saint would tell me *why* I fell!"

I love to humor the fancies of a wandering and broken spirit,—the frenzies of a genius that has been unsphered by the rude accidents of a stormy life and driven into the outer darkness of a perpetual mockery. So I indulged the caprice of the strange old man, and talked to him so sympathizingly that his tongue began to loosen and his icy austerity thawed gradually away.

I found him to be a sort of divine enthusiast, a scholar crazed by too much learning, a devout astronomer, made mad by excess of devotion—a poet whose imagination had overmastered him and had him at its mercy. I was forced to stand in awe of him while I pitied him. He seemed to have found his bliss in utter forgetfulness of his species and all calendared times and seasons—a creature of Eternity. I asked him if he could repeat any of the wisdom of those Sages of Paradise with whom he used to associate? "Come," he said, "let us go to a holier place," and I followed him into his hermitage where I saw, to my no small wonder, a harp and a quantity of books lying. The Solitary took up the harp and his eye flashed as he tried the wires. It was sunset then—the hour when every human heart has its best thoughts, and the madman looked out upon the bright air and seemed to converse with some invisible form. As the light faded and the stars came out, he sat in the door and sang:

"O, if, as the Sages fondly guess,
The sun's of the heavenly wilderness
Are the glittering naves of planet-wheels,
That follow the Force infinity feels,
And carry the grand old systems round
The awful orb of a Sun unfound;
Where the Soul of Omnipotence centred hides,
And the measureless circuits of stardom guides;
Then may not the realms of that Sun-sphere own
The mystical City and 'great White Throne?'

"O, barred and bannered and brightly pearled,
That circle His chambers! Open broad
To the mansion-halls of the Monarch-God,
Ye Bethel-gates of that central world!"

There was a sad and yearning earnestness in these last words. He paused and repeated them, dwelling mournfully on the prayer,

"Ye Bethel-gates of that central world,
All barred, and bannered, and brightly pearled."

"But since that day I remember no more," he murmured abstractedly, "no more—there is nothing of Heaven in it all. O, that some kind Saint would tell me *why* I fell?"

"It was many and many a year ago,
And I cannot recall it, but *this* I know,
That I fainted and fell by an olive tree,
While walking the valleys of Gallilee;"

and I lay there in a swoon, until on the winged West a merciful Spirit came to me with many kisses, and I revived. Then I sat up and mused until

"The Sun was set and the winds were whist
And fading away in a purple mist;
A blood-red robe, like a flag of war,
Hung over the steepling top of Tor;"

and that blood-red robe expanded as it faded away, into a sheet of cloud as broad as three signs, and a distant vision came out upon the terrible canvas of long, dim plains, with margins of lurid fire, where wan ghosts, with blue-luster vestments, flew wearily along, and screaming hell-birds dabbled in lakes of blood!" He stopped as if in pain, and the sweat stood on his furrowed forehead. I hoped he would return to his harp again and talk no more of his horrors. "All night long,"

he resumed, "I wept in that Valley of Gallilee. At last the Sun rose on my sorrow and dried my tears; but that vision is with me forever.

"On the lurid cliffs of a horrible land,
Where the Sodom-trees with their fire-fruit stand
And the trance of a terrible madness lies,
And the pestilent winds of a Stygian clime
Hiss over the caverns at midnight time;
The dark, hot halls of the demons rise,
And the death-knell tone of their woe is blown
Through the dungeon-arches of adamant stone.
"Seven goblins sat in a grisly row,
And gibbered and moaned at the gates of woe."

Again he turned pale and paused, and wishing to divert his gloom I ventured to repeat my question. "Can you not sing me some tale of your Paradise, Selim? Some fragment of its inhabitants' wisdom which you learned when a dweller there?" The Solitary touched his harp and, brightening with an almost supernatural smile, began:

"To the vigilant Spirits who sit in Light,
The spheres that traverse the heavenly range
Are many dramas of Mystic Might,
With their slow, everlasting acts of change;
For broad and bright is the Seraphim's sight,
And they watch with their calm, intelligent eyes,
The Old depart and the New arise."

Then, as if his fancy still lingered about the "Valleys of Gallilee," he struck off into this sprightly snatch of song:

"I sat by the stream of a Summer plain,
And the waters chanted a dreamy strain;
And the twilight fell, and the flowers blew balm,
And the sky like the face of God smiled calm.
Then I listened and heard, on the night-air dumb,
The far faint boom of a curfew come;
And I thought of the hymns that the young gods sing,
When they sport in the ring where the planets swing,
And fly on the lightning's wizard wing.
And I gazed on the flashing fleets of light
That sail the eternal ether-seas,
Till the faith I felt glowed up to sight,
In the terrible glory that kindled these."

A sudden memory and revelation seemed to flash upon the mad harper. He lifted his eyes with rapture, and with a sweet, joyful voice that melted into the melody of his strings, sung on:

"On the purple hills of a starry land
Where the waving groves of the Life-tree stand,
And the trance of a ravishing gladness lies,
And the musical winds of an Eden-clime
Traverse the vineyards at twilight time;
The wild, bright halls of the demigods rise,
And the bugle-tone of their joy is blown
Through the rosy arches of sapphire-stone."

I saw his eye flash again and I knew that his zeal kindled as he played. The last illuminations of the sinking sunshine beamed sweetly through the mists of the cataract and sweetly through old Selim's soul. I fancied a hoary Druid before me, risen from among the ancient Celtic dead, and as his wild voice mingled with the roar of the waters, I listened with reverence and tears.

THE ENIGMA OF LIFE.

"Seven Seraphim sat in a radiant ring
With flowing raiment and folded wing,
At the beautiful gates of Light.
And the burning words that they said and sung
Went ever and ever from tongue to tongue,
With the stirring talk of godly themes,
And the burden of high, prophetic hymns;
While over them spread in its kingly size,
An Amra tree, full of spicy smells,
And tinkled its leaves to their sweet replies
Like the magical melody of bells
Or an uphung harp at night.
So the wise discourse of the Spirits ran
Through heavenly story and heavenly plan,
Of the wonderful spheres in their ruled array,
And their chance and their change since each began,
And they came one day to smile and say,
'Let us talk of the Earth and its dweller, Man.'

"'Tis a tale (and this is the tale they told)
Of an Era beyond the years of old;
Of a Night that never began with Day,
Of a Sleep and a Silence far away,
Where the riddle of Life out of chaos rolled
And woke the Omnipotents' prime assay.
Then the great Æonian hands of Might
Stirred growth into Being's sleeping seeds,
When the stagnant seas and the deeps of Night

Could bear no record of forms and deeds,
And the cold lumps kindled to heart-like heat,
And the dead lumps quickened, and breathed, and beat,
And the eyeless shapes and the limbless things
Grew finned, and footed, and stiff with wings,
Till God, in joy for the gaining Birth,
Sent down the Light to the infant Earth."

A change came over the aged minstrel's theme, and a mournful wildness got possession of his song. His lightning-sketch of the Earth abruptly stopped. He had gone through its azōic and formative ages; but there, as if by some sudden inspiration, the story of the Fall of the Rebel Angels rose up to his excited thoughts, and he ran off into the following episode:

"There's a strange alarm on the Eden-field
Of arming squadrons and shaking shields!

Can a storm in Paradise gathering be,
Or the shock of an angel-mutiny?

To the peal of the fierce-blown battle-trump,
And the roll of the Cherubim's golden cars
Are coming in tall and terrible pomp;
The kings of the circling island-stars!

* * * * * *

They fought upon Life's green river-coast,
The outlaw-gods and the holy host,
Till the Rebel Sprite and his rebel-band
Were driven accursed from their father-land,
And fled like vagabond sparks of light
Beyond the regions of hope and Light.
There, lost on the tides of a moaning stream,
The heaven-whipt legions still blaspheme:
But, O, that Paradise thus must miss
One-third of the beautiful sons of Bliss!

The voice of battles and angel-rage
Shall sleep in the deep-remembered THEN,
Till, blind to the fate of that rebel-age,
Some traitor shall break the long Amen.
O, voice of battles and angel-rage,
Be heard in Heaven never again!"

Selim's voice grew plaintive, and he leaned over his harp and wept. The words of that lamenting litany still echoed around his instrument and came back to his lips in fitful, but deep and earnest murmurs:

"O voice of battles and angel-rage,
Be heard in Heaven never again!"

The old minstrel seemed a being able to sympathize with Spirits—able, because one of their kindred. At length he appeared to shake off his grief and took up his theme again:

"Light! verily, Light; and the misty void
Where never a glance of day had been,
And never a joysome echo, joyed
When the slow, sweet smile of the Dawn broke in.
And the Dawn grew bright as the years went by,
And the forms of Life waxed large and fair,
And the fogs of the old Chaotic Sky
Sailed gaily abroad on the rosy air.
And the floods of the sole, Original Sea
Sunk, severed into their caves at length,
And the rock-born torrents leaped in glee,
And the manifold hills stood forth in strength."

Here he varied his manner for a moment, and pursued his inspiring topic in incoherent but graphic prose. The angels with their horns of plenty and blessing, sowing the primeval slime with the seeds of forests and gardens, and the development of Life in the more noble and beautiful forms of winged creatures and beasts of the field were touched upon and passed when he burst forth in the following apostrophical rhapsody:

"Sweet, sweet on thy meadows, O new-born clime,
Are the offerings Odor and Beauty bring!
Sweet, sweet on thy mountains, O morning of Time,
Are the voices that sing to the breathing Spring!
Hark! over the East of the orb-terrene,
Where Sabbath sleeps on its matin beams,
The pipes of the Blessed play clear and keen,
And song from the happy young star-worlds streams!
Come, Golden Age, to thy wishful fields!
Come Joy, to the feast thy Eden yields!
Come budding Life to thy blooming years,
All real and rainbow'd in sunny tears!
For Mind hath married thy perfect Plan,
And thy riddle is all explained in *Man!*"

Here he reached a climax that made him smile with pride. He dwelt upon it with enthusiasm; and as he sung I could not but believe I saw glimpses of human sympathy twinkling up through his madness and hinting to him his true birth and brotherhood in spite of his strange

delusion that he was of the race of the Peris. He went on and carried the sublime Enigma through the periods of Sin and Redemption down to the Millenium.

"Who, who shall gladden and who shall weep
For the fair proud race with the godlike eye?
For the fair frail race with the guileful lip,
And the eloquent voice of the sweet reply?
Whether warm from their Hallowed Father's kiss
They walk their ways in innocent bliss
Or fall, bewitched by a demon-lie?

There are tears in Heaven for every sin,
And the Golden Era of Earth is o'er,
And the Cursèd be where the Blest have been,
For the Soul immortal is pure no more.

Yet the Curst are not eternally curst—
The miracle drop of blood that burst
From the great, pure Heart of the One in Three,
Was the terrible Ransom that bought them free!

Hark! Over the East of the orb-terrene,
Where Sabbath sleeps on its matin beams,
The pipes of the Blessed play clear and keen,
And song from the beautiful star-worlds streams.

Thou art welcome, Hope! for the hills are fair
And the altars sweet, in thy planet-home,
With the sacred savors of thankful prayer,
And the voice of Peace to the Earth has come,
And her temples are there! are there!

To the vigilant Spirits who sit in Light,
The spheres that traverse the heavenly range
Are many dramas of mystic Might,
With their slow, everlasting Acts of change.
For broad and bright is the Seraphim's sight,
And they watch with their calm, intelligent eyes,
The Old depart and the New arise.

We have marked through the numberless years, O Earth,
Thy shocks of change and thy shifts of scene,
And far, far back to thy mythical birth
Remember the miracle thou hast been.
Yet further we wait; for thy days of bloom
Will mellow at length to a golden Fall,
When the hell that sleeps in thine awful womb
Shall have burst at the Last Archangel's call,
And thy Curse that a Deluge never could slay
By fire and fury be purged away.
Then fair and fresh in thy garden-vest

Thou wilt ripely smile like a new-robed bride,
And sing in thy sweet millenial rest
To the jubilee-harps of thy countless Blest,
Whose toils are over and tears are dried.
For thy tale of Life, with its matchless plan,
Is told and tried as thy Maker meant,
From the zoöphyte to the soul-crowned Man,
From Man to the deathless demigod saint.

Then, beautiful Star, roll on, roll on
To thy doom of glory and date of bliss!
Roll on till the unknown years are gone
That cover the interposed abyss,
And the light and dew of that holier Dawn
Shall bless thy hills with their covenant kiss!
Shine on, happy Star, till the Perfect Day
Shall have smiled every shadow of sin away—
Till thy purified valleys and isles invite
The Lord's Forgiven to walk in Light,
And the voice of their hallelujah-strains
Go murmuring over thy splendid plains!"

The grey-haired minstrel stopped and turned towards me. His face was radiant with strange ecstasy, and I thought I saw a flash like a glimpse of reason dart across his features. It was even so. Human sympathy had restored the faded realities of a once happy life, and one by one he began to believe them again. He had suffered—deeply, strangely—and he had been brooding for years over a bitter remembrance that drove him mad. Many have, like him, banished themselves from mankind and nursed a single idea in solitude till it assumed all the authority of an inspiration. "It is a very lovely song you have sung me, Selim," I said, "but tell me, have *you* no lot nor part in the sublime changes which you have just pictured to me?" He grasped my hand and seemed to waken from a long delusion. Then he sung, but his words had lost their wildness and came with a calm and home-like tone:

"O, forms of memory, dear but dim,
Ye have charmed me out of my sorrow-dream,
And the grave of a hope long dead unlocks;
And something comes to my breast and knocks
Like the wing of a dove on the window-rim,
And my swaying heart like the wind-flower rocks
At the sound of a once-loved lullaby-hymn.
I hear it chant of a better change!
'Tis the voice of my childhood, sweet and strange,
Like the bleating in winter of folded flocks,
And the crowing of cocks from a distant grange!"

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way"

I.

The stately king of day, the gentle queen of night,
The countless orbs that gem the evening sky with light,
The systems vast, that swim beyond our mortal thought
In termless space, through paths by Godly wisdom wrought,
Westward majestic take their way;
And erst, when God incarnate breathed and angels sang
"Good will to man," and nature with the tidings rang,
A star rose in the east and westward floated slow,
Until its gladsome radiance tinged the manger low,
Where Christ the babe, the Saviour lay.

II.

The smiles of angels and their loud acclaims of joy
Hailed its kindly mission while climbing up the sky:
The star of Christian faith with types its wanderings teemed
Of the Gospel's march triumphant through a world redeemed
By priceless sacrifice of love.
And hand in hand with it, a sister planet light,
The star of Empire glides o'er mankind's mental night:
Religion, empire, civilization and man,
E'er westward slowly wend since first the world began,
And form from chaos interwove.

III.

O'er the world's broad ocean rolls the huge third wave of Fate,
Whose moaning curses toll the knell of departed Great;
Whose ceaseless current runs ne'er swerving westward e'er,
For the hand of God maps out its channel, wide and clear,
That, clasping, girdles round the globe.
Now, as it heaves, it lifts upon its swollen crest
Some throne or jeweled crown a waif upon its breast;
A moment holds it there, where Empires' lustres sleep,
Then sweeping on o'erwhelms it in its darksome deep.
'Tis blood that dyes the purble robe.

IV.

In far off eastern clime,
Where 'mid the pure and guileless scene
Of Eden's joys sublime
Nature first saw its lord terrene,

The star of Empire's fateful course began,
And poured its infant beams on the "Holy Land."
The cradle of our youth, our narrow home,
Ere yet our limbs essayed for power to roam.
First Belus, deified in mythic page,
Assyria's king, claim'd Empires' heritage.
Then Cyrus made that power all his own,
And on its ruins built great Persia's throne;
Until o'er Asia's pride, accursed of God,
Decay, with foul and baneful footstep, trod.

V.

On Egypt's land of grandeur and lore sublime!
Who in the perished records of primeval time
Conceals its birth, bright Empire's haloing radiance darts,
Slow floating o'er Suez, the natural bridge that parts
Two inland seas, and links two mighty continents,
And Afric's dusky race mounts up Fame's proud ascents.
Mother of all arts, her countless, templed cities gemmed
That narrow thread of soil which waste Sara hemmed.
Where once Cleopatra wantoned her lavish charms,
And Cæsars their renown forgot within her arms.
But Saracen and Turk have roused their fierce campaigns,
And Egypt, once a queen, now weeps in captive chains;
Whose sceptre gods once swayed; whose morning dawned with smiles
Of sunniest day; whose cities now are mouldering piles
Of silent walls; whose giant pyramids remain,
In all their massive beauty, frowning on the plain,
The tombs of Egypt's greatness and of Egypt's fame,
Whose deeds the world once knew, who lives but in a name.

VI.

The night of Egypt's ruin darkens o'er the scene,
As cross the Great Sea moves the star to Europe's queen.
All hail to storied Greece, the beautiful, the free!
Whose armies fill the land, whose navies sweep the sea:
Whose reign of power was brief, but glorious and grand,
Like that of some great soul, who lives but to command,
A scant but brilliant hour, then heavenward flies on high,
But leaves a love and wonder that shall never die!

VII.

Oh, fallen Greece! thou land of hero and of sage,
Of Homer's wanderings and of Sappho's glowing page,
Of Marathon, Platæa and Thermopylæ,

Of lustrous names to whom fond memory bends the knee
Of sorrow and of pride, I love and weep for thee!
Could'st thou yield to thy ancient and once-conquered foe?
Shame, shame to Grecia's sons! Sad, sad is Grecia's woe!

VIII.

Where fair Italia spreads the glories of her clime,
The child of Troy builds up her crown of tower sublime.
No bounds restrain her power, but all the world is Rome.
The world's great heart throbs in the dread Sarpeian dome,
Whose faintest beat sends forth to every limb a stream
Of life-blood forcing farthest nerve with strength to teem.
Roma, the nations' sovereign, wings her eagle's flight
From India's sunny hills to Snowdown's ice-clad height.
Her diadem is starred with jewel names that burn
In bright emblazonry on tearful memory's urn.
Tully, the eloquent, and too, that stern old man,
Who, as the sun e'er true, his course of honor ran.
Cæsar, who "veni, vidi, vici," felt and penned.
Brutus, who loved his country more than friend.
But Rome is no more! Now no strong pulsation fills
Her giant form with blood that every sinew thrills.
Limb after limb has gone; vein after vein has dried;
That proud heart is broken—Rome, man for thee has sighed!
Thy ruins are not voiceless, but vocal murmur low
Such mournful memories, and such tales of present woe,
That tear-drops fall unconscious from the gazers' eyes,
As he thy fate to-day, thy splendid past espies.

IX.

Out from the murky twilight of the past
We come to later and to brighter times.
Still westward Empire brings its mission vast;
Still flings out on the air its old wild chimes.
For years it lingers o'er no favor'd land,
Nor gilds the sceptre grasped by any hand.
First Venice, hundred-isled, the Adriatic's bride,
Home of the Princely Merchant King in wealth and pride;
Then Spain, the chivalrous and grand, the grim old knight,
Whose only wish was power, and war his sole delight,
A few bright rays now catch, which fitful gleam awhile
Across their heaven, then soon on other nations smile.
The star speeds on, now rests its beams on Gallia's throne,
For she, though great, hath never ruled a world her own.
Napoleon! glorious, wondrous name,
Once dared t' arrest the course of Fate;

But impious fell. A grave of shame
Hides him whom Nature destined Great:
A meteor flashed athwart the sky,
And strove to dim true Empire's beam.
That meteor hurried but to die;
Its glory past as of a dream.

X.

Britannia, she of glory and of love!
Around whose shores angelic hosts have wove
Of heroes brave an adamantine chain,
Who battle for the right, nor war in vain;
O'er whom proud Nature joys and oceans vie
With guardian waves their Queen to fortify;
She brightens with the noontide beams, that light
Her path to fame and universal might:
Strong are her sons, and good, and brave;
The world shall be their epitaph and grave.
And every land and ocean isle
From Himalaye's summits olden
To where th' Atlantic's islands smile,
To Orinoco's fountains golden,
Pay homage to the British power,
And 'neath its arm in terror cower.
The lion heart of England braves
The foe, where'er the sun light falls;
The royal flag of England waves
Where'er to victory glory calls.
Land of my pride! My loyal heart
To thee gives all it can impart
Of love; and burns with purest flame,
As it thinks of the glories of thy name.
The star rests not; but England, too, must see it fade.
She now has reached her prime. E'er now her plinths decayed,
Foretell her doom. Her children rise to fill her place.
In America, her first born, all her virtues you may trace:
Who, driven from her heart, fast takes a rival field;
And Anglo-Saxon shall to Anglo-Saxon yield.

XI.

See! on th' Atlantic's verge the star still westward tends,
Its herald beams now tinge our sky. E'en now it blends
With true religion's light, that lit our Pilgrims' path,
And, as the cloud of fire, led from the tyrant's wrath
Their small yet noble band.

On, o'er the Atlantic's vast and ever-restless main
Comes universal power to joy o'er freedom's reign,
And Anglo-Saxon still, her fated part to play,
America shall soon a world-wide sceptre sway,
God grant, with still a kindly hand!

XII.

And as the star glides on, e'er towards a reachless goal;
As nation follows nation, ages onward roll;
Now lighting men to power; now leaving men to fall,
Its cup, first witching sweet, but soon the bitterest gall.
Fair hopes attend its steps; dark ruin marks its path,
The parent of all thrones, they perish by its wrath.
Fair Asia, Egypt, Greece and Rome have ruled and died,
And England's, too, Fates' strong current soon must glide.

XIII.

America is with a glorious future blest;
Awhile she'll bask in power, then crumble like the rest.
The star comes now t' illume her ocean-girt domain,
'Twill linger here for years, linked with its sister-train,
Which, twined in our flag, yet beaming from the sky,
Watch our dearest interests with sleepless eye.
And never shall this Union's downfall feast the sight
Of despot, till those orbs may fail to blend their light.

XIV.

Thus onward, westward e'er, the star of Empire floats,
It smiles on man's success, and o'er his ruin gloats.
And Asia and the East, reviving all their fame,
Perchance again shall rise their olden sway to claim.
And thus around the globe 'twill ever take its way,
As circle knows no end, until the last sad day;
Then, 'mid the crash of worlds and rending of heaven's vail,
When 'fore the eye of God the conscious nations quail,
And king and slave for mercy shriek with mingled breath,
The star shall quench its light in the universal death.

G. T

Phil and I.

A hit, a very palpable hit.—*Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2.*

PHIL and I were rusticated once. Yes, we were rusticated, but stop. The thought strikes us, perhaps *all* our readers may not understand the precise College acceptation of this time-honored phrase; therefore, in proceeding further, we will elucidate to the best of our ability. We were rusticated, that is, we were *politely* informed that our presence was no longer considered salutary to the interests of the institution, and consequently, the faculty in solemn conclave assembled, had unanimously decided that we should leave, quit, cut stick, or vamose to parts unknown, for an indefinite period, until our venerable Alma Mater, satisfied that our contrition was complete, and that we had sufficiently atoned for our numerous offenses, should again consent to receive us to her cherishing bosom.

We certainly were not aware that we *in particular* had endangered her existence as an institution: on the contrary, we had always entertained the idea that we had borne the reputation of a model youth from our cradle up; but our venerated mother decided that our views were entirely erroneous, cut us loose from her apron strings, and prescribed traveling for our health. We remonstrated, but in vain; our reasoning was of no avail, so we went.

Phil, our friend in sin, (we refrain from giving his name at present; he is sensitive upon some subjects,) though rather corpulent in figure, was of good form, of commanding appearance, and moved with a peculiar dignity and grace, that would have attracted attention in any circle, however elegant and *recherchè*. He was a great ladies' man, if we may be allowed to judge from the number of his female correspondents; but his pipe was his favorite companion. The latter fact no man in his *senses* would hesitate to believe, could he but once step inside his room. He was withal a jolly, rollicking blade, flush with his money, *when he had any*, and has been known to play euchre *occasionally*, when a fourth man was needed. He had one failing, however, which we are sorry to state, and are only justified in so doing, by supposing that it is a failing peculiar to every ladies' man; he *would* quote poetry. Tennyson was his favorite author, but by no means his sole dependence: indeed, he was once known to improvise several

original lines. However, as his good qualities far exceeded his faults, in number, we think we were justified in being proud of our companion.

Well, as I remarked before, we were rusticated, and went; and as we had six long months before us, with very little of studying to endanger our health, (of course the excommunicated never think of such a thing,) we concluded, after considerable deliberation, (on the part of Phil entirely, I was resigned to anything,) to give our Alma Mater a wide berth, don our foxtail, and take a walking ticket towards sundown. For, quoth Phil,

"'Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime.'

And if we don't do something to immortalize ourselves before we return, *dod darn it*, we shan't be nowhar."

Six months have elapsed since our departure. We had seen a thousand miles of railway, we had steamed over the great lakes. *I* had gazed in mute admiration (Phil quoted as usual) upon the mighty cataract of Niagara, we had shot the wild fowl of the prairies, had shot *at* several deer, and last but not least, had seen a live *bar*, which, of course, we didn't stop to examine.

To make a long story short, (as the story book says,) one pleasant evening in the month of May, 1855, found us in a good sized log cabin, on the bank of a small muddy creek in the Western part of the state of Tennessee. Our landlord, a tall, gaunt, raw-boned specimen of the backwoodsman, had, in his younger days, when in his native forests of Maine, gloried in the euphonious appellation of Hezekiah Reeves, or, to use his own expression, "folks writ him that; but now the cussed fever and ague had jist shucked his meat clean off, till he looked like a skinned coon, so folks called him Long Skiah; didn't signify to nobody which on 'em he had, s'long as they gin 'im one or tother in a Christian sort o' way."

His wife, a perfect virago in disposition, and not much inferior, in point of height, to her lord and master, had a yellow, saffron complexion, as if she had been afflicted with the jaundice from her youth up, with black, tangled locks, that grew in no particular direction, and a thin-lipped, closely compressed mouth, overshadowed by a long, hooked sample of gristle and skin, that looked for all the world as if it had experienced the whetstone at no very distant period. She rejoiced in the name of Muggins, which Skiah himself had selected as the most melodious appellation he could think of, because, as he said, up in

the log-rolling country, from whar' he come, 'twar customar'ous to gin wives pet names; and that ar kind o' tuk 'im sweet, so he gin it to 'er.

The remainder of this interesting family consisted of a tow-headed youth of twelve years, called little Skiah, who bid fair to whip his father, if his education advanced in a corresponding degree for the succeeding dozen years; eight or ten full grown negroes, as many woolly headed urchins, a dozen dogs of all breeds and sizes, and an indefinite number of mules.

Our cabin, like all the backwoods residences, was constructed of rough hewn logs, the interstices of which were filled with what had been soft clay, but had now hardened in the sun; at one end rose a majestic chimney, built of stones of all shapes and sizes, and plastered over with the same compound as the logs, to give it a neat appearance, as Skiah remarked. The entrance was by a door of rough hewn plank, which opened into the kitchen, parlor, dining room, and sleeping apartment of the worthy couple, while the second floor, which was reached by means of a ladder through the scuttle, and had previously been the receptacle of corn, squashes, beans, onions, middlings, and bacon hams, was now entirely appropriated by us, with the exception of one corner where little Skiah took up his quarters in the straw.

We had a striking example of the harmonious feeling pervading the various members of this interesting family, in a little incident which occurred the first evening we had the pleasure of sitting by their fireside; I say fireside, for, although the days in this part of the country, in the month of May, are generally quite warm, yet the nights are often so chilly as to render a blazing back log by no means disagreeable. We were, accordingly, all seated around a huge, cheerful fire, awaiting with keen appetites the approaching meal of corn dodgers and bacon. Phil and myself occupied the two corners of the hearth, he employed in whittling a corn cob bowl for his pipe, for which, as I have had occasion to remark once before, he had a particular failing, when canaster was plenty; I in speculating upon the morrow. While next to myself sat Skiah, his eyes fixed in mute admiration upon his hopeful son and heir, who, sprawled upon all fours, occupied the remainder of the fire front.

The amiable Muggins having concluded the operation of kneading and moulding the bread, and, reasoning from former experience that it would not suit the palate, however hungry, without the previous application of heat, gently reminded her loving spouse of that fact.

"Mr. Reeves, if you expect me to cook dodgers for you, all I've got to say is, you must clar that fire instanter."

"Skiah, my son, exclaimed the doating father, get up, and let your mam to the fire; your poor dad's tired."

But the youth, who was constructing a corn cob fort on the most scientific principles, on the hearth, deigned not to notice the pathetic appeal.

"Skiah," again remarked the indulgent parent, "did you hear your dad?"

No answer. At this juncture Muggins' wrath visibly increased, as might be seen by her menacing gestures; but her liege lord, doubtless accustomed to such pantomimes, again summoning all his courage, addressed the hopeful, "My son, if you'll give your mam a chance to lay the dodgers, I'll tote ye a pocket barker from town next time I go, sure."

But Skiah, casting an indignant glance upon his fond parent, exclaimed at the top of his lungs, "Swow I wont; see yer d——d fust. Didn't ye tell me so once afore, and ye lied, ye did."

Whereupon the elder Skiah, casting a look of approbation towards us, and remarking that that boy 'ud be some, when he got his size, quietly resigned his seat to the affectionate Muggins.

Supper was soon despatched with a relish; the corn dodgers were excellent, notwithstanding the matron's threat of *spilin'* them in consequence of the little connubial spat, and we retired to our roost overhead, well satisfied with our reception. To be sure our quarters were none of the best, but (as Phil said) we had started to see the world, and were bound to see it in all its phases.

At daylight my matutinal slumbers were *slightly* disturbed by a somewhat heterogeneous medley of words, imprecations, (in his peculiar way,) and confused quotations from Tennyson, proceeding from the mouth of our worthy friend Phil, who, in other respects, appeared to be in a sound sleep. "Dod darn it; let me alone; go 'way, boys, I ain't tight. O thunder; don't; O get out. Give me your arm, Beck.

> We always think it right, sir,
> Upon a Saturday night, sir,
> To get a little tight, sir.

Nine whiskey skins, and, 'Our spirits rushed together, at the touching of the lips;' 'Come into the garden, Maud!' 'O Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor!' O! Lord, where am I? Is that you, Jack?" exclaimed he, as we in a perfect paroxism of laughter rolled upon the floor.

"Dod darn it, why didn't you wake a fellow up? I believe I had the nightmare."

"So did Pat Mahony," remarked I, as soon as my system would allow. "Come, turn out; I smell bacon from the regions below."

"Hillo, young thunder cloud!" cried I to a dirty, woolly headed urchin, several degrees blacker than a Russia iron stove pipe, with mouth open from ear to ear, disclosing the ivories, and wool curled so tight as to visibly start his eyes from their sockets; "Hillo, what's your name?"

"Heh!" with a vacant stare.

"I say, what's your name?"

"Hims Quink, Massa," exclaimed a grinning scion of the same stock, standing near.

"Come here, Quink, where did you get your name?" But my curiosity was only rewarded with a stare of amazement, and I began to think that it would prove to be rather a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, when my second sable attendant again assisted.

"Mam gin it to him, cos him har quinked so nice."

"Oh! yes, ah! I understand. Crink, you mean; well, Crink, when did you wash yourself last?"

"Las' summer, Massa."

"What," exclaimed I, in righteous indignation; "run, you dirty rascal, or I'll pitch you in the creek."

"Can't make much out on 'im, I 'spec," said Mr. Hezekiah Reeves, in person, coming up at this moment; "he ain't overn' above deep; rather fuddled under the wool, I reckon. But he's awful on 'possums; oh, I tell ye now, he's great. Catch more 'possums than any nigger on the place; always get's a right smart chance on 'em, and if ye're mind to, 'spose we try him to-night. Reckon it'll be kinder good time; full moon too; what d' ye say?"

The pleasures of the 'possum hunt being nothing new to Phil, he left it entirely to my discretion; and I, who had often read of the *varmint* and his ingenious tricks to elude his worst enemy, the dog, having a great curiosity to witness the modus operandi of capturing him, expressed a great desire to be counted in the fight. Accordingly, about nine o'clock, after we had discussed our pipes and the events of the day at leisure, Skiah blew his conch for the negroes and dogs to come up. We waited nearly a quarter of an hour, but no one appeared; and Skiah, impatient at the delay, blew a louder blast, when a young athletic fellow appeared, looking as sober as a church deacon, and trembling in every limb.

"What's matter, Quash? Why didn't you start yer stumps sooner," growled Skiah.

"Heh, he—why—de boys, Massa."

"Speak out, what in thunder's matter?"

"Dasn't, Massa. I'se skeered."

"Skeered! what in tarnation ye been up to, ye black rascal?"

"Ye—ye—yes, Massa, I jis come up yer to ax, he—he—yes, de boys 'pointed me committee ob tree to come and ax ye to skuse 'em on 'count ob spirits. Woods chuck full ob spirits, Sad'day night; no cotch no 'possums, sure."

"Git out, ye black caterwauling sinner. If ye don't bring up the boys and dogs in less time than 'twould take to choke a coon, I'll gin ye sich a whalin' as ye haint seen lately. Start! vamose, and mind ye, bring Crink."

Quash, more terrified at his master's threat than by fear of the spirits, started off on a trot for the cabins, and soon returned, followed by two full grown negroes, Crink and at least a dozen dogs. He still continued his croakings, and the remainder of the sable brethren putting great confidence in his predictions, gathered around him, with woe-begone countenances and trembling knees; while the dogs, in silent sympathy, slunk around the group with wilted tails.

Never was 'possum hunt commenced more inauspiciously, but Skiah, who remarked that the devil himself couldn't skeer him, was determined to try his luck at all hazards. We had not proceeded far when one of the dogs unluckily ran a large thorn into his foot, wounding him severely, and causing the poor animal, in his pain, to yelp till the woods rang with the echo.

"There, jis as I tole ye, cried Quash. I knowed it. Spirit stuck 'im; no use goin no furder; wont catch no possum dis bressed night."

"Shut your black head, and fix the dog's *fut*, growled Skiah," while the dog yelled louder than ever; and the wild echoes ran through the long aisles of the forest until reverberated from the distant hills.

"A quinsy choke thy cursed note,"

quoted Phil, from his favorite author, as he calmly gazed upon the scene.

All right once more, we went on our way across streams, through underbrush and thickets, waiting until the superior sagacity of the dogs should discover the object of our search, and tree him; but for a long time our labor was in vain; no 'possum rewarded our search.

"Possums is queer critters," remarked Skiah; "tarnation queer critters; they's cunnin', awful. Sometimes when the dogs is arter 'em, they'll roll up jist like a ball o' stockin' yarn, and lie still, like they were stun dead; and the dogs 'll roll 'em, and tumble 'em, and nose 'em about, and they'll never budge an inch, nor wink a darned eye, 'till the dogs' vamose, and then they'll cut stick, and make up a tree in a way that would 'stonish ye. O, they's horrid cunnin'. Possums allers 'mind me of some women I'se knowed on, who'll come it over a fellow, and play the gum game on 'im, and pull the wool over his eyes, till they've done got him hooked; and then they'll jist turn round squar agin their former course o' life, and be a wus pest to a man than fleas to a yearlin. Why, it's as true as gospel. Now, thar's my Muggins: she's about as good as the common run of the critters, but she's wusser'n sour krout; she's like milk arter a thunder storm. Why, it's true as preachin', I never goes to mix punch, but I axes her to look on, and I'se sure to save the lemons by it. Yes, boys, I'd advise ye to let the wimen alone, ontire; but if in the nat'ral course o' things, ye should happen to come across any on 'em, look sharp they don't play the possum on ye, for they're awful cunnin'. But, hark! thar the dogs' speak; let's push on; they's tree'd one by this time."

Sure enough, about a quarter of a mile beyond we found the canines surrounding a goodly sized sugar tree, and yelping and barking frantically at something which their nasal organs had undoubtedly made known to them, for it was as yet too dark to distinguish anything, the moon having not yet risen high enough.

"Now, Crink, up the tree; come, shin up. Why, where in tarnation is the nigger? Where's Crink, Quash?"

"Don' know, massa; him done gon home, long ago; say he no cotch no possum to-night. Sad'day night."

"Dog on the nigger! Where's Gum and Uncle Jerry?—they come along with us, didn't they?"

"Yes, Massa; but dey done went, too."

"What? both on 'em gone? Now, Quash, look here; look at me right squar. You've done scared them niggers, and I've e'en a'most made up my mind to whale ye. Now, you go up that ar tree, and fetch the possum down quicker than it'll take me to whittle a hickory switch, or you've got to take it;" and Mr. Hezekiah Reeves proceeded to put his threat in execution by undressing an enormous bowie, and hacking away at a copse of young hickories growing hard by.

"Now, Massa, I ax ye don't, I'se so skeered. Dasen't go up dat ar tree, no how; spirit for sartain cotch dis nigger."

"Then ye got to take the lickin'," said Skiah, coolly trimming his switch.

"Jis 'you say, Massa; but take the whalin' 'fore I shins up de tree. Aint no possum dar; know it for sartain."

"What in thunder we gwine to do? 'Bleeve the nigger is skeered; never knowed him to act so afore. Quash, I'll give you a bit to go up the tree."

"Don't want no bit, Massa; I'se skeered."

"Dod darn it," cried Phil, in his highest key, "let me come. I've caught the critters before, and hang me if I don't catch another." Accordingly, with an air of desperation, kicking his hat in one direction and the dogs in the other, the redoubted Phil, with "eye in fine phrenzy rolling," made a dive for the tree. But alas! that we should have to tell the tale! In days gone by, he had pampered his stomach, and the consequence was, his front corporosity bore a striking resemblance to a hemisphere. In short, he was fat; and the more he tried to climb, the more he couldn't, as Skiah remarked.

After barking the tree and his own shins pretty effectually, we gave him our assistance, and finally saw him safely seated in the crotch of the tree; and with much blowing and several expressive *Je-e-e-hosaphats*, he proceeded to search for the opossum. But no 'possum was found, and Phil was obliged to confess that he had exerted himself for nothing, and descend to terra firma.

"I tole ye so, Massa; I knowed it," cried Quash. "Trus dis yer chile next time, I reckon. Haint been no 'possum dere all de time; spirits jis provokin' de dogs."

"Well, ye're saved a lickin' this time, nigger; but beware how ye riles me. Vamose, and call on the dogs."

Quash ran on, followed by the pack of yelling hounds, but for a mile, no game appeared, and Phil, who had had more exertion in climbing the tree than was usual for him, proposed a return.

"Well," says Skiah, "it's about time; somewhere 'bout half arter twelve, I reckon. Look yer, boys, we'll go, but let's scar' that ar nigger fust; dodge in the bushes quick and lie dark."

We all hid in the underbrush, and in a moment Quash, who had lost sight of us, began to halloo at the top of his lungs, "Massa Reeves! O Massa Reeves! Oh—O—O Massa Reeves? De good Lord save me; I'se a gone nigger; O, I'se done gone."

Just at this moment, a large meteor flashed upon the darkness of night, and sailed across the sky, leaving a long train of brilliant light in its path. Quash uttered one "O Lord!" and then breaking into a yell, which would fairly put to shame a Pawnee war-whoop, made a strait wake for home, at a racing pace. Down the ravine, over ditches, through bushes and briars, did that persecuted nigger run, with a screech of terror at every jump, until fairly landed in his own cabin, where we found him, on our return, more dead than alive, relating to a circle of the astonished brethren his hair-breadth escape from the spirit: reiterating, at the end of every sentence, that "he tole us so, and knowed for sartain we wouldn't catch no 'possum Sad'day night."

I.

The Bedbug.

A POEM BY EDGAR ALLEN POE, JUNIOR.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I tumbled tired and weary,
On a mattress stuffed with something somewhat softer than the floor,
Until dozing, nearly napping, suddenly there came cracking,
As some varmint slying tracking—tracking on my bed-room floor,
Some polyped perambulating o'er my bed-room floor.
This it was, and nothing more.

Ah! distinctly I remember, 'twas review week in December,
When in every class each member is obliged to study more;
Awfully did I dread the morrow, vainly had I sought in sorrow,
From my books some thoughts to borrow, skinning my lessons o'er,
Till at last becoming weary I had just begun to snore,
As wearied students snore.

But a curious, queer, uncertain rustling in the folded curtain,
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
Then there came a sudden pricking, and up I sprang a kicking,
And kicking off the 'kiver,' I leapt upon the floor,
And as quick, and may be quicker, than I ever did before,
For something bit me sore.

Back again to bed returning, with my leg all itching, burning,
Soon again I felt that pricking, somewhat sharper than before;
"Surely," said I, "surely something that is, whose talon like a cat is,
Let me see then what that is, and this mystery explore,
Let me get up and strike the light, and this coverlid explore,"
And perhaps I swore.

While I thus did storm and mutter, up with many a flirt and flutter,
There jumped a monstrous bedbug of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopped or stayed he,
But his journey straightway laid he, for a crevice near the door,
For a crevice in the bed-post, just by my bed-room door,
Where I'd heard him oft before.

"Bedbug," said I, "thing of evil, bedbug still, if fiend or devil,
Whether Seniors left or whether Juniors brought thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, in this cheerless cell enchanted,
In this cell by monsters haunted, tell me truly, I implore,
Tell me is there sleep for students, tell me, tell me, I implore?"
Quoth the bedbug, nevermore.

And the bedbugs never flitting, still are sitting, still are sitting
In the crevice of the bed-post just by my bed-room door;
And there always is a seeming, that they'll nip me, when I'm dreaming,
And I watch them oft by moonlight acting antics on the floor,
And if they will but spare me till the term is fairly o'er,
I'll return there nevermore.

Merry Christmas.

"'Tis an old tale and often told."—*Scott.*
"Who'd 'a thunk it?"—*Shakespeare*, (probably.)

VACATION has come and gone. The holidays are past. Joyously the winged hours bore us along, and ere we thought to take the first note of time's flight, the summons came to hie us back to our wonted seats at our Alma Mater's feet. Merry Christmas has come and gone. Grown up children have come together around the family hearthstone to receive the paternal blessing. Filial ties have been strengthened, old animosities have been buried, new friends have been found, troths have been plighted, and poor Cupid is completely jaded out and almost in disgust with his calling.

Happy New Year, too, has come and gone. Joyous to all, and yet to not a few the cup of their joys was purified by tears silently offered to sad, sacred remembrances. It was on a windy night the old year took his departure. His cheek was hale and rosy, and the holly and the bays were hanging above his head.

"But a knock came to the door.
Then he pulled his long white hair

And he bit his finger nail,
But the knock it sounded sore.
And he seemed so mortal drear,
That 'Old Year,' soft I said,
'Shall I see your face next year?'
But he shook and shook his head,
And then sighing—Oh, so sore,
Did he pass from out the place,
While the whisper sounded still,
'Old Year, it is past,
Old Year, weep your fill, look your last.'"

Mr. Editor, did you spend a Merry Christmas? Of course you did. And if you think your patience adequate to a hearing of the peregrinations, adventures and ramifications of your friend and humble servant, Simon Slasher, you will please imagine me, late in the afternoon before Christmas, taking the only vacant seat in the cars, bound inland.

Emerging from the under gloom, I discovered my traveling companion to be a portly dame, evidently freshly arrived from the land of "w'iskey and potateses."

"A nice fix I'm in for the next two hours," thought I, having had previous experience of the curiosity and talkativeness of the race. And you may imagine my anticipations were in no degree modified, when shortly she asked me, "Wad I be kind enough to hold the babbie while she'd be sein' afther Johnny in the ither cair?" To her no small astonishment I respectfully declined the responsibility, and not being disposed to reply to her "Arrah, what in the worrald ails ye?" I turned my face from her and composed myself for a season of general reflections, adapted more particularly to the circumstances and occasion of my present journey. Now I think, contrary to the general opinion, I suppose, that barring the inconvenience of disagreeable companions, of dust and cold in their seasons, &c., there are many less enjoyable places than a railroad car. The anticipations of meeting old friends, the knowledge that we are expected and the guesses at the arrangements which we know will be made to receive us, besides the recollection of past visits of a like character, of the scrapes and escapes of our more youthful days, the impression we intend to make, the framing of any little filial speeches for the benefit of the old people, and any of a different character for the pretty cousins and other friends we may chance to meet. All these things occupy the mind most pleasantly, and tend much to heighten the pleasures which await us.

Hardly was I settled in a satisfactory position before I was aroused

by an angry contention between the conductor and the aforesaid my fair seat companion. She had bought a ticket for Boston, and when she found she was being carried in an opposite direction, her wrath was fearful and expressive. At the first station I was left alone with my thoughts, and again wrapping my shawl closely about my ears, I laid myself at length for a pleasant hour of ruminations. As a preliminary to a right beginning I drew from my inner pocket a note which I had received the last day of the term, to wit:

"DEAR COUSIN SIMON:" (and after some six pages of such matter as cousins on the best of terms usually write one another, she finishes with the following:) "We have all been invited to spend Christmas at Grandfather's, and we wish you to make one of our party. Come on Monday, as some plans are in preparation in which you may be personally interested. Do not disappoint us, for you know it will be terribly stupid if you are not there. Good bye till then.

Your affectionate Cousin, LIZZIE."

Now you must know my cousin Lizzie is a very *pattern* cousin, and many are the stories I could tell you of our romps about the old house and grounds up at Grandfather's in years gone by, but that would be personal and had best at least be reserved for your private ear. I had for a moment been thinking of some of those old times and chanced to glance again at the note which I was holding, when lo! a postscript, which had before escaped my notice, struck my eyes.

"P. S.—Cousin Jennie, of whom you have often heard me speak, is coming with us, so you will please be prepared to make your best appearance."

"Well," thought I, "my dish is up. Here is a fine prospect, indeed. Where now are all those whist parties I've been anticipating,—all the calls I was going to make on the old friends, with Lizzie? And to have all my plans broken up by some minx with carrotty hair and beefy cheeks. Then, of course, she'll have to be escorted to Church—and to meet all my friends upon whom I was going to make such an impression with this blossom upon my arm,—this is too much for weak human nature. My mind is made up in double quick time, I'll put back to New Haven as soon as I can get away, and take to my Shakespeare and my pipe for the rest of the vacation.

Now cousin Lizzie and Susie Brown, who lives next door, the jolliest, plumpest, best hearted little witch that ever lived, (she used to think that I was about right,) cousin Tom, who lives with the old people, the best looking fellow and chief ladies' man in the county,—(they say we resemble each other very much,)—these and myself make a party for a game of whist or any sport of a more venturous sort, such as is seldom seen.

It was quite dark when I arrived at my destination, but Jimmy, the hired man, was waiting for me with his buggy. After a shake of the hands that fairly started my teeth, I covered myself with buffalo robes and prepared for a ride of a mile or so over the hills. I felt little inclination to talk, which indeed was quite unnecessary; for, after the first salutation, and a few questions about the old folks, Jimmy took the conversation into his own hands, and entertained me for the rest of the ride with an account of the proceedings on the farm since my last visit. I listened till I had learned all I desired, and then turned my thoughts to my more immediate prospects. This new interloper of a cousin kept running in my head. I determined to meet her in such a manner as to forbid at once all familiarities, and to give her no more of my attention than civility demanded.

We soon arrived at the entrance to the long avenue that led up to the front door of the old house, and dismissing Jimmy here, that I might take them by surprise, I turned my steps slowly up the broad walk. A sharp wind swept down from the hill, and compelled me for a moment to turn my back, while the naked old maples over me bent and creaked as if in agony.—Quite in contrast with this was the scene which broke upon me as I turned a curve in the walk, and came in full view of the house. The curtains were still undrawn, and I could easily perceive that there was no light in the room but that which came from the great woodfire, which I fancied I could almost hear as it roared up the chimney. I stopped and looked at the shadows dancing upon the wall, and the flashes that every moment were shooting up and lightening the whole room, while I made a slight examination of my position. But a breath of wind soon brought me to my senses, and an inkling of a warm supper quickened my pace up the steps to the great piazza.

Through the window I could see at least a dozen people, old and young, sitting about the room, evidently waiting for some one. Softly I opened the front door, and passed into the hall, and listening a moment, I rapped boldly at the room where they were sitting. A general rustle followed, and the room was opened by my grandmother, in her muslin cap, knitting in hand as usual, and that calm, sweet expression upon her face, which is never seen except upon grandmothers' faces.

"Ah, I knew he would come," said she, after the first kiss of welcome; and seeing the folks standing, I started to make the circuit of the room. First was grandfather's hearty shake to be returned, then all the aunts to be kissed, preliminary to performing the same operation for the cousins, who were waiting in blushing anticipation in the corner.

The aunts, married and single, were all done, and cousin Lizzie came forward to claim the first cousinly salutation. Several evidently just graduated from pantalettes and short frocks were gone through with, and passed aside, and I was taking a long breath as I released the last from my embrace, when from behind the curtain I beheld two laughing eyes peering out through a screen of curls, that almost concealed their owner's face. Their effect was electrical.

"Some neighbor just home from school," thought I, on the instant. "Well, a blunder in a good cause is always pardonable." So as if I had seen her from the first, I went directly towards her, and as gracefully as I knew how, administered the same salutation which I had bestowed upon the rest. To my surprise she received it unblushingly, as a matter of course, and when, as I withdrew, I knew from the imp of a smile that lurked in the corner of her eye, that she was enjoying my confusion, I hastily covered my face with my handkerchief, and remarked upon the disagreeable effects of the cold ride I had been taking.

"Quite so," replied Lizzie, significantly. But, Mr. Editor, I believe *even you* would have blushed under the circumstances, for the rustle of those curls against *our* manly cheek sent such a thrill through *our* physical system, that we seem to feel its tingling to this moment. My shawl and outer clothing was laid aside, and the next fifteen minutes were spent, while warming me, in satisfying the general anxiety in regard to my health. Finally, when all questions were answered, and I ceased to be the center of observation, and had just delivered myself of a grandiloquent remark to cousin Eben Sawbuck, a tall youth about my own age, I left him with mouth and eyes wide open, and sought the corner where Lizzie was sitting, exchanging occasional glances with the roguish eyes half concealed behind the curtain. I was able to get off all the speech before mentioned without accident, and after a time succeeded in striking up a very feeble conversation. But my eyes *would* wander, by a sort of capillary attraction to a mass of waving curls, and a very grave face that was always turned very intently out of the window, when I chanced to look at it. I was becoming quite uncomfortable, and had sought by several expedients to escape long enough to recover myself, and to determine upon some plan of attack or defense in respect to this new acquaintance, for it was evident that by any putting on of airs, I should simply make a fool of myself. Tom had gone away some ten miles to a party, and I shouldn't see him till the next morning. Here I was in the hands of two girls, evidently bound upon quizzing me to their satisfaction; a long evening before me, and for

three mortal hours I must make myself agreeable to, I didn't know who. Supper was here announced, which was welcome after my journey.

"Who is this pretty friend you've brought with you?" whispered I to Lizzie, as we passed out the door to the long dining room.

"Who, why that's cousin Jennie, I wrote you about, you blockhead; what ails you to-night, you act as if you were frightened out of your wits?"

"Well, what a fool I've made of myself," thought I, as I took my seat at the table; "I must set about redeeming my character at once."

Of course this announcement made me the more confused, and I was rejoiced when the meal was ended, with having only brushed little Sobrina Jane Smith's sweetmeats into her lap, and having only twice inundated my region of the table with the contents of my teacup.

After supper, grandfather took down his pipe from the little shelf it had occupied ever since I can remember, and drew his great chair close to the corner of the huge fireplace. Profiting by his suggestion, I proposed to cousin Eben, who informed me that he was quite an inveterate smoker, that we should follow his example. We drew our chairs close around the fire, and, handing him my cigar case, I recommended one of a rich dark hue as being of superior quality, and took one of another sort myself. Here was a chance to kill half an hour at least. Eben, anxious to show how thoroughly sophisticated he was, puffed lustily at his cigar, and asked learned questions about "us fellows down there to college." The old man smoked away dreamily, answering our questions and dropping occasional jokes. Thus some time had passed. Eben's remarks began to grow less frequent. His eyes stared wildly. He was evidently meditating upon some serious subject. Now and then the old man's clear eye would twinkle mysteriously. I was watching the images that danced in the flame before me. Through the smoke of my cigar blue eyes gave me roguish glances and vanished, sunny curls flirted on the air, and whisked up the chimney. We had all been silent for some minutes. The old man broke the stillness. With a mock grave face, "Ebenezer, don't you feel a little sick?" said he very moderately. Poor fellow; he was looking "very white about the gills." Not a word did he reply, but silently he arose and took a bee line for the back door, and disappeared, muttering something about a "different kind from what he was used to smoking."

"Look out, young man, you'll get yourself into trouble," said the old man, trying to look very reproving. Eben was gone some time, so I

went to see what had become of him. The first paroxisms were over, and he was sitting, very quiet and very miserable, upon the back piazza, and looking quite pale, as I could see by the light of the moon.

"Are you very sick, Cousin Eben?" said I, attempting the conciliatory.

"Sick? Oh, no; only I thought a little fresh air would feel good after being in that close room."

"Yes, it does, very," said I; and, hearing a slight noise near me, I turned just in time to perceive a fairy shape, crowned with moonbeams, as it seemed, vanish through the door. She had brought a glass of water and placed it beside him, and had retreated to avoid me. Eben drank the water and felt better, so we returned into the house. He "felt very much fatigued after his day's journeying, and guessed he'd go to his room." I bid him an affectionate "good night," and made my way back to the drawing room. Tremblingly I entered, but was quite surprised to find that evidently they knew nothing of what had been going on outside. I apologized for Eben's non-appearance as well as I could, and at the same time caught a glimpse of two eyes brimming with indignation at my duplicity. This would never do: so I rallied all my courage and boldly walked across the room, and took a seat close beside the little lioness. She and Lizzie were looking over a book of engravings together. Her eyes fell to her book as I approached, but she instantly raised them, their expression all changed to one of tenderest reproof, which completely disconcerted me. "You were too bad," said she, with a look that expressed more than her words; and I was beginning to feel very sheepish, when I discovered Lizzie cramming her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing aloud. The effect was contagious. Jennie could resist no longer, but rang out such a peal of laughter as those old walls hadn't heard in many a day. "It was so funny, I can't help laughing; but 'twas mean for you to do such a thing.—Poor Eben never smoked before in his life." I plead that the temptation was irresistible, which was probably satisfactory. And now all my confusion was at an end, "Richard was himself again;" and now commenced properly the business of the festival. The children were getting uproarious about the Christmas tree, so an adjournment into the parlor was moved, whither we proceeded in a body, my maiden aunt Celestia, leading the van. On tiptoe the juveniles entered the mystical precincts. The operation of unloading the tree was gone through with appropriate ceremonies. The rooms echoed to the sound of tin trumpets and sugar whistles. Even I had been remembered. A

beautifully-embroidered smoking cap, "To my unknown Cousin," showed that some report of my character and likings had gone before me; and a pair of delicately wrought slippers assured me of Lizzie's cousinly remembrance. I found no difficulty in disposing my actions and sayings for the rest of the evening, which passed off without farther tragical incident, except the breaking of little Bobby Tompkins' whistle by spunky Nellie Jones, and the consequent retaliatory pinch of Nellie's ear, and the finally consequent *boxing* of the ears of the said juveniles, and the music therefrom resulting. The early bedtime came too soon, and after an evening, in the main pleasantly spent, we bid each other good night, in anticipation of a merry Christmas. Once in my room, my thoughts ran back in review of the incidents of the last few hours. My vexatious thoughts in the railroad cars—my awkward appearance at our first meeting—the trick upon poor Eben, and the final reconciliation with cousin Jennie. "What a jolly little beauty she is! such eyes—and her smiling face, changing its expression every moment; and those curls—now I am not, in the abstract, an admirer of curls,

"but *her* sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

And really one of those silken things has twisted itself around an important member of my constitution in a most unaccountable manner. Yes, she's a darling! I declare I'm half in love with her already; tut—tut—only three hours ago you were cursing your luck for throwing her in your way—very human nature like." Well, "sich is life."

* * * * * * * *

"Guess I'll sleep over this morning, chum—I'm indisposed—been up three mornings in succession—guess I can afford it." The sound of my own voice aroused me from my half-waking state. 'Twasn't the prayer bell, after all, only the bell ringing for breakfast; and was followed by the information, shouted through the key-hole in Lizzie's voice, that if I didn't get up, I'd have a cold breakfast. Now, as this is a circumstance I am by no means unaccustomed to, under ordinary circumstances the announcement would have had no perceptible effect; but all things considered, I concluded to get up. Horrible—horrible—'twas raining torrents. A *nice* day before us! I made my toilet,—a little more carefully than usual,—and quietly went down stairs. Unperceived I came upon my two cousins standing before the glass in the hall; Lizzie was arraying herself in the habiliments of my very worthy but slightly antiquated aunt Tibbals. Jennie had my new beaver jauntily set upon her

head, very much as I am accustomed to wear it,—a little more so, perhaps. My shawl was wrapt about her shoulders and my cane under her arm. I contemplated her some moments in silence—my courage was nearly up to the sticking point,—I was just about to rush up and seize the penalty allowed for such familiarities, when, in the glass, I caught a glimpse of her face, and "Oh, ye gods and little fishes!" if she wasn't *blacking her upper lip with a piece of burnt cork!* 'Twas too much. I rushed from the room, and slammed the door after me. I heard two little womanish screams, followed by a moment's silence, and then such an explosion. I stopped my ears, and ran till I was out of hearing. Mr. Editor, I was indignant. I doted on my moustache, unpretending as it was. 'Twas my first love, and I couldn't endure to see it ridiculed. I shaved it off as soon as I got home. My friends wondered at the sacrilege; but they didn't know the true reason. I never told anybody, and I never will. * * * * * *

Breakfast was over. I was ashamed to acknowledge that two girls had annoyed me, and at last forgot all about it myself. A council was called to lay our plans for the day. It was unanimously decided that it would be incompatible with genuine spirit to be frightened out of any undertaking by the weather. It was finally agreed that we should all go to church for half a day. So at the hour we all set out. Jennie took her place at my side, and accepted the support of my arm, "as natural as life." We took the lead, Lizzie and cousin Tom followed, and Eben and one of the aunts brought up the rear. After the usual perils and mishaps of such adventures, we arrived at the church none the worse for a little dampening. Lizzie and Tom had volunteered to assist in the musical performances of the day, so Jennie and I concluded to sit with them. All was confusion when we arrived. News had just come that the organist was sick. What was to be done? Sing without an accompaniment they could not. Lizzie said that "Jennie could play." "Good," said all; "let her try." Before I could beg of her not to attempt it, she had seated herself at the organ with the utmost confidence, and was in the midst of her voluntary. She played till the service commenced, and as she turned from the keys, she gave me a glance that was anything but pleasant. I concluded to let her have her way after that. Again and again she played, with increased effect. I was in ecstasy. It seemed very wonderful to me who had seen the perspiration flow in streams from the face of our broad-shouldered Boanerges at chapel, to see the little fingers and petty toes (I couldn't help seeing them), of a feeble girl bringing such thunder from the huge organ. I

fear my attention to the sermon that day was very limited. I think very few of Jennie's motions escaped my notice. My opinion of her had somehow been wonderfully changed in the last hour. I positively began to feel a little deference towards her. I was prepared for almost any discovery after this. Service was soon over, and we returned home in the same order as in the morning. My expressions of surprise and admiration at Jennie's performance seemed rather to vex her than otherwise, which, on the whole, was very natural. We found dinner awaiting us, and for the next hour and a half I *labored* at such a dinner as should be eaten only once in the year, and that in the country on a Christmas. After dinner Tom and I took a little stroll, and smoked a cigar; when we returned a game of whist was proposed. Jennie fell by lot to my partnership. Now, I am somewhat sensitive about being beaten at whist, and would have much preferred to play with Lizzie, whose doings in this line I had known aforetime. I resigned myself to my prospects gracefully, and commenced playing with great show of confidence in my own skill. We were nearly through the first game—two plays were to be made,—we had only five tricks. I was trying to sign to Jennie how to lead, and was vexed that she wouldn't understand me. I watched her anxiously; she made the lead, and I played in turn. "You dunce, you've trumped my trick, and lost the game!" she instantly exclaimed. Her face crimsoned—'twas too true,—but she immediately came to my rescue and mystified it, so as half to convince our opponents that it could not have been avoided. I learned wisdom from that bit of experience, and when we left off playing we were several games ahead, which Lizzie and Tom laid to Jennie's credit, although she generously disowned it. "Perhaps you play chess?" said she, after our game was over. "Of course, I did; and would be delighted to try a game with her in the evening."

The rest of the day was spent in calling, with Tom, upon some old friends. Of course I talked largely of our habits at Yale, affected the fast student, and manufactured adventures and escapes, ad nauseam; particularly the story of the "Son of Didymus and the Author of Lamentations" was repeated, with variations, an indefinite number of times. * * * * Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, Jennie beats me at chess, and I didn't hear the last of it during my visit; for I had boasted so much that everybody was delighted at my defeat. I thought, when she asked me to play, that she wanted to learn the game; but she gave me a lesson that I shall not soon forget. I was very careless in my first moves, thinking that I should have it all my own way;

but I soon found out that she understood what she was doing. It was too late to recover myself, and the twentieth move checkmated me. I played, again and again, but with no better success. She seemed to half regret it though afterwards. Where could the little witch have acquired such skill? Then I tried the bantering tack. I quoted Shakespeare at her, and, by Jove! she worsted me there. She seemed to have the whole book at her tongue's end. She spoke it "like a native." In fact, I discovered that there was very little that I knew, that she didn't know a great deal better; and finally concluded to surrender at discretion. * * * * Time flew on. It was the evening before I was to leave for college. Tom had been getting a little moody for a day or two past. Lizzie said 'twas not unusual with him since little Susie Brown and the other Browns *emigrated to California*—perhaps 'twas so. Lizzie was busy over "Hiawatha," which Jennie had brought with her. 'Twas getting a litle dull indoors. The odd idea entered our heads, almost simultaneously, that we should take a walk by moonlight. I fear that walk was prolonged more than either of us could have intended when we started; at any rate, when we returned we were so chilled that neither of us could hardly speak, though we hadn't felt at all cold. What we said on that walk is nobody's business. We said just what we pleased. And it was *proper* for *cousins* to say some things which others could not with propriety, though Jennie is only my second-cousin,—maybe not so near. Lizzie, all the rest of the evening, looked very saucy and very knowing. * * * * The morning came. My vacation had been *all happiness, but the parting was bliss.* We had no scene on that morning. I never was more cool in my life. The "good byes" were all said approvedly. Jennie came last. There was nothing remarkable in the quiet kiss we exchanged, but *it meant something.* I saw two crystal drops trembling in two loving eyes——and I remember no more. * * * Reader, mayhap my story seemeth to thee prosy, and pointless; but verily there be to whom it hath a point, and that a sharp one.

Ye Gaye Damosel.

Who would be
A maiden fair,
Tripping along
With a saucy air,
To the Astronomic
Lecture, where
Poor Seniors freeze
And crowd and squeeze
In a throng!
I would be a maiden fair;
I would trip to the lecture every day,
I would take my chair with a saucy air,
With a jaunty air so light and gay,
And I'd toss my head as much as to say,
Who is it loves me, who loves not me!
With a saucy air, I'd turn and gaze
Up and down, up and down,
From out my merry, laughing eyes,
Up and down and around,
And I would look like a fairy elf,
Sitting alone
In my cosy seat,
My high backed throne
In front of the Prof.
And every youth would turn and gaze,
And wrap his brain in a dreamy maze,
In a charmed trance, a loving trance,
Subduing all his soul and sense
With passion's deep intensity;
And airily and daintily,
I'd turn my head that all might see,
And lose their hearts for the love of me.

I'd witch and flirt the lecture through,
And write sweet notes in a tender strain,
For what care I for the learned Prof.,
With his notes on fog, and snow and rain,
His stratus, nimbus, cumulus,
And other names that bother us!
I ever thought, but e'er in vain,
That I was blessed with strength of brain,
But ah! I fear 't 'will ne'er attain,
The proper strength for such a strain.

And so to pass the time away,
I'd flirt and smile, write notes and play;
And the solemn Senior old in sin,
With shangai coat and hirsute chin,
Would lay aside his dignity,
And bow in all humility
At my altar's shrine, for love of me.

I'd weave me a web of matchless guile,
A web entwined with seeming bliss,
I'd tie each mesh with a winning smile,
And hide the snare with a promised kiss.
I'd bait with the art of a sorceress,
Each hook would I hang with an auburn tress,
A witching glance, a whispered word,
A sigh, and a smile of loveliness.
I'd lie in wait, like the flame-eyed snake
That fascinates in the tangled brake;
I'd pierce each heart with a love lit dart,
And madden them all with the love of me.
And I'd have them talk and dream of me,
Kneel at my beck and flatter me,
Sing me in song the whole day long.
(Prude, curl not thy lip, 'tis nothing wrong;
I'll laugh and talk, and flirt if I please,
For what care I if schoolmates tease,
And gibe my partiality
For lectures on Astronomy;
The silly jades but envy me.)
And I'd bind their hearts in a silken chain,
And break them all; nor would I deign
To give one word of sympathy,
For all who use soft flattery
And lose their brains for the love of me.

Female Beauty.

Go to, ye prosy Diogeneses, with your everlasting "*cui bono.*" The fiat of God declared that earth and Adam *needed* Eve. Look upon her daughters and say if beauty and use were not designed to be united there. There are those who *will* believe that things are best as they are, in spite of you—who will persist in being unqualifiedly satisfied with the whole kosmos—and vow that all its thousand prettinesses, and

brilliant perspectives, and picturesque side-shows, and magnificent dissimilitudes, were made on purpose for just such creatures as we.

He who acknowledges that beauty has a ministry, and knows where and when and how it is dispensed most properly and lovingly—*he* is fit to explain and comprehend the mission of woman, and vindicate her position from the abuses of cynical contempt. Female beauty! Here we have the magic acknowledged by the million—the tyrant charm to which the hearts of men bow themselves down willing prisoners. Some have even affirmed it to be the Alpha and Omega of *all* beauty, concentrated in woman for the purpose of appealing *practically* to the sensibilities of her sterner brother.

A needless, though certainly not an ungallant declaration. Female beauty! The goodliest dowry of heaven, and the deadliest temptation of hell,—a boon and blessing when honored, a bane and bitterness when prostituted; as the sweetest liquids are the sourest when they turn. There is a beauty which honor feels proud to appropriate and possess. It is loved because it is loveliness, and there is a beauty which loses all its value by throwing itself away, and passion pursues it as the unthinking moth flies into the fatal candle; but that is not loveliness. The cheek of the courtezan wears it, and her smile scatters its witchcraft around; but then it is the glitter of the basalisk, and Apollyon lurks behind it with the sevenfold sting of damnation. With truth and virtue the beauty of woman becomes an atmosphere of sanctity around her, and there goes out from it to man a mysterious allurement that charms his cares away and quiets all the vexations of his bosom.

The pale student feels it as he returns to his tasks refreshed from spending a brief hour or two in society, murmuring approvingly to himself the words of the sage of Israel, "The wise in heart shall be called prudent, and the *sweetness of the lips* increaseth learning;" and declares, what he just begins to understand, that "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." In female beauty we may discover a type of what our nature *was* before it was corrupted, and *shall be* when it is redeemed; and he who can regard it with other than the best emotions, and feel that it represents a holier beauty still, who does not feel his heart softened and his mind improved by its influence, is only too depraved to appreciate its purposes.

The beautiful in woman has precisely the effect to keep us human, and preserve to us some traces of the Divine image. It serves to reconcile man to his present lot, to smooth the asperities of his character, to minister delight and comfort in hours when nothing else could soothe

or please him; and, on the whole, to make this earth a happier abiding place. That being who boasts his insensibility to this pure influence, manifests more deplorable stupidity than did the asinine weaver in "Midsummer Nights' Dream," when the Elfin Queen set ambrosia before him. Hearing a testy, ill-humored bachelor decrying the gentler sex with all his might, and thanking his stars that he never bowed to the shrine of her beauty, invariably leads us to suspect that he has either been most wofully disappointed somewhere, or else has been engaged in something infinitely worse than the most tragical love-affair ever dared to be. The man whose brains are so addled with speculation and metaphysical chaos as to reckon sensitiveness to female beauty a weakness, deserves to be yoked up with Antoinette Brown and Lucretia Mott, and made to do seven years' penance. St. Dominic founded the Inquisition. He never spoke to a woman, nor looked one in the face; and he was the monster who caused eighty persons to be beheaded, and four hundred to be burnt alive, in one day!

In short, what will not the wretch who entirely ignores love and beauty put his hands to? Two-thirds of the infernal horrors themselves are, doubtless, occasioned by the perpetual absence of these twin angels. But we have said enough.

The great mass of mankind, thanks to Christianity and civilization, can now, if they will, appreciate female beauty as it deserves; and as refinement advances, the possessor of the blessing will receive her dues. Then whoso stands her champion shall be attended by the full influence of her gentleness, and the sweet, still contagion of all that makes her lovely and valuable, will hallow and happify his heart. Her presence and beautiful appeals in hours of labor, of worship and repose, will melt his stubborn nature into universal benevolence, and he will sit down at last with the words of genuine content—

"Felix vixi, felix morior, felix resurgam."

Memorabilia Yalensia.

MEETING OF THE CLASS OF '56.

The Senior Class met on Wednesday, 16th ult., for the purpose of choosing an Orator and Poet. J. H. Worrall was called to the chair; D. P. Richardson and E. A. Walker, were appointed tellers. The result was as follows:

Orator, Phineas W. Calkins, Corning, N. Y.
Poet, George W. Bubbles, Harisburg, Pa.

MEETING OF THE CLASS OF '57.

The Junior Class met on Wednesday, 23d ult., for the purpose of electing Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. C. Northrop was appointed Chairman. L. Bradner, W. E. Hulbert, J. C. Jackson and S. Scoville were appointed tellers. The result was as follows:

F. E. Butler, New York City.
J. M. Holmes, Chicago, Ill.
H. S. Huntington, Cleveland, O.
N. C. Perkins, Pomfret, Vt.
G. Pratt, East Weymouth, Mass.

We shall omit the rest of the Memorabilia for the want of room. It will appear in the next Number.

JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS.

Greek Oration, Levi Holbrook, Westborough, Mass.

Latin Oration, Wilder Smith, Albany, N. Y.

Philosophical Orations, { Cyrus Northrop, Bridgeport, Ct. / D. G. Porter, Waterbury, Ct.

High Orations.

Henry S. Deforest, S. Edmeston, N. Y. John M. Holmes, Chicago, Ill.
George S. Gray, New York City, George A. Nolen, Sutton, Mass.

Orations.

Edmund S. Allen, Fairhaven, Mass. Volney Hickox, Springfield, Ill.
Lester Bradner, Dansville, N. Y. James W. Hubbell, Wilton, Ct.
J. P. Buckland, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Joseph C. Jackson, Newark, N. J.
Francis E. Butler, New York City, Henry P. McCoy, Franklin, N. Y.
Joseph A. Christman, Phenixville, Pa. Almon B. Merwin, New York City,
John C. Day, Hartford, Ct. George Tucker, Bermuda Island,
E. L. Heermance, Kinderhook, N. Y. Moses Tyler, Detroit, Mich.

Dissertations.

Robert H. Brown, Cincinnati, O. James P. Green, Church Hill, Miss.
Jacob S. Burnet, Cincinnati, O. Alfred Hand, Honesdale, Pa.
William E. Doster, Bethlehem, Pa. Henry S. Huntington, Cleveland, O.
Solomon J. Douglass, New Haven, William H. Savary, Groveland, Mass.
Azariah T. Galt, Strasbury, Pa. Augustus H. Strong, Rochester, N. Y.
Nathan D. Wells, Lawrence, Mass.

First Dispute.

Orrin F. Avery, Garden Prairie, Ill. Charles B. Dye, Broadalbin, N. Y.
Charles S. Blackman, New Haven, Lewis E. Matson, Owego, N. Y.
Eli W. Blake, New Haven, Henry C. Pratt, Hartford,
John T. Croxton, Paris, Ky. Storrs O. M. Seymour, Litchfield.

Second Dispute.

John O. Bradish, Allen's Grove, Wis. Edward T. Fuller, Brooklyn, L. I.
Douglass F. Forest, Alexandria, Va. Lyman D. Hodge, Buffalo, N. Y.

Edward Janin, New Orleans, La. Lewis E. Profilet, Natchez, Miss.
Franklin C. Jones, Southington, L. S. Trowbridge, Birmingham, Mich.
Norman C. Perkins, Pomfret, Vt. Nathan Willey, South Windsor.

Third Dispute.

Myron N. Chamberlin, New Haven, George Pratt, East Weymouth, Mass.
James B. Cone, Hartford, Henry M. Seely, Honesdale, Pa.
David S. Dodge, New York City, Joseph L. Smith, New London,
Jonathan E. Palmer, Bloomfield, George M. Woodruff, Litchfield.

First Colloquy.

Henry M. Dutton, New Haven, Bela P. Learned, Norwich,
Edward J. Evans, York, Pa. Joseph T. Lovewell, Corinth, Vt.
Edward W. Hitchcock, Homer, N. Y. Dennis B. Lyles, Pr. George's Co., Md.
Edward L. Porter, New London.

Second Colloquy.

D. D. Baldwin, Lahaina Maui, S. Isl. John Griswold, Black Hall,
Edwin Barrows, Norton, Mass. Smith H. Hyde, Youngston, N. Y.
Stephen D. Doar, Charleston, S. C. James Marshall, Nunda, N. Y.
Henry N. Foules, Kingston, Miss. Edwin F. Sandys, Pittsfield, Mass.
William A. Thompson, Middleborough, Mass.

Editor's Table.

Reader, how do you do, this cold weather? Don't you feel rather thankful, upon the whole, that the elements have hatched up a little frosty entertainment for us? For our part, we'd rather occasionally slip up, and run a little risk of shaking a few "high oration" lessons out of our noddle, than wade through seas of mud to gratify our innocent desires of getting a little knowledge and littler dinner. We think everybody ought to agree with us as far as *our* sex is concerned. We might wish differently when we come to think of the better portion of humanity. We did wish a little differently the other day, when we saw a beautiful young lady fall. We were not eight feet and a half off. What should we have done, chivalrous reader? No matter about an answer to the question; for it is too late to help what we did; and we know what we shall do next time. Well, what did we do? Why, as soon as we saw her horizontal, we magnanimously started to help her up; and got most there, when we happened to think that she might feel better if no one saw her; and as we were all of mankind that were in seeing distance, we politely ran for the corner. We then thought how ungallant that would look, if any one else, especially a lady, should see us, when we chivalrously reversed our engine, and run at the topmost of our speed to the scene of the calamity, and arrived just in time to find our lady perpendicular, and looking enraged at us for running up, as she thought, to enjoy the sport. How streaked we felt. We were afraid to say anything, lest we should make it worse; but now apologize to the female world, by stating that we didn't know at the time what we were

about. The next time we see a lady fall we shall help her up, no matter how she feels.

Kind reader, how have you enjoyed vacation? We suspect that Freshman could give a hearty answer, who, we have heard, was called upon to preside over a large assemblage of the most respectable citizens of his native town. Other distinguished characters we are informed were present; but the cry was unanimous for our fellow student. Perhaps that Sophomore, though, could give equally as hearty a response, who delivered somewhere, by special request, a soul-stirring address upon "Eloquence, and its claims upon the aspirations of young men." We hope the "upper classes" have done something for their credit as well as pleasure; but as we have heard nothing unusual from any one else, we shall proceed to be a little egotistical, and relate a little experience of our own. We don't know but our readers will think we'd better have kept it to ourselves, as we perhaps don't appear very well in the end. But as we think it has a little scientific interest, the world shall have it.

Ichabod, a fellow citizen, and myself, hitched horses, and went sleighing, with the intention of going nowhere in particular, least of all expecting to meet such an adventure as I am going to describe. Being both of rather a philosophical turn of mind, we had none of those romantic notions that young men usually have, but thought if it was necessary to stop and warm, we would call on some of our good aunts, and so get a chance to extol their cider and doughnuts, (sweet cider, temperate reader.) We hadn't gone far, however, before Ichabod remembered, that about two years ago, we had called upon a pair of promising young Misses; and we both remembered that we had some curious feelings awakened there for the first time. I remember now, as we rode away that time, Ichabod said, quite often, and with considerable emphasis, that he'd like to have one of the curls of that younger girl hanging up in his room on a nail—it would keep him so good-natured. I too remarked that the other had beautiful lips, and a delicate and smooth arm, judging from a distance.

I rather think, however, in both our cases, it was only a Platonic tribute to nature's beauty. But straws show which way the wind blows; and accordingly after philosophizing a little in our cool way, we thought we'd just call around and see if our young friends had improved any. We got there about sundown; went in and found our young acquaintances looking finely. Ichabod's curly one had grown more curly! They hung all around in beautiful rows, one above another, just as if they had blown out! My favorite was not bare armed this time; but her lips were amazingly pretty! I immediately felt my old feeling returning, as I looked at them; and, true to my philosophication of mind, I stopped and consulted my consciousness, to see if it might be what lighter minds termed sentiment. I came to no conclusion, except that it was entirely a new sensation, and worthy of a close and long examination; and further concluded that this was as good time as ever for philosophic experiment; whereupon I felt good-natured, easy, and at home.

Ichabod's countenance glowed with a healthy enthusiasm—curls the cause. I suppose he was experimenting in his feelings like myself. A classic allusion here crossed my mind. "Here we are, says I, *par nobile fratrum*, studying nature in her most pleasing manifestations, and how rich the reward!"

We had now broken the ice, socially speaking, and were getting quite familiar. But still, however agreeable the conversation became, I didn't forget that there was a great question of philosophy at stake in my mind. Those "cherry lips" often made me absent-minded; for they had stirred up a new lot of feelings in my inner sanctuary, and, like a philosopher, I was bound to face them till they told me what they were made of. I thought of all the philosophers I had read on the sensibilities, from Aristotle down to the last treatise on "passional attraction," when the name of Burke occurred to me, and his essay on the Beautiful, where he says in substance, "that everything beautiful draws us towards it; we like to handle it and fondle with it." "*Eureka, Eureka,*" cried I, almost aloud, and I felt as proud and self-satisfied as Newton over his apple; though I hadn't been quite as original. But I hadn't driven away the feeling, though I'd found out what it was. Indeed, I think my sensations were rather keener, because my philosophy and the great name of Burke had made them respectable as well as natural. "What next," said I to myself, "shall I stop here and go home, and study out the point more thoroughly? shall I—what shall I do?—I feel awful uneasy"—when again I had another lightning stroke of inspiration, as I thought that Prof. O.....d, who had borrowed it from another great man, had said, that "a principle in science is a rule in art." Glory to science and her great men, thought I, and began to feel proud of my discovery, and quoted the appropriate lines of Milton,

> "How charming is divine philosophy,
> Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectard sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns"

I already found myself hitching my chair nearer to "cherry lips," and was just telling her what I'd been thinking of, and asking her if she'd allow me to make a few experiments to gratify a scientific curiosity; and her pretty lips were already preparing, I have no doubt, to articulate a sweet affirmative, when, *miserabile dictu!* a door mysteriously opened—I was just beginning to feel superstitious—as an old woman took her seat in the further end of the other room, where she could look in upon every soul of us. "Cherry lips" told me it was her mother. I suspended my scientific pursuits for a moment to look at the old lady, and then told "cherry lips" I guess we'd better move to the other side of the room. She did so, but with a look of eager suspense, which made her lips look prettier, and my philosophic rage more ungovernable. But we had hardly got seated, when I looked around and found the old woman had changed her position too; and she had put on such a look as only Homer could describe. "Gorgons and Chimeras dire!" didn't she look terrific. What could I do? Would it do for me to proceed with my experiments? And then I thought how many a philosopher had lost his life by rashness, and those words of Tennyson came to me and scared me:

> "For all the past of time reveals,
> A bridal dawn of thunder peals,
> Wherever thought has wedded fact."

No, no, thought I, discretion is the better part of valor. My philosophic rage was cooling, and I told Ichabod I guessed we'd better go home. He was sitting very near his "curly head." I, of course, thought I had far outstripped him in my philosophic investigations, but we shall see in a moment that he was amazingly ahead of me. But he was quite as afraid of the old woman as I was. The girls dared not ask us to stay; we could see that; so we bid them good night, hoping to meet them at some other time and place, when we could experiment without danger.

The next day Ichabod showed me these lines dedicated to the old woman—a tender reference to his "curly head."

"By the powers of mud, old woman,
If I catch your daughter from home,
You'd better believe, I'll live in the clover,
And enjoy it, I reckon, some.

I'll play with her hands, and dandle her curls,
Luxuriate in my blessing;
I'll touch her heart, with a careless art,
Then give her a gentle *pres-entiment* (*of what's coming.*)

At the last, I'll come in order,
To that jolly item of bliss,
I'll look in her eye, and breath a sigh,
And administer a thrilling *ki-ndness.*"

"Ichabod," says I, "you sap-head! Have you philosophized that all out; or, like all other sick-pated lovers, are you going to take a leap in the dark, with no great principles to guide you? You poetize like a mellow-head; how is it?" "Nothing soft," says he; "sound as a dollar—see my way clear through—intuition—inspiration—all truth—sound philosophy." "Are you in earnest," says I, "fellow philosopher?" "Yes, I affirm it," he says, and squeezes my hand with an honest fervor. "*Macte puer,*' cried I, "*Sic itur ad astra!*" stick to your philosophic reins, and go it."

Ichabod by this time has probably consummated his philosophy by carrying out his practical threats; while I, far away from the enchanted ground, where the light of my new philosophy broke in upon my vision, can only dream every night of a pair of "cherry lips," Burke on Beauty, and a great experiment in science, procrastinated a century, by an open door and an old woman in the distance.

Our college race is almost run. We feel partly sad, and partly glad. Ever since we entered college, we have had periodic intentions of leaving; but now we firmly believe we shall settle our minds in staying, and feel at home till the end. We congratulate ourselves and classmates on the near approach of that season, when we can call the time our own; except the part we duteously grant the world, and the leisure hours we voluntarily and pleasantly give to Butler.

We take pleasure in commending the following contribution from a friend to the notice of college, and to the joyous acceptance of the renowned society to which it is dedicated. Ah, when we read it, how do we feel for a moment, the pressure of the ill luck that denied us membership! How we would jump out

of our boots for joy, if we could join in the swelling chorus, and be proudly conscious it was our right and just honor!

"Phi Beta, the monarch of honors,
Her fare is the fare for me,
She gives easy entrance to fawners,
And I'm bound to carry the *key*.
Let them call me a "bootlick" and "toady,"
I'm paid for the fawning I do.
Valedic—I can get for my study,
And mayhap a scholarship too!
Then strike up your trumpet and clapper,
And fiddle and fife and guitar,
Three cheers for Phi Beta Kappa!
Hurra, *hurra*, HURRA!

"All hail to thee, Princess of fellow-
Ships! Phi Beta Kappa, all hail,
Though Nature *has* made me so shallow,
I can flourish inside of thy pale.
For, thanks to thy kind constitution,
No *talents* are needed by thee,
I can buy up the whole institution,
With cash and a clever degree.
Then strike, &c.

"Phi Beta, the hope of the scholar,
The home where the tutors repair,
Give me but a crust and a dollar,
And I could be happy there!
And when Metaphysics get muddy,
And Greek grows as crooked as sin,
I've *this* to encourage my study,
Phi Beta will *take me in!*
Then strike, &c.

"And then, whether married or single,
I can live on the laurels I won;
I'll walk where the learned commingle,
And talk with the blue-stocking "ton;"
I'll wear a gold watch, and below it
The badge of my scholarly fame,
And though I'm no speaker nor poet,
That will get me enough of a name.
Then strike, &c.

"Here's a health to the proudest and palmy
Oligarchy of learning alive,
The elect of that grand student army,
Which yearly swarms out of our hive!
Toil-rewarder and sluggard, rebuker,
Thy prize is the prize for me,
Let the rest waste their time over euchre,
I'll be toiling for glory and thee!
Then strike up your trumpet and clapper,
And fiddle and fife and guitar,
Three cheers for Phi Beta Kappa,
Hurra, *hurra*, HURRA!

We acknowledge the receipt from Mr. Pease of a "Treatise on Punctuation," by J. Wilson. We have examined it considerably, and think it a valuable work for any one who aims at correctness and elegance. For sale by T. H. Pease.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. MARCH, 1856. No. V.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY, W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. BROWN, H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

The Statesmanship of Edmund Burke.

STATESMANSHIP has been termed national housekeeping. This homely description views the statesman only in his administrative capacity. Contemplated in all its relations, we must regard statesmanship, in respect to the *work performed*, or the sphere of the statesman's labor—to the *objects aimed at*, or the goal of the statesman's endeavors—to the *success attained*, or the statesman's reception.

Let us first consider the sphere of the statesman's labor. He is either the founder of the state or the administrator of its affairs. He either organizes ideas into institutions, or, the institutions being furnished to his hands, keeps them in operation. The one has the *constructive* genius, and forecasting the future conditions of society, adapts government to its wants. The other *leans on precedents*, studies his part, and becomes a manager of men, of conventions, and of parties. Each is necessary to the state. But the state architect, since he possesses the greatest skill, is entitled to the highest praise.

The objects of the statesman's endeavors are twofold. He either reverences ideas, and seeks to embody them in institutions, or he reverences

institutions, and maintains the established order of things. The one is a *radical*, who, rising above the accidents of his birth, seeks "new bottles for the new wine." The other is a *conservative*, who regards the actual attainments of mankind as the highest possible attainments. When the radical is successful, we accord him unsparing praise. To him society is indebted for progress. To him we look for the fulfillment of all the old prophesies respecting the great good of the coming age.

The consideration of the success of the statesman involves his fitness or unfitness for the control of the forces with which he must deal. He may fail from two causes. He may be in advance of his age, and his contemporaries may therefore regard him as a dreamer—his schemes as ingenious impracticabilities. Or his personal peculiarities, his temper and address may be so forbidding, as to thwart his best endeavors to carry out his views. In such a case, the world may be more indebted to him than to the statesman whose ideas run parallel to those of his countrymen. The latter keeps his countrymen content in the midst of miseries and dangers. The former, if he does not himself rescue them from their perils and disasters, points out a sure deliverance.

From this view of statesmanship in general, let us pass to that of Mr. Burke.

Burke did not live in the period of the organization of the British government. His times, however, called for the exercise of the reforming, remodeling genius, which is allied to that of the state architect. Here Burke failed. Had he been a member of the convention which framed our constitution, he could have proposed no other government than that of a mixed monarchy. In fact, the past was his book of instruction. To him the greatest achievements of the past were the most desirable achievements for the present and the future. In his own parliament, no great improvement in state policy was ever proposed by him. It is said in "British Eloquence," that "He was the greatest teacher of civil prudence the world ever saw." Possibly a government, like the English monarchy, might be framed from his maxims and suggestions; but one in no respect different or superior. The true value of this observation, then, is, that Burke's works contain invaluable suggestions for administering the mixed monarchy he served.

Nor did he excel as an *administrator* of public affairs. We shall see hereafter that his personal habits, tastes, and manners, as well as peculiar cast of mind, unfitted him for leadership. Yet he well knew when the spirit of the constitution was violated, when laws failed in efficacy, or officers in duty. He could see with his own eyes, and arrest the attention of others to the sunken rocks and the breakers ahead; but could

not himself direct the helm of state. He could not lead, but he *educated* leaders. He lacked, then, the highest architectonic skill, and also the practical administrative talent of the statesman.

The most prominent characteristic of his statesmanship, was his *conservatism*. He was by temperament, by education, and by the whole cast of his mind, a conservative. "Better maintain secure possession of one acre of soil, than hazard aught for an empire:"—such was the spontaneous language of his cautious temperament. His university education was conservative in a controlling degree. It is not strange that so few have graduated from the aristocratic institutions of England without a deep disgust for the people, and an overweening attachment for the privileged orders. The whole machinery of these institutions is fitted for the manufacture of supporters of England, as it is—not of England as it might, or ought to be. If it be true, that the opinions formed, the sentiments imbibed, and the attachments made, during the disciplinary period, abide with the man for good or for evil, then we think that Burke's education was an influence not to be overlooked, in the rearing up of this staunch and hardy conservative. His powerful imagination found in the past history of England all that was inspiring to an exalted patriotism. His first efforts foreshadowed his last. The spheres of thought and labor are countless. What to do, and when to begin, are questions determined by the predominating traits of individual mind. Burke's first work was a defense of the National religion which he loved. In siding with the American Colonies, he maintained the ancient laws and customs of the realm. From that day onward throughout life, he was a sentinel on duty. He eulogized the corrupt Bourbons of France, and spoke in terms of passionate rage against the French reformers and murderers. Hastings had ignored the laws of right and justice in distant India, Burke reminded him that in leaving his native isle, he did not leave behind the law of morality. In short, we mean to say that such was the conservative tendency of this extraordinary man, that he would sooner defend the venerated old, with the certainty of law, than fight for the new, with but a remote possibility of harm. His peculiar character in this respect cannot be better illustrated than by his own ideal of the true statesman. "A man full of warm, speculative benevolence, may wish society otherwise constituted than he finds it; but a good patriot, and a true politician, always considers how he shall make the most of the existing materials of his country. A disposition to *preserve* and an ability to *improve*, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman. Every thing else is vulgar in the conception, perilous in the execution."

Burke's reception was not successful, in the common acceptation of the term. He failed of general success, and of immediate popularity, from no want of knowledge of the proper business of the statesman. He was no driveler—no hot-house politician. No man was ever better acquainted with all the material facts with which he had to deal. No one more patient in the study of all the dry and hard learning of details.

Nor did he fail from any suspicion of his want of integrity, or of independence. He was too proud to corrupt, or be corrupted. He could not toast away the liberties of his country, or sell his honors for a bribe. His independence cost him office, friends, influence. It was the offspring of an intractable dogged will, but a will giving steadiness to the efforts of an upright patriotic man.

Nor did he fail because he outran his contemporaries in new ideas. He never advanced beyond the current opinions of his time, nor rose to any eminence, whence he could behold a reformed constitution, or an improved monarchy. He failed of general success, of immediate popularity, from the superior sway of unfavorable mental traits. He was too great among inferiors. He could not

> "Teach men as if he taught them not,
> And things unknown propose as things forgot."

He was not content to convince—but he must shine, dazzle, overpower. He delighted in parading an instructive lecture before parliament. This was the chief cause of his many failures, as a parliamentary orator. He was not content to interest—but he must have admiration. He therefore failed to inspire love, and excited only envy.

We have said that he was not successful, in the common acceptation of that term. His success, however, was of the rarest kind. He could enlist soldiers—but could not lead the charge to victory. He failed to convict Hastings—but no English Governor has since dared to reënact Hastings' policy. He was not a parliamentary leader against France. Yet his letters on the Regicide Peace, and his Reflections on the French Revolution, prepared the people for a relentless war against the French. Regarded in this light, he was a protector of the British Government without a superior or equal.

As a statesman, he lacked the constructive genius that founds empires, or remodels them, and also the talent for administration. As a conservative, he was the strongest pillar of the British Constitution. Failing of general success, from no want of knowledge, of ability, or of principle, he has attained that higher success, which is seen in molding the opinions of the people, and in instructing their rulers,—in "moving the intellects that move the world."

PRIZE ESSAY.

The Mission of Science.

BY AUGUSTUS H. STRONG, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It was a sublime conception of the French philosopher that the Universe is a thought of God. "The splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," set forth Eternal Law, no less than the perpetual progress of the stars,—while Divine Benevolence lives in Man, the end of whose being is his Maker's praise. To fulfill intelligently this high destiny, he has been constituted the "minister and interpreter of nature," gifted with reason and a love of truth, that he may learn God from nature and from the workings of his own mind. In the first tottering steps of human progress, he learns the sequence of Effect and Cause, and the world about him unfolds its myriad mysteries and new-found knowledge gives to him the Arts. These are the first fruits of reason. Unsatisfied with Arts he seeks for law in nature, and adding by observation and experiment to the hoarded wealth of experience, he arranges and classifies their results under Empirical Laws. But he stops not even here. In the contemplation of blind, unconnected rules which dimly seem to govern the material world, the light of great principles begins to dawn upon him, and Law becomes instinct with Divine life, all comprehending, all pervading. Then, in the presence of the Infinite, he recognizes the origin and the nobility of Physical Science.

Abstract Science is the result of the same mental progression, beginning with the discovery of simple reasons and conclusions, or the truths of universal consciousness, and rising gradually to the assignment of immutable laws. Moral Science is the logical result of all others, for it derives its highest authority from revelation, and its laws are divine. Thus all Science is the interpretation of Eternal Law—the result of man's contemplation of Nature and of himself. Divine in its origin, it is a necessity of the human mind; it is the evidence of a Creator, and the perfection of Science is the knowledge of Him.

Yet Science has had bitter antagonists. The exclusiveness of power, and the prejudice that is natural to ignorance, have both denied her heavenly mission. The former disregards the great truth that from its origin, knowledge is the heritage of all, while the latter forgets the fact that investigation is the only certain assurance of truth. The natural tendency of the one is to mysticism, dogmatism, and despotism; that of

the other to ignorance, superstition, and subservience. Yet has Science pursued a calm and gladsome progress through the realm of history. Egypt concealed her in mystic shrines, and astrologers and prophets of the Nile-god kept her oracles more sacred than the secrets of the eternal pyramids, wrapping round her a veil of mystery which the children of the Pharaohs dared not lift. Yet the voice of old Egyptian Science is the only voice of truth and worth that comes to us now from the buried grandeur of templed Karnak!

The waves of changing civilization swept to Greece the seed just germinated. The Attic air was temperate, but the soil was not deep and strong enough. The relics of eldest superstition had not yet been banished from the popular mind, and the highest truths were yet veiled in Eleusinian mystery. More than all else, the fickle temper of the Greek was ill suited to calm investigation. It had the love of inquiry without the love of truth. It reveled in the intricacies of disputation rather than in the clear sunlight of substantial fact. Yet Science did take root. The great mind of Socrates was Greek, though he drank the hemlock.

Rome added nothing to the treasures of Science. Her language, her literature, her arts, were not her own. Enriched with the spoils of conquered nations, she could not rise to

> "——regions mild of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth."

It hardly reached to the true conception of Art, much less to the principle of Science. The decline of public morals, more than the living torrents of the north, swept away the relics of Roman greatness, and it became a problem of the future, whether amid the universal wreck the structure of civilization could rise again. Yet, in cloister and cathedral, the germs of Science preserved their innate vitality, and patient thought wrought out in secret its cloth of gold. But Ecclesiastical policy held in iron bonds the consciences and thought of men, and without the gray walls of monastic learning, the many could not and would not see the low flame that burned like a vestal fire within, casting vague shadows of the evils of the time. There were three events that heralded the dawn: the Invention of printing, the Reformation, and the publication of the Novum Organum,—three actors: Guttenburg, Luther, and Bacon. The one made knowledge forever free; the second presented it for the first time to the minds of the people, while the last swept away in a day all the vestiges of venerable prejudice and of old philosophy. Science at last exulted in the air of freedom.

History shows an inherent power that never failed in her darkest days—an influence increasing with the onward course of time. The twilight of Egypt brightened into the Grecian dayspring, and although clouds overspread the dawn, the morning of the fifteenth century is fast growing into the perfect day of modern times. Science liberates mind from its prison-house; its vital air is freedom. The scene of its most beneficent action must be that state of society which bases the most perfect individual equality, and the most perfect individual freedom upon reason and law. The influence of Science may be best considered by an analysis of its effects, first, upon the individual, and secondly, upon the State.

I. What, then, is the Mission of Science to man—to his physical, his mental, his moral nature?

Although the Arts are the first expression of human intellect, the discovery of Science does not obviate their necessity nor retard their progress. They are like the morning star, deriving their light from an invisible source and heralds of its rising. Nor do they pale in the full glory of the risen sun. The Arts are scattered and tangled threads of human thought, which Science alone can arrange in order and beauty, subduing and harmonizing the incongruous colors, making predominant the true one, and weaving all into the shining woof of classified development. Art is narrow in its views,—it conceals its processes,—it seeks out particular, not general ideas—like the Alchemist, it stands on the verge of great discoveries with a vision bounded by the circle of the actual, while the broad world of the possible, full of beauty and illimitable in extent, stretches away beyond. But what was narrow, Science liberalises; what was hidden, it sets forth to the gaze of all men,—it urges on the Arts by giving them an insight into undiscovered realms. The highest Art, indeed, is impossible without the inspiration of true Science. While time is fleeting, this Art alone is long.

Thus the Arts become a medium through which Science conveys its blessings to mankind. It has, indeed, no direct influence upon man's physical existence, except through them. Natural Law is to him an abstraction until it acts in obedience to his will, and the Arts are but methods of its application, unconscious though it be, to the useful purposes of life. The direct result of this union is primarily to extend man's physical resources, and thus increase the productiveness of individual industry.

Productive industry is the mainspring of all true national greatness, and the secret of individual well-being. For the necessity of production, although an original penalty of transgression, has been made by divine

benevolence the spring of every human joy. This principle, at first a necessity of his physical existence, leads him through all his stages of progression from the invention of Arts to the discovery of Science. It is the fountain of wealth, the condition of civilization. The great problem of political economy, is how productive industry may be best protected and increased in its great departments of discovery, application, and operation. It is answered by Science in her extension of man's physical resources—for whatever adds to his physical powers or makes them more effective, adds to the results of individual effort. Science, through the inventions and the Arts, opens to man a treasure-house of wealth and power; it gifts him with the strength of a thousand giants, yet it weaves for him the gossamer web. The spirits of earth, air, and sea, wait to do his bidding with the delicacy of Ariel and the potent art of Prospero.

But besides this direct addition to his powers, Science aids him indirectly by her precepts of economy. She teaches him the value of power, and its frugal use;—he learns from her the principle of division of labor, and the innate worth of everything in nature. Industry gains effectiveness as well as power. Yet, again, increased resources exert a reflex influence upon mind, which, in turn, repays the debt with new discovery and nobler invention. Thus Science and the Arts are following each other in perpetual round, distributing and equalizing the gifts of productive industry.

The influence of Science upon man's physical condition, may be briefly stated as consisting in the substitution of intelligence for the exercise of brute force. By this standard we may estimate the progress of civilization in any age or any land. Human progress begins with the mere exercise of instinct upon the physical nature; it advances as intelligence finds out Arts, ascertains laws, and substitutes the inventive offspring of the mind for the exertion of human labor. In history we see its effects in the diminished respect paid to physical prowess, in the more complete combination of theory with practice, and in the advancing respectability of the Arts.

That all this brings with it an amelioration of man's physical condition and an increase of individual happiness, is but a deduction, whose truth we feel in daily life. The increase of rational power is ever a delight. To the poor man it gives the peaceful hours of the closing day and short times of labor. It gives him the comforts of the wealthy without their "carking cares." It enlarges and refines the pleasures of the rich, while to poor and rich alike, it gives the crown of sovereignty over all material things.

The real improvement of the physical always conduces to mental advancement. The mysterious connection of mind and body is none the less certain. The savage of the Pacific must learn the Arts of civilization before he can attain its mental or moral development. There is no view more narrow than that which considers physical enjoyment as related only to the things of sense. Yet Science exerts a nobler influence upon man. It affects that within him which is peculiar and immortal. Let us consider briefly its relations to Reason and to Faith.

The conditions of the highest development of the reason, are knowledge of the existence of laws and an honest spirit of investigation. The first is wanting in the infancy of society. It comes only when the discovery of Empirical laws intimates to man the existence of higher, though hidden principles. This knowledge leads him to wider generalization and a stricter logic. Thus broader investigation inspires a genuine love of truth and a free spirit of inquiry. It tears remorselessly from the inmost sanctuary of the soul all the delusive phantasies of prejudice and superstition. It is an alembic whence evaporate unworthy and untruthful ideas. Physical Science applies the fire of past discovery—Abstract Science gives vigor and analytic power. The chains of impulse fall away and reason acquires a confidence in its own powers and the sure hope of progress. Nor is this all. Science gifts it with the faculty of speculation—it not only reasons from effect to cause, but it boldly assigns causes and traces apparent effects. Theory is reduced to the certainty of law, and law is seen everywhere in the minutest processes of nature or of mind.

Of no small importance must be considered that intellectual pleasure which arises from the contemplation of the sublime and the infinite, from the ennobling inspiration of nature's teachings, from the just conception of universal law. From this fount have drunk the wise and truly great of all the ages,—from this fount, he that will drink shall taste that

> "——pure ethereal stream
> Whose fountain who shall tell!"

As physical culture conduces to mental development, so does the improvement of the individual mind tend to awaken the moral powers. True philosophy cannot rest content with the comprehension of universal law. It sees here only the image of an archetype, the effect of a great, first cause; it sees His attributes in the creation of nature and of mind, and in proportion to the vastness of its researches does it attain a proper conception of a Creator and of its relations to him.

The connection of Science with religion, imparts a grace and dignity

to both. To Science it gives divine sanction; to religion a conception of a future state and the just interpretation of revelation. All truth indeed is kin, and the day is past when apparent discrepancy is thought the subversion of either. They, who, in the rock-ribbed earth are seeking a refutation of the word of God, will seek in vain. Great minds have sometimes bowed to prejudice and superstition, even when in the dim distances of Astronomic vision they fancied they heard the music of the spheres. But to the calm and truthful spirit, they are

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'"

II. The influence of Science upon the physical condition and the mental and moral faculties of the individual, is but amplified in the aggregation of the state. If there be truth in the republican maxim, that the state exists primarily in and through the individual, and that his intelligence and morality is the surest pledge of its progress and perpetuity, Science surely is one of its great divinities. She watches over its well-being as from the Acropolis, the azure-eyed goddess guarded the marts of Athens and the far Ægean. It equalizes, enlightens, harmonizes. It diffuses a respect for law, and preserves that just observance of social and moral relations, without which the state cannot exist.

The influence of Science on national progress and prosperity, may be considered as resulting mainly from the reduction of all things to principles. History has left its accumulated experience to us, and a divine revelation teaches us to draw from it its proper lessons. Reason arranges its results and derives therefrom the great principles of moral and political Science. As in all other channels of human investigation, there have been those whose deductions have proved but the dreamy, illogical phantasies of the brain, so there have been those who have ruled states by arbitrary power, disregarding what the past offered of sound philosophy. But the voice of the Historic muse, echoing through the solemn aisles of time, tells each, that for states as well as individuals, there are laws higher than human passion or caprice, and that to them are annexed inevitable penalties. To the scientific arrangement and diffusion of these principles, modern times owe all their advances in national justice and international comity.

The effect of this universal reduction of things and relations to fixed principles, may be seen in the increase and due distribution of property, effected mainly through the discovery of the laws of production and their application to the useful Arts. While knowledge increases the wants of society, it provides also the means of supplying them. While

it adds to the amount of necessary labor, it furnishes inducements to the laborer. It not only augments the number of those engaged in useful industry, but it makes skillful and mighty each individual arm. It gives scope to every talent,—it presents the incitements of competition,—it requires, above all things, intelligence. The increase and equalization of property is its legitimate result.

But a grander influence is exerted in the increase and diffusion of knowledge. As intelligence is necessary to individual advancement, so is it the surest pillar of the state. Science in its explorations of the unknown is adding ceaselessly to the acquisitions of the past. The progress of human knowledge is conditioned on human effort, and the success of effort on the efficieney of means. It therefore becomes a matter of vital importance to the state that the sum of experimental facts and the number of individual observers be increased. Upon this proposition has been based the aid of all enlightened governments to the prosecution of Science. But while they have added to the sum of human knowledge and riveted the bands of intelligence and morality which hold together the diverse elements of the state, they have been subserving their own national well-being. They have found Astronomy and Hydrostatics the basis of naval strength; they have made all the natural forces subservient to national progress, opening the ports of Chinese seas and circling the pole with the smoke of steamships. Than this there is no truer national greatness.

From the increase and equalization of property and the advance of national intelligence, arises the establishment and maintenance of just, social, and moral relations, and their reduction to fixed principles. The Science and Arts of the Orient, brought by the enraptured Crusaders in ships of Venice to the unlettered Franks, were not only the primary cause of the establishment of free cities and the overthrow of feudal tyranny, but it made freemen of serfs, and led to the authority of just and equal laws. And modern philosophy, systematizing the teachings of innate consciousness, ascertaining the relations of various action to Society and to God, has made a Science of Morals, Politics, and Law.

Nor are the relations of nation to nation beyond its scope. Science has applied principles to the settlement of international disputes and diplomacy in its best sense owes to it its being. It has perfected the Arts of war, until war is disastrous to the victor. It has extended the intricacy of commercial relations, until national contests are opposed to agricultural, inventive, mechanical interests. More than all else, it has raised up a moral sentiment and a Christian benevolence which will one day make war impossible.

Such is the legitimate influence of Science directly and proximately in every state of society. Her heavenly light shone not in elder days because the antagonistic elements of mind had not yet yielded to her might. Because the march of ideas has swept them away forever, her progress in this new world of her discovery is assured. Here are all the conditions of unprecedented development. Wealth and civilization diffuse the taste and the opportunity. Institutions for its advancement such as old philosophers never dreamed of, the preservation of accurate data, and the perfection of observation and the mechanic Arts, all assist her. The wondrous discoveries of modern times are her possession forever. Yet we have a surer trust in that scientific ardor which shall make all that is past but a dream of that which is to be.

The spirit of true Science is cosmopolitan. It recognizes the beauty of the minute as well as of the grand. It sees no limit to investigation, save the infinite, and no term but in death. In the crashing of Arctic ice, or in the damp of the dungeon, it can prove itself a martyr for its faith!

Welcome, then, O Science! to thy watch and ward over the western world, the new-born child of time! Warm in the sunlight of thy presence its seeds of truth and freedom now full to bursting! Give to it as thy baptismal gift, those

> "——Truths that wake
> To perish—never!
> Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
> Nor man, nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy
> Can utterly abolish or destroy!"

Ode.

HILARA puella,
Facilis,
Venustatis sellâ
Insedis,
Roscidisque mellâ
Liliis
Coronata, cella
Te satis,
Inoptata vella.

O puella cara,
Gracilis,
Pallore praeclara,
Marmoris
Pura statuaque gnara,
Ac cordis
Plena semper; rara
In terris!
O praclara cara S. . . !

H.

The Skating Fairy.

Itte was evin, and the cauldlie slantynge sunset glimmert lowe
On the towers o' Castil Clymar, silver'd wi' December's snowe,
And a million frostie brillyantes sparkilt on itt's leaflesse vynes,
And the winter-wynd went sobbin' thro' itt's paradyse o' pines;
Butte more beauteous than the sunset, and more spotlesse than the snowe,
Gazin' from the turrit-windowe sate the bonnie younge Jeanot,
Gazin' from the turrit-windowe tow'rd the laike of Unnoch-Veau.

In the centre of a deep forest, not far from the old Caledonian Border, away from the winds, and out of sight of the careless traveler, lay a charming little lake, like a naiad in the arms of Silvanus.

Its surface was always composed, so that as often as winter came and the frost crept over it, the beautiful water stiffened without a ripple, and hardened like a sheet of steel. As might be supposed, this afforded an irresistible temptation to skaters, and on many a day of the long winters the lads and young men would come alone or together from the thinly-peopled neighborhood around, and ply their exciting pastime till the going down of the sun. Among them a handsome student named Winnifred was sometimes seen to visit the lake, and a merry time he always had of it, too, whether by himself or with a gang. None of all the striplings who skated Unnoch-Veau could lead a swifter race or sing a jollier song than he.

At a distance of some half-a-dozen furlongs from this lake stood an old castle, which superstition had invested with a great many ghostly terrors. An ancient and mysterious baron lived in it with his only daughter Jeanot, over whom he was said to exercise the most tyrannical surveillance.

One evening, according to the old ballad quoted above, as Winnifred was returning from the lake with his "skaitynge geare" in his hand and a "merrie ballad" in his mouth, Jeanot threw open the casement of her chamber and signaled to him to come up to the castle-wall.

Filled with pleasant wonder at the sight of so fair a lady in so dreaded a place, he was scarcely conscious of what he did as he mechanically obeyed her summons, and stood still beneath her window.

In a low tone the strange maiden then told him why she called him; gave him the short and bitter story of her life beneath the tyranny of her father; and ended by promising to meet the young student that night, while the old baron slept, and skate the lake of Unnoch-Veau with

him by moonlight. A wooden cross was their trysting-place, by a spring at the meeting of three ways, where friars often stopped to refresh themselves; and at the appointed time Winnifred repaired to the spot, and found his dark-eyed adventuress there. She wore a cloak of ermine, and carried in her hand a pair of tiny skates, with blades of beautifully-graven sword-steel, jeweled thongs, and a fairy bell tinkling within the toe-coil of each runner.

The moon was high in the east, over the parapets of Clymar Castle. Jeanot turned her back upon it, and bade the student come away. They had no sooner reached their place of destination than

* * Sprightlie spak the maydnenne free.
'Take these skaits, gode Winnifrid, and deftlie binde them on for me.'
And he bounde them faste and featlie all arounde her pretty feete;
And she doft her dappilt ermine, with an artlesse smyle and sweete,
And she stode in tartan tunick, tartan trouse, and furre chapeau,
Castil Clymar's skaiting færy, on the laike of Unnoch-Veau.

Then she waited until Winnifrid had equipped himself, and waving her scarf at him in defiance, bade him kiss her when he caught her.

Nothing loth to run for so rare a boon, Winnifrid darted forward to seize the eccentric beauty in his arms, but she was already far out of his reach and scudding over the ice like a young Camilla.

Farre acrosse that icy wood-laike rang her flyin' flashin' steele,
And the shoares laughed backe the merrie echoe of his followinge heele:
And forever straunglie chyming thro' the rockes and neighboring delles,
Nearer, yonder, fuller, faynter strook the maydenne's sandalle-belles.

For half an hour the excited student chased her, and as often as he approached to capture his prize, she would elude his grasp and shy away from him as if she had been a shadow. At length he cornered her in a secluded cove, and thought himself sure of her. She smiled, beckoned him with her hand, threw kisses at him, and used all sorts of sweet, provoking arts to allure him on, but still kept out of his way. The ice grew thin and creaked beneath his feet, but he would not heed it. Closer and closer he pressed his pursuit. There was no way of escape for his beautiful quarry, and he would soon possess her. He was mistaken. Just as he was about to spring upon her with open arms, she started suddenly aside towards a breathing-hole that parted the thin ice near the shore for six yards, and cleared the space at a single bound! The confounded student gazed in speechless surprise after his fair little frustrater, but he dared not follow her.

* * Gallante tho' he was and bauld,
And he paused awhyle to watch her thro' the moonlyte clare and cauld,
And he saw her waive her kerchief, and he sawe the gage she threwe,
And he hearde her skaite-bells jingle farre and farther whare she flewe.

And the merry laugh that she sent ringing through the air at his perplexity soon converted his surprise into chagrin. Turning towards the center of the lake again, he picked up the glove which Jeanot had flung away, and renewed the chase. Hour after hour pursuing, preventing, crossing and cornering, Winnifrid followed after that incomprehensible girl; and hour after hour, retreating, doubling, circling and eluding, she kept him on the lake till after midnight, when he gave over the struggle, from fatigue and vexation. Her laugh rang gaily as she came and sat down by his side, and bade him, in a sportive manner, to loosen her skates. The young student stooped and undid the marvelous playthings, and held them before his eyes with as much wondering curiosity as if they had been the winged sandals of Hermes. Jeanot uttered and looked her thanks, and they both took their way towards the wooden cross. Arrived at this trysting-place, the maiden appointed another meeting there with Winnifrid on the following night, and disappeared; leaving the romantic boy completely bewildered and bewitched.

He came the next night, and the Skating Fairy of Clymar Castle led him another wearisome and fruitless chase of three hours over Loch-Unnoch-Veau. The next night and the next he met the mysterious maid again, and each time she grew more bewitching, and each time he came nearer winning the promised kiss. As his admiration of Jeanot increased, he grew reconciled to his ill-success and fascinated to the moonlight sport. He could give no reasons, yet he loved it, wearying as it was. There are always reasons enough in such cases, and obvious ones, too; but what young man, under a spell like Winnifrid's, was ever able to give them!

The old ballad hints at a few of them with great simplicity—

* * For he likit passinge well,
To pursue thatte witchynge maydenne wi' the tinklin' pedall bell;
And to heare her happy laughter and her wildlye-warbl'd songe,
And to gaze upon her wynsome shape, and tye her sandall thonge.

On the fifth night the youthful skaters were uncommonly nimble, and nearly matched. In their reckless career they swept into that perilous cove again, and again Winnifrid penned up his lovely prey. She made an attempt to break away as before, but the impetuous student was determined this time to secure her. As she sprang to cross the vent in the

ice, he darted after her, clasped her tightly in his arms, and they sank unshriven to a watery tomb.

And full many a followin' wynter wad the wond'rynge peasantes goe
Thro' the forest thatte obscurelie circleth in Loch-Unnoch-Veau;
And when wynde and streame grewe sylente on the mountayne and the wolde,
And the laike and castille sleepit mantl'd alle inne moonye golde,
Ofte they'd vow they hearde the distante dreamie musyck glance alonge
Of a maydenne's happy laughter and her wyldlie-warbl'd songe
Wi' the faynte and færie echo ling'rynge inne the neighb'rynge delles
Of a skaiter's ringynge iron and those magick sandall bells,
And a rushynge as of racers seemed toe trace them, toe and froe,
O'er the laike, like spryghties speedynge, Winnifrid and loste Jeanot.

"And fulle meny a followin' wynter chatterynge eld and wither'd crone
Wad bee listynge wythe fonde horrour toward the woodlannd alle alone,
Frequente as the cauldlie-slantynge sunset glymmer glinted lowe
On the tow'rs o'Castil Clymar, silver'd wi' December's snowe,
And the frostye gems inne myllions sparkilt on ittes leaflesse vynes,
And the wynter-wynde went sobbyn' thro' ittes paradyse of pynes,
Mutt'rynge ofte this mournfull story, and wi' glarin' eye-balls saye,
Still they hearde him atte the gloamin' farynge uppe the woodlande waye
Winnifrid aneathe the castil, trollynge oute his wonted laye,
And from oute that turrit-wyndowe, callin' tenderlie and lowe,
Castil Claymar's Skaitynge Færie, beautifulle butte loste Jeanot.

An Address to the Ague.

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE HAD IT.

AVAUNT, blood-thirsty vampyre! go suck the grave-yard stone:
Begone thou western tyrant from thy four legged throne,
Nor dare insult republicans with such an institution—
An intermittent insult to every constitution.
How oft thy hand hath shaken me at dewy eve and morn,
As in the griddles iron grip ascends the parching corn;
Oh! dislocate my bones no more upon thine icy rack,
Nor send Siberian shiverings to gallop down my back,
Nor force my teeth when bright May morns are garlanded by Flora,
To chatter all the tunes of wo arranged à la Pandora.

Ye shades of shaking Harry Gill, I sympathize with you;
What time, the barley rick behind, old Goodey met thy view,

ınd threw aloft her bony hands like Ague incarnated,
ınd prayed for some peculiar chills as Wordsworth has related,
ınd then they piled the blankets on like mountains great or greater,
Vhich only made her colder grow like some refrigerator,
'ill Hope committed suicide oppressed to suffocation,
ınd groaning life refused to bear the ponderous gravitation.

ı vain do modern Gills essay at some prophetic twitching,
'o form a blanket shield against that dart so numb and witching;
ıs cold as if it were the one that Death took from his quiver
ınd shook when o'er the lazar-beds he had that dreadful shiver.
oon as they feel the freezing stroke, lo! they are shuddering, shaking,
)umb-founded, jerking, jostling, convulsing, quivering, quaking,
'ill every faculty and limb are shivering in sedition,
ınd the cadaverous wretch beseems St. Vitus apparition.

'hou blue and bony cannibal, go dine with Death at home,
)ut never near *my* bed or board forever dare to come
ınd take thy cholagogues, and galls, and quinine by the puncheon;
)h, take thy hops and horrors all for seasoning to thy luncheon,
ınd if I can but scare thee with this tintinnabulum,
ıs Cossacks scare the locust plagues with sound of kettle drum,
'll bless the time I made this rhyme in anti-billious bliss to come.

A Letter from the West Indies.

πολυφλοισβοιο θαλαρρης.—*Homer.*
Anything.—*Shakespeare.*

:AR OLD MAGA:—When you have been ill a goodly portion of college life, and your physician at last urges a voyage at sea, as)nly probable alternative to a ferriage across the Styx, you decide)ut hesitation in favor of the former; and resolve to accomplish a delayed purpose of a journey to the tropics; (and how should you ıt in one of the many admirable vessels of those most generous ;entlemanly men, the Messrs. Trowbridge?) Immediately you begin ke an interest in the "Shipping Intelligence," with especial refer- to the column of "diasters;" and experience a grim satisfaction in ing how anxiously your friends will peruse that same column when are gone. Finally your preparations are complete, and you run auntlet of farewells, with more expedition than courage: avoiding

such as you can, because of their tragic and overpowering influence, first excited by the admiration—long since passed away—which you once felt for that final adieu in the "Fire Worshipers:"

> "He pressed her hand—that lingering press
> Of hands which for the last time sever;
> Of hearts whose pulse of happiness,
> When that hold breaks, is dead for ever."

From the moment of setting sail, you have resolved to conform yourself, as far as possible, to the manners of seafaring life, and therefore don the wide trowsers, the pea-coat, the slouched hat, with which you had provided yourself, with the two-fold view of securing your own comfort, and of establishing yourself on a common footing and sympathy with the sailors, of whom you purpose to acquire all possible information concerning nautical affairs. You forthwith begin a promenade on the "quarter" with the captain, (a whole-souled, happy man, whom to your utter amazement you would sometimes discover in violent and apparently disastrous cachinations at a joke or pun he had perpetrated a week before, and which, if you were to die the death of a traitor, *you* could not now recall,) in order to get your sea-legs on. You are succeeding well; and off Montauk, the outermost and latest point of your native land which your eye shall see, you begin to quote that splendid "adieu" of Childe Harold, when suddenly the swell of the Atlantic, deep, and strong, and solemn, strikes you. In whatever sentiment you might be disposed at this moment to indulge—and the occasion is replete with it, considering the associations which hallow the ocean, the distance to which you are traveling, and the by no means remote possibility of your returning no more—it all vanishes in an instant, as you recover yourself by the shrouds, and stand amazed at the insufficiency of your navigation. From this hour you are an altered man: but the process of this new experience, how it steals upon you, like a "gossamer line of cloud sighing itself through the air;" how it deepens, from a light dizziness, to a perfect midnight of awful and sullen nausea; how the captain says you begin to look like a whitened sepulchre, and you feel as though already full of dead men's bones! To describe all this I shall make no attempt: the immortal "Yellow plush" has left nothing to be accomplished in this regard, until some new idiosyncrasy, some nympholepsy, *sui generis*, shall manifest itself in the physical constitution, or the minds of men.

In the morning you awake a little improved in your condition, but are immediately saluted by the "ship-smell,"—a vile commingling of

tar from the ropes, noxious odors from the hold, and doubtful exhalations from an ancient mattress beneath you,—and immediately you bury your head in a friendly quilt you brought from college; not because you think it cleaner than other things about you,—unfortunately you know it cannot be,—but then *its* peculiarities, whatever they may be, are all familiar to you, and everything else is strange. At length, regaining courage, you venture to dress; and of a sudden, with a boot in either hand, are pitched through your state-room door, and under the table, to the great confusion of a chest of crackers, and finally you bring up, in a very "shipwrecked condition," under the legs of a modest and retiring chair. In a little time, however, no matter how desperate may have been your case, your equanimity of body and mind is restored, and you begin in earnest the pleasures of ocean life.

It may be, at times, you hunger for more dainties than your table affords: but you recall how Wordsworth wrote of "plain living and high thinking," and are content. To-night, perhaps, you long for some of the old familiar faces, but then recurs the consciousness of your far separation from the interests which in their presence distracted you, and you feel that for a time, at least, it is better to be where you have "no fears to beat away, no strife to heal." You dreaded the monotony of a long voyage at sea, but find relief in an unexpected quarter; in the unusual contraction of your immediate sympathies, which, by necessary consequences, act with unusual power, revealing features of interest, in cases which you had thought altogether indifferent or repulsive to you. It is thus, because you take a personal interest in the narrators, that you come to regard the tales of the forecastle, the most delightful in the world; besides, there are *new* objects of interest constantly arising. Now a distant sail will excite the liveliest emotions, exhilarating or depressing you, as she nears or departs from your course; or the fragment of a wreck arouse all those speculations, of which Irving has so truthfully written. Now a wearied bird will settle on the mast, and gladden you by a song; or an angry dolphin strike the treacherous bait, and make you forget his agony by the shadows of rainbow coloring in which he shrouds his struggle of death. Now a whale disports himself in uncouth gambols by the vessel's side; or rages in impotent fury, from the torture of the subtle "killer."

Independent of these, there are two unfailing sources of pleasure. In the clouds of the tropics, whatever one may have found to admire in those of other climes, there is a world of new and dazzling glories constantly opening to the eye. Their superior beauty is, I think, owing to

a threefold cause: the constantly recurring and sudden alterations of the wind, which give them greater variety of form, and shift their changing phases more rapidly than in colder regions; the greater amount of vaporous exhalation, which makes them denser, and more susceptible of coloring; and lastly, the sunlight, deep and rich beyond what the inexperienced thought can express, throbbing, as with a palpable, independent, luxuriant life, which gives them that fulness of tone, delicate pencilling of light and shade, of which one only can say, they wrung from Titian his immortal "Disperanza." The ocean itself, the second source, though often affording beautiful or terrible displays, appeals not so much to the sense of sight as sound. It was a beautiful thought, often reiterated, but by whom originated I know not, which made the sea the "everlasting bass in nature's anthem;" or rather, it was such a fragment of a thought; for the attentive ear will discover in it not one only, but every possible pitch of sound: not the composite fraction of, but a complex and perfect harmony. More than beautiful, blessed thought! And, to us, to whom devotion is so soon a weariness and sorrow, full of warning, and exhortation, and promise, that this blaze of contending cadences, this thunder-roll of riotous melodies is one eternal peace, one "*gloria patri*," one volume of thanksgiving ascending for ever and ever, and linking every past into every succeeding age by an identity of grateful song.

If you are philosophic, from the first you devote a few hours of each morning to rigorous study: because, to say nothing of its direct profit, it renders the intellect appreciative of, and by contrast stimulates the pleasure derived from your lighter reading; and because it preserves you, for the hours you would give to contemplation, from a troubled conscience, and the unnatural irritation of an unoccupied mind. Under such an arrangement, you read the "Tempest," off Bermudas, at moonlight; and throughout the passage you devote such time as this division affords to a careful *contemporaneous* reading of Thackeray and Dickens, those indispensable conditions to a sea voyage; indispensable, first, because you would not lumber with the *slush* of modern literature, nor, indeed, here or anywhere, even with second-rate productions; and secondly, because if you attempt Fielding, or the earlier novelists, you separate yourself by many, many degrees from all the interests and characteristics of this age, in which, now that you are effectively removed from any display of them, you feel an absorbing, irritating, uncontrollable concern.

You adjudicate, as has become necessary for all men to do, between

the rival claims of these authors, making a decision unhesitatingly in favor of the former. No doubt you find many things in the prevailing tone of his sentiment to regret; for though there is, in nearly all his works, a candid confession of selfishness as the idea to be wrought out, yet there is too much parade of it, almost pride in it: too much satisfaction in, at least resignation to, the state of things "as we find them." There should undoubtedly be more frequent glimpses into the infinite possibilities of human goodness; more revelations of sacred and efficient virtue; more encouragement to its humble and faithful exercise. Few works are altogether cold and gloomy: they must have many a ray of sunshine lighting through the land, and warming the frozen turf here and there, or we write black marks against them. You sometimes doubt whether he is capable of the highest art, that which grounds us upon noblest, endearing purposes, and arms us against evil, by revealing through character the very heroism of *possible* virtue, and the high tragedy of suffering and of sin. We tend irresistibly to folly, especially to fashionable folly, unless its fearful *morale* be plainly exhibited in conjunction with it; and since a book is of necessity a teacher, if it speak slightingly or toleratingly, if it do not speak reprehendingly of evil simply "because it exists," it no longer ministers to holiness. It is true the pages of Dickens do not reveal those self-same faults, but faults of a still worse tendency: faults which beget in the reader's mind a feeling of insecurity, of suspicion that he is to be entrapped into an emotion under a false pretense. He is unquestionably a great painter: he is both Raphael and Hogarth; but there is this trick in all his art, that he copies from the Sistine Chapel and from Punch, and writes underneath men or women, as the case may be. Before these creations of genius we fall down in excess of emotion, but when its fervor is passed away, we rise in the painful consciousness that our sympathies have been exhausted by idolatries and caricatures. Thus it falls out, that when challenged by the humbler features of human nature, they no longer answer to the call. They have been debauched, and natural stimulants will move them no more. But, despite his faults, Thackeray's emotions,—and I must close this episode with a word,—are always genuine, his characters truthful, and in his literary execution, as in almost everything else, he is the prince of modern novelists.

At last, on the morning of the eighteenth day out, you are aroused by the shrill cry of "land ho!" and there it lies, away to the southwest, to your inexperienced eye only a low line of cloud. In a few hours, as you approach it, you discover that the Island, (Barbadoes,) which is

only moderately elevated, rising in any single point no more than eleven hundred feet, is completely studded with enormous wind-mills,—connected with the sugar-houses—which give it a frightened look, as though forever on the "*qui vive*" for Filibusters. But you think, as you scan the terrible breakers, (upon which many a *poor* ship has gone to pieces, some for insurance, some, let us hope, because they could not help it,) which foam and thunder on the northern and eastern coasts, that they are a better defense than tower or mortar. As you lie at anchor, the trees, the fruits, the low square-roofed houses, all remind you that this is a foreign land. Passing up the Earanage in your boat, you are absolutely alarmed at the swarm upon swarm of negroes, their hideous outcries, and their unaccountable actions. They are outrageously impudent, it is true, eternally advancing their freedom as an excuse for all sorts of outlawry; but your fear passes away in a day or two. You find Bridgetown, the capital, a composition of narrow streets, with no sidewalks, forever hurrying into each other at the most astonishing angles; and of ill-favored houses which have been gradually falling down since somewhere about A. D. 1500. Among a great many conveniences which you will *not* find there, you will, to your great delight, find a restaurant, called the "Ice Establishment," under the proprietorship of a Bostonian, whose accommodations are very nearly equal to any in the States. As you ride about the island, you will be perpetually amazed at the denseness of the population, which exceeds that of any other equal area of *country* in the known world. If your horse makes an unlucky turn at any point in the road, no matter where, you are sure to run over three men and a boy, to say nothing of huts, and other hanimals, (English Island.) But you will be compelled to confess, especially if you pass over them by moonlight, that the roads are absolutely incomparable. They are made of a pounded white stone, laid on little by little for many years back, so that under the influence of rain and sun, they are become hard and polished, and gleam in the night like lines of silver. You remark that the houses have no carpets, nor the windows any glass; nor, indeed, any provision against the cold, save an exterior blind, (the upper half of which opens vertically, the lower portions laterally,) but you learn that this most delightful climate only ranges between 72° and 80°, and think, with a shudder, of the tremendous snow-storm you left raging in the States. Of an evening you make a visit to a "boiling house," in which the roaring fires, the seething cauldrons of syrup, and their exhalations, the bright eyes, and sweet singing of the negroes, together form a pleasing incident. Without a

doubt, you are invited into his mansion by the hospitable planter, and while you are engaged in animated conversation on the abolition of slavery,—(it is a fact for our serious consideration, that the emancipation of 1834 was attended with no difficulties, and that the planters, almost to a man, avow a hearty preference for the existing state of things; and an unanswerable argument against those who affirm the abolition to have greatly impoverished the Islands, that their products and trade are constantly increasing. But these are sufficient matter for another article,)—you hear a scream from the lady of the house, and rush to the spot, where, upon the very threshold of the open bed-room door, amid the children's noisy, but no doubt fervent "thanks to God!" "thanks to God!" the planter succeeds in killing an enormous centipede. This very agreeable little episode, by immediately transforming each separate boat-strap into a centipede of more than ordinary dimensions, at which, ever and anon you clutch with serene countenance, but palpitating heart, serves very effectually to heighten the interest of the evening. Before you go, you are invited to make your choice between "Whistle Jack," "Tom o' the tub," "Boiling house bub," etc., all compounds of some sort of liquor, with hot syrup, eggs, &c. Now, Maga, you and I are strictly, devoutly "temperance;" but if ever, and whenever "boiling-house bub" shall be set before us, let us ask no questions for conscience' sake, and, in short, drink; the laws of hospitality—and the fact of its being the best concoction in all this world—*sotto voce*, Maga,—demand the sacrifice. But your limits are nearly exhausted, and I must omit many things I had wished to record of this Island, in which, on the whole, your stay will be delightful: especially so, if you are fortunate enough to experience the attentions of any one, who is able and willing to point out its beauties to you; so fortunate was I; and the recollections I entertain of the home and hospitalities of Winston J. Trowbridge, Esq., are among the most delightful of my life hitherto.

Of the residence of this gentleman, it is scarcely praise disproportioned to its merits, to say it is the perfection of situation commanding the perfection of landscape. A sharp turn and a circling road bring you up the considerable elevation on which it stands. Passing round a centerbed of flowers, you find yourself underneath one of those wide tessellated porches—extending on three sides—which were originated in Switzerland, for the purpose of commanding the whole of scenery, any part of which was too precious to be lost. To the east, from it you look away upon the gleaming hills which skirt the valley of St. George; toward

the north, the city, the splendid residences of the Governor and Lord Bishop, and the barracks are in range; while away to the west, beyond deep undulations in the land, and down a vast green concave, lie the open ocean, and the tropical sunsets! Near at hand, the tasty out-houses; the old well, down which the stone goes deeper than the sound comes back; the quaint little nook, with the jar of porous stone, through which the water filters; the sloping banks, with their deep shade of orange, lime, and evergreen, and bamboo; all these are held in eternal reversion of memory. The internal arrangements are, of course, sacred from the pen; but if you should be so fortunate as to learn them, it will be by an experience which will most deeply obligate you to one, whose rare beauty and accomplishments are still grateful themes to many a circle in the City of Elms. But in taking leave, how shall I speak of her,

"—— who fill'd the air
With gladness and involuntary songs!"

Little Mary; dear little "Ben," whose puzzles set me utterly distracted and whose smile charmed me into reason,—

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; ——."

But in a few years I shall have passed from her remembrance; and that day, though every heart shall

"Devote a wreath to her,
That day, (for come it will,) that day,
I shall lament to see."

But in this delightful place, eminent among others, not more for its surpassing beauty than the graces which preside over it, I may not linger. Farewell, Maga, and now Ho! for Trinidad. R.

The Ceremony of Social Intercourse.

The feeling of unrestraint is essential to social enjoyment. It is the fittest condition of mind for a free and favorable utterance of our feelings. Naturally actuated by the desire of pleasing and free from any restraining influence, our native and common sentiments spontaneously appear; moreover the mind, although not thoroughly aroused, is finely animated and enlivened, while the feelings and passion thus set at liberty are usually tempered with cheerfulness. Hence in this state they are flowing and easy, and the expressions of them clothed with that simplicity and unconcern so necessary to agreeable intercourse. Indeed this is a truth of wide application. It holds alike in the physical and social world, and our feelings can no more flow with ease and fullness when confined by unnecessary and unaccustomed rules, than the body can appear with grace and proportion, when encumbered with its apparel. Nor is this all: whatever can so assuage and equalize the feelings of its subject, has a strong influence upon those of others. Freedom has always a charm, unconcern is essential in pleasing; and that imperturbable coolness—a calm serenity of disposition—is one of the rarest attainments in social life.

Yet this condition is not one of absolute unrestraint—it is limited by certain others. Indeed, from the nature of things it could not be otherwise. Fortunately, however, those that are necessary here coincide with our own inclinations, and in nowise diminish our natural and salutary liberties. A careful observance of the feelings of others recommends itself to all, for it is condition of mutual enjoyment. Unwarrantable familiarity is always felt, and at the point where it begins esteem and friendship date their decay. Our native good-breeding, of which no one is entirely destitute, readily points out their line of demarcation, a due degree of ceremony preserves it, and social attainment is seen in the eye that is quick to detect it, and the sensibility susceptible of its smallest infringement.

Thus, the condition of mind best adapted to the highest social pleasure, is not one of high-wrought feeling and passion, when the intellect is in a glow of excitement, and the reason and understanding are thoroughly aroused; but when they are barely awakened, sufficiently so to give moderation to the waywardness of the lesser faculties, and to temper all with modesty and decorum. It is, as it were, the night time of life, when the active and working powers are at rest, and the noisy and tur-

bulent faculties have been quieted—when those of a shy and more unobtrusive nature venture out to indulge in simpler sports and to play in open fields.

To preserve this condition is the purpose and boast of ceremony, and thus in our social natures it claims to derive its origin. It consists in those outward forms of civility which have grown out of social intercourse itself, and are known to elevate its character. Its use is to quicken and foster the more sensitive and kindly feelings, and to preserve inviolate those delicate chords and tendrils of sympathy which are ever reaching out from our social natures to entwine themselves in the sympathy of others.

It thus operates in two ways; by sheltering the feelings of others from any rudeness or wound, it gives frankness and interest to their manners, and makes them more agreeable companions, and by receiving them with attention and care, it makes them stronger and more enduring friends. Again, by habituating our own thoughts and actions to their appropriate expressions, the liability to fall into trifling and vulgarity is removed, and that stateliness and self-possession necessary to a high and well defined character is preserved.

Seldom does it happen that pure and uninterrupted friendship exists between those who are continually bantering with each other's faults, and laughing at each other's blunders. Not that there is anything intrinsically vicious in this practice, but in these mutual rallyings it is a chance if some violence is not done to the feelings, or some accidental hit given to the pride. Nothing is considered of greater importance, or more rigorously maintained than the feeling of honor and the good opinion of our fellows; and as the reflections contained in these careless sallies—their patronizing tone—are instantly thought to lower us in their estimation, no one can long fully enjoy the society of those who are constantly indulging in them. Hence it is, that wits and punsters, although often envied and admired at a distance, are usually feared and avoided. It is only by a nice use of judgment, accompanied with an unquestionable motive and a fund of good humor, that these strokes of wit and pleasantry, however agreeable to others, are ever entirely relished or forgiven by ourselves.

But while this is true of ceremony in the intercourse of individuals and friends, especially is it so in mixed companies. It here becomes an enlarged and liberal principle, and harmonizes all within the reach of its influence. The great man divested of his gown and the ways of the closet, is refreshed by the buoyancy and playfulness of the social circle, while at the

same time he is unembarrassed by too great familiarity, and is not loaded with incessant attention. So he who, feeling his own inferiority expects no enjoyment in his society, is surprised and delighted to find him apparently leveled to his own capacities, that he is thinking his own thoughts and participating in his own pleasures.

It is ceremony alone, when mutually and reciprocally maintained, that can give that assurance and complacency to every individual of a company, by which he insensibly mingles in and becomes a part, and by which the evenness and symmetry of an entertainment is preserved.

Very different from this, although often confounded with it, is its counterfeit—etiquette. As its derivation signifies, it consists in a set of forms and artificial contrivances, entirely disconnected and foreign to our social make, and in nowise necessary to substantial enjoyment. While the former is grounded in our social natures, and springs from a principle of humanity, the latter is the spurious offspring of a morbid and proscriptive aristocracy.

Addison somewhere contrasts the style of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, with the epigrams of Martial or the poems of Cowley, and says, "that nothing shows the inherent simplicity of the one above that of the other, than that the first pleases all kinds of palates, while the latter only such as have formed a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors." Precisely the same difference exists between ceremony and etiquette. An outward appearance of good nature and cheerfulness, united with a due degree of attention and gentlemanly difference for the feelings of others, charms the man of plain common sense equally with the one of cultivation and refinement. Whereas, the arbitrary rules, the tickets, cards, and frippery of etiquette, irksome to every plain man, are only kept up in artificial life, and only relished by an affected and artificial taste.

Very analogous to the difference between ceremony and etiquette is the difference between natural and artificial music. The natural harmony of a nation, says Addison, "the songs and ballads handed down from father to son, which are the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please every ear that is not unqualified for the entertainment by affectation or ignorance. The old song of Chevy-chase is the favorite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. And the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend them to the ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined." What is true of music, architecture and painting, as well

as of poetry and oratory, applies equally to ceremony and etiquette. "They are to derive their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of these arts themselves."

Hence it is that ceremony, as it derives its origin in our social natures, is observed more or less by all classes and conditions of men, while etiquette, originating in a few aristocratic families, is confined to their immediate precincts, where it is formed and matured.

Something further may be learned of the nature and use of ceremony, by considering it in its various applications to the different states of society; but more effectually is it ascertained by viewing it in a great variety of times and places. In this way its aspect becomes varied and manifold. We see it in all ages and countries, and in every locality, its peculiar local forms. Among rude and unorganized people, where agriculture and the care of flocks are the principal employments, and society is composed of sportsmen and warriors, it is to be traced chiefly in capitals and courts; further on, it takes a definite form in the rites of religion and the families of sovereigns; but when man finally turns to the pleasures of social life, and conversation becomes the popular amusement, it gradually insinuates itself into their habits and manners, and increases in its application as society advances. It is fitted for a higher order of civilization—when these natural and rural pursuits give way to the more artificial pleasures of society. Hence it has ever been the constant companion of kings.

It is also observable, that it has always kept pace with the improvements in dress, furniture, and equipage—partly from the increasing refinement in taste, and partly from the principal of contrast. A man with a homely phrase in his mouth is well dressed to no purpose; on the contrary, he is more an object of ridicule, inasmuch as he is rendered conspicuous. So when the "single dress of a woman of quality is the product of an hundred climates," taste has become equally nice and fastidious, and conversation will be equally versatile and showy.

But scarcely anything can better show the influence it has upon us, although imperceptibly, than the part it is made to perform in the plays of Shakespeare; to a common eye it is the chief guide in the estimation of character, and the perpetual standard of reference for the symmetry of the parts. It does not, indeed, help out his nice delineations in character, or improve his masterly touches in human nature, but by its use the gradations are formed, and the outlines of the play more vividly impressed. It apprizes us of the approach of a king or the presence of

a clown, as readily as if we saw the retinue of the one, or heard the low vulgarity of the other.

Moreover, it cannot escape us that ceremony is the appropriate dress for the conversation and intercourse of exalted characters. Indeed, so imposing is its appearance, and so powerful is its influence upon all classes, and every rank, that it has ever been made to subserve the purposes of ambition. In the blazonry of the Vatican its corruption is forgotten. The splendor of the throne has shed around it an almost unapproachable majesty, while the pageantry and display observed in the inauguration of Sovereigns, the magnificence of levees, and reception of Princes alike attest its significance. Ceremony is the genius of the Catholic religion, and it is the rampart behind which royalty has ever intrenched itself. Removed far away from the people, and viewed at a distance, men are magnified into the vicegerents of heaven, and the blood that courses their veins is thought to be royal and sacred.

If when carried to such extremes it has such an irresistible influence, what can it not do in its simplicity, when brought down to our capacities and natures, and applied to the delightful and manly pleasures of conversation? If it can give lustre to the papal power, what can it not do to strengthen and embellish our social natures?

Whatever may be said of etiquette, a degree of ceremony is indispensable. It is the best assurance of social happiness, and the safest pledge of domestic peace. Where law cannot reach, and delicacy forbids rebuke, ceremony is the only corrective. It also heightens the charm of conversation, and while it improves our social nature, increases our self-respect by clothing our intercourse with dignity.

Solitude.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, etc.—HORACE.
Solitude is sometimes best society.—MILTON.

THERE is no doubt that man is a social being, trite as the truth may be, dependent on his fellow man for a great amount of the happiness which he derives from this world, and receiving a great addition to his happiness in another world from the society of other blest spirits like himself. This tendency to association is manifested more in man than in any other being of the animal creation, because he is endowed with a

rational nature, capable of affording him the highest pleasure, or of reducing him to the deepest misery, and he depends on others for all the amenities which make life agreeable, as well as for those supplies of necessity which make it tolerable. But, although according to all the principles of philosophy and the manifest indications of nature, we were intended freely to communicate with one another, and long continued withdrawal from society usually results in the abatement, if not in the entire destruction of our happiness, still there are circumstances under which most persons feel that perfect solitude is productive of more real and substantial satisfaction, and more essential advantage, than the society of their best friends. It is our present purpose to enumerate some of its pleasures and advantages.

One great source of pleasure evidently consists in absence from the annoyances to which any one of delicate sensibilities or good principles is subjected, if he mingles much with the world. We cannot pass a day in the ordinary transaction of business, without meeting with innumerable instances of impertinence, abuse, or fraud, so that Byron has well said,

> * * * * Society, which should create
> Kindness, destroys what little we had got.
> To feel for none is the true social art
> Of the world's stoics—men without heart.

If this be true, it may well be a matter of some doubt, whether any *good* man is not better pleased with solitude than with society, when he considers merely the immediate effect on his own mind; when he has regard to the good which he may do, or to the happiness which he may be the means of communicating to others, this will of course modify his desire for solitude, according as his sense of duty may dictate. There is another source of pleasure in solitary contemplation of the beauties of nature, for the celebration of which poets have put forth the highest efforts of their genius. The pleasure derived from the majesty, grandeur, and beauty of natural objects, is entirely marred by the presence of another, unless that other can enter fully into the sentiments of our own soul; and when we reflect, how few there are who can sympathize with us in all our feelings, we shall recognize in general the superior pleasure of being alone. For this reason, too, when we are in deep sorrow, there is a kind of pleasure in retiring where no impertinent curiosity or officious efforts at consolation on the part of others may seek to pry into the cause of our grief, or may jar upon our overburdened nature, but where we may commune alone with our own heart.

But we will not encroach so much upon the limits of poetry as to expatiate farther upon this branch of the subject, although it is capable of opening to us many other sources of delight. There are moral and intellectual advantages, to be obtained from solitude, of far greater importance than any pleasures of ease or imagination. It offers an opportunity for the increase of knowledge, both practical and speculative. There is a widely prevalent impression, that we shall add greatly to our stock of knowledge by frequenting the society of great and learned men. This might be true, if great and learned men were in the habit of talking as they write; but how little this is the fact, any one of ordinary observation can readily see. Great men in society become the slaves, and conform to the practices of society, and if any one attempts to introduce into conversation, in select circles, as they are called, the discussion of some great principle, or some other similar subject, worthy of our earnest attention, "*ennui*" is depicted upon the countenances of most of those present; his conversation is voted arrant pedantry, and he is considered to be decidedly wanting in the graces of politeness. The weather, the last novel, the next play, the ball at which all the "*elite*" were present, the probable Spring fashions, the aspect of the political horizon, and such like, are the topics which engross the principal attention of almost every circle, so that there is actually more real profit to be derived from a private conversation with an illiterate but intelligent mechanic, than from that of most learned men in general society. In this view of the matter, it is not strange that solitude offers great inducements to the scholar. It is here, that by means of books he is brought into *real* contact with great minds, and that through nature he can come into communion with the Infinite Intelligence.

> "The man to solitude accustomed long
> Perceives in everything that lives a tongue.
> Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
> Have speech for him, and understood with ease."

From both these sources he may discover innumerable schemes of wisdom, and elaborate many systems of truth concerning the structure of the physical and mental world, of which he may make practical application for the good of mankind.

But there is a still higher advantage in solitude than that which it affords for the acquisition of mere worldly wisdom. It is evident that contemplation on religious subjects is one of its legitimate results. Nature, too, is vocal with the praises of the Deity, and no one whose heart is tuned to any kind of harmony with her music, can fail to be deeply

and solemnly impressed with the existence, power, and goodness of God, after meditating upon His works. The ancients showed their appreciation of this truth, by placing their temples in groves and solitary places, thinking that the rites of their religion would be performed with far more devotion, when the worshipers were removed from the distractions incident upon the more frequented haunts of men. It is to be regretted that we do not pay greater attention to the same principle in the location of our own houses of worship. Again, a man of a sensitive and generous nature is placed under peculiar difficulties in regard to doing what he thinks to be right in matters of every day life.

* * * "The world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes,"

so that to such a nature the world presents but little which is attractive. Such a man, knowing that he must sacrifice either his peace or his innocence, finds relief only in solitude. Much stress is laid upon the duty, incumbent on every one, to do as much good as he can in the world, and those hermits are blamed, who shut themselves up in convents, or retire to solitary places to spend their lives. But if they interfere in no respect with the rights of others by their retirement, we may perhaps be justified in believing, that they can do more good by their occasional appearance among men, than they would do by continual residence with them, exposed to temptations by which they might be corrupted, and lose *all* their good influence.

It is often objected that separation of ourselves from society is selfish and unphilanthropic. But even if we throw out of view the benevolent deeds for which solitude may prepare us, and regard it as indulged in principally for our own gratification, it may still be doubted whether there is more real selfishness in the desire to be alone, than exists in the hearts of those who are the most active members of society. In society we wear, as it were, a mask. Not only those who play the hypocrite, but all, often unconsciously, adapt themselves to the conventionalities of social life, and veil their selfishness under the guise of a desire for the good of others. It is in solitude alone that we are ourselves, that we allow full play to our nature, and it is not improbable that there have frequently been more efforts put forth in solitude for the true interests of humanity, than the most famous philanthropist ever dreamed of.

But while we laud the pleasures and advantages of solitude, we must not forget, that it is not every man who is adapted to indulge in it with

safety for long seasons. If one is not excited to deep study, either of nature, of the accumulated mass of wisdom which books afford, or of his own mind, but passes his time in listlessness or mere revery, he cannot use solitude aright, and may, with propriety, be called selfish and foolish, if he do indulge in it. Again, if one have upon his mind the consciousness of some great wrong committed, unrepented of, and unatoned for, the terrors of remorse will deprive him of all pleasure from solitude. But these circumstances do not detract from the argument for its utility to persons of well balanced mind and clear conscience.

Thou shalt weep in solitude, thou shalt pray in solitude,
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart and praise the grace of solitude;
Pass on, pass on!—for this is the path of wisdom,
God make thee prosper on thy way! I leave thee well with solitude.

W. J. H.

National Songs.

Feeling must have expression. Human nature is not strong enough to conceal its deepest emotions. These demand utterance. When smothered they prey upon the heart and undermine all true happiness. So dependent is man upon his fellow—so powerful is the social element in his bosom, that interchange of thought is absolutely necessary to peace of mind. If sorrow afflicts us, we find a relief in speaking of it to others. Their sympathy takes away half the intensity of our suffering. When we experience emotions of joy, these, too, are heightened by communication with our friends. The first promptings of a joyous heart is to share its pleasures. It is the nature of all deep feeling to embody itself in language. And the stronger the feeling, the bolder will be the words which express it. Nothing is more commonly observed than that passion vents itself in pointed phrases and striking metaphors. Its expression, therefore, will generally be poetic.

Accordingly we find that the earliest literary productions of every nation are those of the bard. Then humanity is unfettered by the shackles of civilization. The passions are strong and ungovernable. Man is swayed by his feelings. Reason, whose proper development belongs to a riper civilization, has not yet assumed its control. At such a period, when the affections are superior to the judgment, and the emo-

tions never subjected to restraint, a song is in the mouth of every man. National melody, then, is the embodiment of national *feeling*.

This melody is always characterized by a tone of triumph. Nor could anything be more natural. The language of song is, for the most part, joyous. Dirges, to be sure, are sung, and soldiers beat their muffled drums. But the outburst of sad thought is not generally sad music. Grief manifests itself by tears and sobs, or a silence, to which tears and sobs would bring relief. It is only when the school-boy is pleased, that he whistles, or warbles his boyish notes. The hard-working laborer sings—not, however, to complain of his trials, but to dissipate his sadness by the excitation of joyous emotion. National melody, therefore, is an embodiment of the nation's *joyous feelings*.

But when a whole country rejoices, there must be some very potent influence at work in its midst. That for which it sighs, that for which it fights, that for which all its institutions are established, is Liberty. It is only, when it is animated by a strong desire to obtain this boon, or is actually engaged in procuring it, or is already glorying in its possession, that a people sings. National melody expresses the nation's *love of Liberty*.

Viewed as an embodiment of *feeling*, it becomes an important study to the historian. History, in general, exhibits the progress of institutions. It shows us how a people's mind is developed and reaches after the higher grades in social and civil advancement. It records great deeds and great battles. But seldom can it delineate to us, with faithfulness, the workings of the national heart. These can be learned best by studying the songs of the land. The historian narrates events with the cold eye of a philosopher. He views them with reference to their causes and effects—with reference to the quota which they have contributed to a growing civilization. But in a country's ballads we hear it speaking of its own deeds, and to the description there is given all the coloring of excited feeling.

It is for this reason that these songs are such an element of power. It has been said that he who makes them can control the popular mind far more easily than he who makes the laws. The latter appeals to reason, the former to passion, which, when untutored, is stronger than reason. It is evident, also, that they can be made dangerous instruments where the long enjoyment of civil privileges has not rendered the people enlightened and capable of governing themselves. From their very nature we infer this truth; for feeling is their characteristic, and feeling is always an unsafe guide. No greater cruelties have been com-

mitted than those of which a French mob has been guilty, while intoxicated with the inspiration of the Marseilles Hymn. At bottom it may have been animated by a desire for liberty. But it was a vague, half-formed desire, having no definite end in view. Though liable, however, to be used so as to be detrimental, they do yet accomplish, in many instances, what is for the best interests of a country.

Viewed, also, as an embodiment of *joyous* feeling, popular melody is an interesting study for the historian. In tracing the growth of empires there is much that is disheartening. We see Humanity sink beneath the galling effects of bad government. The progress of the world is the history of a heart-rending struggle against tyranny. But when we look among the nations and gather together their ballads, the darkness is illumined. These are gleams of joy in the midst of despondency. They are the evidence, that man hopes even when all around him seems to be lost. The songs of centuries ago, expressing, as they did, the *determinations* of mankind, were the harbingers of a brighter day.

The uses which they serve in the cause of human advancement, are very important. There are periods when, among a people, the object of universal desire is liberty. Some new infringement of its rights has aroused the nation, and all its energies are about to be directed to the attainment of one end. In every bosom there is intense feeling. All have a deep longing for something, and a deep hatred of something. These emotions demand expression. Then the bard, himself animated with the enthusiasm of the whole, becomes the organ of the whole. He embodies in words what the nation desires to speak out, but cannot. His song, like the eruption of a volcano, is the out-bursting of long pent-up sentiment. Its power is immense. It inspires the people, and, under its guidance, their labors are lightened. In war music oftentimes supplies the place of courage. The sound of fife and drum makes many a coward brave. So in great crises the influence of song is to urge the people to noble action. At such times the songster is more powerful than the orator. Or rather, if the exertions of the latter begin the movement, those of the former, by the sweet cordial which they administer, enable it to be carried through. The one makes the warrior shoulder his musket, the other nerves his arm, while he uses it.

But these ballads continue to have an influence long after the opening struggle has passed. Even after the nation has become fixed in the highest principles of civilization, after it has grown old in refinement and the blessings of liberty, they still inspire feelings of joy. The use which they now serve, however, is of a different character. Formerly

they were necessary. Without their inspiration the nation may not have been able to bear up under its difficulties. Now it recurs to them as to a pleasant pastime. The individual, when harassed by the cares of life, resorts to music for amusement. So a people, whose government is beyond the reach of tyranny, turns with pleasure to the songs of its earlier history. A study of them increases the love, which is borne to the civil privileges, at present enjoyed. But their influence can, by no means, be so general or so powerful as at first.

Viewed as indications of an *affection for liberty*, they reveal to the historian the important fact, that those countries which have enjoyed the most freedom, abound most in popular melody. The Saxon race, both in the earlier and more modern periods of its growth, is remarkable for its noble songs and inspiring ballads—the Saxon race whose characteristic feature is the principle of individual independence.

EAICEAUE.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

OBITUARY.

Died, in New Haven, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 16th, Howard H. White, of New Haven, a member of the Freshman Class in Yale College.

At a meeting of his classmates, held Feb. 18th, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, we have been called by a visitation of an infinitely wise Providence, to mourn the death of our friend and classmate, Howard H. White, therefore,

Resolved, That we have been deprived of one much beloved and esteemed for his frank and manly disposition, his modest bearing and piety, whose memory we will ever affectionately cherish.

Resolved, That we do deeply sympathize with the friends of our deceased classmate, and yet rejoice with them in the consolation, that our common loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That from respect to his memory, we wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days; and that a Committee of six be deputed to accompany the remains to their interment at Danbury.

Resolved, That copies of these Resolutions be transmitted to the relatives of the deceased, to the New Haven and Danbury press, and Yale Lit. Magazine.

Eugene Smith,
Charles B. Wheeler,
Josiah E. Kitteridge,
William K. Hall,
William Badger,
} *Committee.*

LINONIA BISHOP PRIZE DEBATE,

Wednesday, Jan. 10th, 1856.

Umpires.—Professor Denison Olmsted, Dr. Worthington Hooker, Hon. Henry E. Peck.

The following Prizes were awarded:

1*st Prize*, J. Garrard, of the Sophomore Class.
1*st Prize*, C. F. Robertson, of the Freshman Class.
2*d Prize*, E. Carrington, of the Freshman Class.
3*d Prize*, E. Seymour, of the Sophomore Class.

BROTHERS' PRIZE DEBATE,

SOPHOMORE CLASS, *January 9th*, 1856.

Umpires.—Hon. T. B. Osborne, Hon. H. B. Harrison, Rev. L. W. Bacon.

1*st Prize*, F. A. Noble.
2*d Prize*, { T. M. Adams, E. G. Scott.

FRESHMAN CLASS, *January 12th*, 1856.

Umpires.—Hon. Henry Dutton, Prof. J. D. Dana, Prof. J. A. Porter.

1*st Prize*, G. H. Coffey.
2*d Prize*, D. C. Hannahs.
3*d Prize*, W. Fletcher.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Society Elections, held Dec. 12th, 1855, the following Officers were chosen:

LINONIA.		BROTHERS IN UNITY.
	President.	
Chauncey M. Depew,		Charles T. Catlin.
	Vice-President.	
John M. Brown,		Edward P. Nettleton.
	Secretary.	
A. T. Galt,		L. N. Bradner.
	Vice-Secretary.	
N. Smith,		M. M. Greenwood.

Editor's Table.

WELL, gentle Reader, the month so calumniated in standard verse is upon us, and we answer its call to renewed editorial duty, with the most ready alacrity. We grasp our pen and proceed to take a survey of things in general. The congressional fry we discover to be indulging in daily broils over the stew of new territory politics. The cabinet steadily asserts its dignity and that of this "universal Yankee nation," and recommends a sea-voyage to the astute repre-

sentative of the John Bull interest. In England, the London Telegraph breathes out fire and slaughter against its "loving cousins," and the Post echoes its twaddle as far as its aristocratic feelings will allow it to follow its more plebeian neighbor.

France is in full feather, and is preparing to cut extraordinary pigeon-wings on the occasion of its coming triumph. The King of Dahomey is troubled with indigestion. Spain dreads the interference of Louis Napoleon, and the bo(a)rder ruffians of the Hyena Club wander denless and dinnerless through the streets of the city of Canker Worms. All the world is agog for excitement and novelty. Managers of theaters produce the most startling spectacles and singular phenomena of dramas. Caravans of boys, sandwiched between mustard colored placards, wind through the streets of our large cities, announcing "the wonderful Hoopoos," or the miraculous Fuzbu, or some other attraction. Lecturers circulate about, discoursing of the hero and horrors of Patagonia, the philosophic tendencies of highphalution, or some equally profound topic, while the papers pelt them with approbation, and the people rush, and pay, and listen, and forget. Literary eggs, artificially hatched, send forth their toddling product to utter premature cackles, while critics irate, wring their necks by scores, and then, with delirious glee, assail the full-feathered, and make Griswold and Abbot writhe by turns. The clergy grow fierce over the muskets of their ancestry, and South College windows shiver beneath the blows of rebellious brickbats. In the midst of all this excitement, while the world with appetite insatiate is gobbling down dish after dish, as its servants, the philosophers, the literati, the Harlequins, etc., prepare them, and while College is profoundly interested in the unusual events which have lately been shouldering along the dull monotonies of its existence, we make our appearance.

If we thought you, Reader, were as delighted to see us as we are to be seen, we would exhibit our penny show-box with high glee. Strike up music! The first picture, gentlemen, represents the musical condition of Yale College at the present time. In the center you will observe a group of figures, facially decorated, a la Esau, and with mouths distended wide, before whom sits a young man with a hearing trumpet applied to his ear, and with his watch set at a distance so that the ticking may not disturb him. This group, gentlemen, represents the College choir. In the left back ground, the shade of Dr. Watts appears as the arch Druid throwing a black veil over Norma, while a hand organ performs Cocachelunk in a slow and plaintive style. This, gentlemen, represents the self-immolation of Beethoven. On the right, a huge Indian is seen giving the war-whoop, while in the distance a water-spout appears broken by the concussion, and in front a deaf horse plunges and throws his deaf rider who has dropped the reins in order to put his fingers in his ears. This is the street melody of the Hyena Club. In the left foreground is a small boy blowing a penny trumpet, while he unconsciously treads on the tail of a sensitive cat. Here, gents, you notice a representation of the Instrumental Musical Associations of College.

More music! "'Tis a way we have at old Yale, boys." Now we'll pull string number two, and show you the literary condition of College. This, gentlemen, is a picture which will bear a great deal of study. It is after a design of on

of the old masters. In the center you notice a lady—supposed to be Polymnia—presiding over a cauldron into which she is shredding various ingredients, as Roget's Thesaurus, Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, old volumes of Blackwood, Webster's crown quarto, etc. The heat is supplied for the stew from an oxyhydrogen blow pipe. A group of thirty-seven youths are standing around with bowls in their hands, most of them waiting idly for the broth to be ladled out. A few, however, are carefully watering a bed of flowers in front.

On the right you have a view of an aisle in the Chapel. You behold, suspended before you, a list of the successful competitors in the late prize debates. By the side of this list there stands a man with the air of a census taker, who looks frequently at the list and then, with a telescope, sweeps the aisle. At his feet lie a number of excuse papers full, and monitor's bills blank, as is cenanstaker's face.

On the left stands a collection of dignified young men looking through smoked glass at some luminary above them. On this body you can dimly descry a species of a *Forest*. Several of the youths are stretching out their hands as if to grasp the wonder. Apollo appears to have been sent for to charm the stranger down with his lyre, and has arrived, but instead of that instrument, has brought Marsyas, and is whetting his jack-knife. There, gentle Reader, we think you must be tired of pictures by this time, and so we will tote our box away. Perhaps we will exhibit the remainder of the views some other time.

Speaking of literature and music, we are delighted to inform our readers that the prize "offered for the best College Song" had its desired effect. The muses were telegraphed after (so we were told) and one of the interesting family speedily arrived in town. Great excitement followed, and many youths, interesting in unbrushed heads and dingy collars, meditated plans of assault as they paced up and down Chapel street. The damsel was assailed with prayers, supplications, and suppers by the ardent lyrics, and at length, so saith report, one of the happy number secured her services "for one night only." Songs began to come in. We ourself took *one* from the office, and three days after the *enfant* of the board received *two* more. Did we give full swing to our passion for the poetic, we should probably give to the light *all* of these charming effusions, but we are not sure that this would not be a violation of *confidence;* and, therefore, will indulge ourself and you with only one extract:

"Athwart our sometimes darkened course,
Bright smiles, like sunbeams, dart,
Our watchword Yale's a 'Trojan horse,'
To many a fair one's heart.
Then 'mong these memory-haunted walls,
We'll wake the song and shout,
As surged through old baronial hall
The waves of wassail-bout."

The exquisite sense of this verse needs no remark. The delicate fancy that dances through every line, making sweet music with tinkling metaphors, wins

one's heart at once; and he *appreciates* the richness of the whole much better than any pen could point it out. No prize will be given, firstly, because the Editors cannot come to any unanimous decision about the songs; and, secondly, because the competitors were all so careless as to neglect to *enclose the* V, which they appeared to think was to come from the Editors' pockets.

We do hope, however, that some further effort will be made to improve our College songs; and that some who are here may, at some future day, hear something better than the distressing melodies which we have been singing to death for a year past.

We take this opportunity to extend the Editorial digits to the newly-elected Editors, and welcome them among the noble company of financial martyrs who have been the conductors of this Magazine. We would pat them on the head, —*if we could reach*,—and say, "Young men, dignity now floweth down upon you, as 'Ye precious ointimente down Aaron's beard did go:' honor and joy are your portion. Disport yourselves in your light exuberance of spirits! Laugh while as yet care locateth not in your wrinkles! For when the sum total of your months hath been a little increased, trouble will begin to feed from your kid, and uneasiness to walk arm in arm with you through the streets. Long accounts at the printer's, and short ones at Mr. Pease's, will bring grief to your souls and emptiness to your pockets. You will know to a surety that 'all that glitters is not *gold*.' "

Macti virtute este!

We have no doubt that the character of the Magazine will be improved in their hands, and therefore add to our greeting to them a congratulation to College in general.

NEW BOOKS.

A Collection of Familiar Quotations. New edition. John Bartlett, Cambridge.

This appears the most valuable work of the kind which we have seen. The selections are aptly made, and conveniently classified and arranged. Every man who wishes to make use of common quotations should buy the volume. Those who do not, will find it both a readable book and a good authority for determining the authorship of disputed or wrongly-quoted passages. For sale by Mr. Pease.

A Collection of College Words and Customs. Revised and enlarged edition.

The first edition of "College Words and Customs" was rapidly disposed of, and excited an interest in and demand for the work which has at length caused the issue of the excellent edition before us. We take great pleasure in recommending it to all Yalensians, both on account of its universal interest, and more especially because of the exact and reliable accounts which it gives of our own peculiar customs. These accounts are brought with the greatest accuracy down to the present day: and those now in College will find among them many allusions to events which have fallen under their own observation. All who wish to possess a complete history of the *institution* of their own and other Colleges cannot do better than purchase. Mr. Pease has the book for sale.

(Other notices of books and magazines are crowded out.)

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. APRIL, 1856. No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY, W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
J. M. BROWN, H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

The Condition of the Lit.

"WHY have you chosen such a subject as this?" somebody may inquire; "who wants to know anything about the condition of the Lit.? If you will only devote a little more time and care to the Magazine, and issue the numbers promptly, you will satisfy College." Exactly! College is satisfied to dance, if somebody else will pay the fiddler. But let us see if nobody *is* interested in the condition of Maga., and if all *ought* not to be.

The editors of course are interested. Why shouldn't they be? Their names have appeared or will appear in the Freshman Society Catalogues with the "HONOR" hitched to them. They have become attached to the concern by the pleasures it has afforded them—the pleasures of dunning and being dunned—the pleasures of hunting up copy among their friends, and of dragging for ideas in their own brains—the pleasures of using up time and patience in the cause—in short, the whole real pleasure of getting out the numbers, and the prospective one of paying for them. Possibly the critics may have a little interest in the Magazine. The College self-elected critics we mean, who only conceive of criticism

as finding fault, and who *do* find fault to the content of their hearts and the merriment of the discomfited editors. The articles are "too heavy," "too light," "too foggy," "too gaseous," "too prosy," too everything undesirable in fact, and "the Lit. is degenerating." So these estimables say, and they may take an interest in it for that reason. A portion of the College world is somewhat interested. It inquires "when is the Lit. coming out?" and when it does make its appearance, it puts its multitudes of hands into its multitudes of pockets, asks its better-posted neighbors, "how's the Lit.?" and subsides for another month. Let us take this opportunity to remark that there is a small body of men, subscribers and contributors, who take a genuine interest in the Lit. They have given us great encouragement during the past year, and we return them our heartiest thanks.

So you see, anxious inquirer, that there is a chance of our finding *somebody* who will be a very little interested in this article. Yet your query points at the very fact which induces us to write it. It is a confession which neither disappointment nor empty pockets could draw from us, but which pride in Maga. and a thorough interest in her welfare does, that College is by far too indifferent towards their Magazine, "the oldest in the country," and perhaps the best.

There are often many complaints that "the Lit. is not what it ought to be,"—that "it does not represent the true spirit of College," etc., and these complaints may be well grounded. But oh, students of Yale, are you not yourselves to blame for the imperfections of *your* Magazine? There is not in College that *enthusiasm* in behalf of the Lit. by which alone it can be efficiently sustained. This lack of interest *may be* part and parcel of that indifference, which we are sorry to know is now-a-days manifested towards almost everything in College which is sustained by the students themselves, and which is attributed by many to the pernicious system of politics which is cherished among us. But if this system is killing our large literary societies and making machines of our smaller ones, there is no reason why it should choke our Maga. Indeed we do not believe that all or a great part of our listnessness towards the Lit. is induced by what little connection politics has had with its affairs. It may be so, but we would rather attribute it to carelessness on the part of its readers. We have a little chapter of facts which we shall shortly read to the careless ones, but for a moment we would speak of the destructive effects of this unconcern. In the first place, it makes the Lit. a very mechanical affair. The junior class hold their election in the winter term, and College in general appears to think that the machine is wound

up and bound to run for a year, and they shortly begin to wonder what five weights shall be attached to make the thing go in the coming year. They hear complaints from the editors, but seem to think that these fall among the legitimate business of those functionaries, and give little heed to them. They look at the numbers and say, "poor," or "good," or "humph," which is worse than either, and wonder if Snippins can't write a better editorial than Pippins, and let it go for that. The editors themselves find that College is indifferent, and they too begin to look upon the Lit. as a sort of "go-cart" which must be loaded up and dragged before the public nine times a year, and they take such matter as comes along and shovel it in mechanically and dully enough. Again, if nobody *read* the Lit.—which would be an unfortunate state of things truly —we would not accuse College of such intense indifference if they would only *pay* for it. Now look a moment, ye careless, at the little chapter we have to present you!

If we take the sense of the old couplet,

> What is worth in anything,
> But so much money as 'twill bring!

for our own creed in regard to the Lit., see where we shall come out:

Fact No. one. The Lit. is nearly or quite $1500 in debt. This debt has been accumulating for *fifteen years*, and a great part of it, we apprehend, will have to be set down among the *charities* of the printer—itself a mighty charity calling for great gratitude on our part, but by no means agreeable to him, even on the ground that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Fact No. two. This debt is increasing and *must necessarily continue to do so*, under the present state of things. Look at a few figures:

The expense of printing 9 Nos. of the Lit., each No. containing 40 pages, would be, at $50, ...	$450
Average number of subscribers on the books 280, at $2, . .	560
Leaving a balance in favor of the Lit. of	$110
Actual expense of the Lit., owing to extra pages, etc., .	$550
Average number of paying subscribers 180, at $2, . .	360
Leaving a balance *against* the Lit. of	$190

These figures are by no means exaggerated. In fact they present the favorable view of the case. The losses are often as great as $250. Now how long do you think, fellow students, that the printer, Mr. Stafford,

will suffer this state of things? Not *very* long, he and we beg leave to assure you; and if he refuses to print, do you suppose anybody in town will be willing to undertake such a ruinous enterprise; or, if one would undertake it for a time, could you expect such a cheaply and well printed Magazine? No! emphatically, to both questions.

We have a little more to say about the two miserable facts set forth by our figures, namely, the paucity of subscribers, and the small proportion that pay. "The oldest College Magazine," published at the largest College in the country, has an edition of 300 copies, and a subscription list that averages about 280. The money expended yearly in this "largest College" for chewing tobacco would pay the expenses of this "oldest Magazine." Count it up for yourselves and see. Yet the Lit. runs in debt. The money expended for smoking, billiards, etc., would pay these expenses ten times over, yet we have less than 300 subscribers of whom nearly one half do not pay, and partly, as they tell the editors, because they are "hard up." No comment is necessary. Now, is the Lit. worth supporting? If it is, support it. If not, don't act out a lie every year at the election of editors. If College does not wish to sustain its Magazine, let the thing be fairly voted down. If you say it is the Editors' business to collect subscribers, and that the financial rottenness of the Lit. is their fault, you mistake. Their business is to superintend the literary labor, and *yours* is to pay. You pledge yourselves when you vote for them, or when you vote at all, that you will sustain them when they are elected. They have trouble enough in their own sphere without chasing you up and down Chapel St., and cornering you in the dens of College at unreasonable hours to find you ready with nothing but promises. They electioneer the *Freshmen*, but they expect better things of the other classes.

One word to those who have not paid. There are 110 of you on our books. As you are, you are "something between a hinderance and a help," rather inclining to the former, for if your *names* did not deceive us we might reduce our edition to 200 copies, and save a great expense. If you will pay you can calculate how much assistance you will be to us. Now will you not perform that little favor?

Thus, gentlemen, you see that the condition of the Lit. is by no means an encouraging one, and you see what the great requisites are to its future success: enthusiasm—subscription—payment.

We have taken this opportunity to make these few plain statements because we deemed it a very fitting one. We close our connection with

the Lit. with this number, and we desire to see the new board of editors better sustained than we have been, and than any previous board has been. We are not disappointed—we are not even angry, but we are interested in Maga., and are grieved at the apathy manifested towards her by the College world. C.

The Philosophy of College Life.

THERE is a growing tendency in our student world, to measure the results of a College course by a merely intellectual standard. College Life is fast losing its romance and poetry, and gradually assuming the plodding gait of the drudge. The halcyon days of student freedom and jubilee and song, merry with laughter and rich in social cheer are changing to the "melancholy days" of hermit reverie and scholastic seclusion.

We are not prepared to array ourselves against the efforts which have been made of late, to secure a higher mental discipline. No doubt intellectual culture is the grand aim of the Collegiate system. At the same time Experience as well as Philosophy tell us that discipline is not a growth of the intellectual powers merely, but of the *active* and *moral* powers likewise. There is discipline to be gained outside of studio or recitation room—a discipline of the heart, of *purpose*, born and nursed 'mid the trials, vicissitudes and achievements of social life. A strong purpose which shall triumph over all opposing forces, can never be constructed by theory.

That such a heart-culture is an essential element of a complete education, none will deny. The book student is educating but half his nature, and will make but half a man. And thus it often happens that students who have made a poor appearance in the division room, and on the appointment list, but who have tested their powers and shaped their purposes in the stern experience of College life, succeed better in the world than the heroes of brilliant rushes and extraordinary feats of memory.

It is our present object to contemplate *College Life* as an agency in developing the character and purposes.

The influence which College life exerts upon those who yield themselves to its sway, can hardly be exaggerated. In a society of five hundred youth, separated from the restraints of home, and united in the closest bonds of social intercourse at a period of life when the passions

and emotions are most exuberant, when habits are yet unformed, when friendships are warm and trustful,—in a society so unique in its construction, so simple in its elements,—there is a wide theatre for the exercise of influence and the development of traits of character, which shall be fixed and abiding.

But College life is unique in another respect, viz: in its relations to the life beyond. Life in all its phases is an experience of *dreams*, *trials* and *lessons*. Men are all dreamers, and life is the great laboratory in which their fancies are submitted to the test of trial, whether they are stable or visionary. But like the Alchemists of old, men too often are not satisfied with a single trial, and so refusing the lessons of contentment, and humility, and faith, which it teaches, they waste their lives in vain experiments and aspirations, and end them in disappointment and sorrow. Fortunate he who heeds the earliest teachings of experience, and throwing away the playthings of childhood, seizes at once upon those practical aims and issues which alone lead to honorable success.

And here we are prepared to understand the peculiar mission of College Life—a life within a life—upon which the student may experiment, as it were, and in which he may miniature his future career. To the College student in an especial manner, is it given to rehearse beforehand his life-drama, and thus to learn how to act his part most manfully.

But how is this mission of College Life fulfilled? This question is best answered by following the student through the successive stages of the College course. Every year of College life develops a new phase of student history. And here, as in the great world-life, we may distinguish the same growing experience of dreams, trials and lessons.

Freshman year may be safely styled dream-land *par excellence*. The Freshman enters College like a raw recruit, untried and eager for the first battle, or flushed with the success of school-boy skirmishing, and burning with the hope of new laurels to be won as easily. Thus Freshman year is remarkably fertile in incipient great men. It is a year rich in the treasures of latent genius, and jubilant in the strength of undeveloped resources.

The Halls of the Old Athenaeum are perfumed with the odors of Academic reputations, and graced with many a bud of promise fresh from paternal and maternal flatteries. In such an atmosphere, inspiring

> "Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
> All sadness, but despair ——"

who would not dream of manhood, honor and fame? These dreams,

however delusive, are not without their kind offices. They serve to strengthen and encourage the dreamer, causing him to forget the toil and drudgery of the present in the anticipation of future rewards.

Then comes Sophomore year, the season of trial. The young Hercules must now perform his "twelve labors." The dreamer is awaked by the stern cry, "*work if you would win!*" Idleness can no longer claim the honors of genius. A severer criticism now sits in judgment. That ordeal how few pass unscathed! How many dead hopes and wilted laurel wreaths deck that judgment seat!

This season of trial, sad as are its consequences to a few, is to be regarded as a necessary though bitter passage in our College experience. It is the only road to that thorough self-knowledge which is requisite to free the mind from the self-conceit of ignorance, and fit it for practical achievement. Thus viewed, Sophomore year may be compared to one of those great revolutions in Geologic history, which swept from the pre-Adamite earth whole genera of paleozoic life, that from their mould might spring a nobler race.

The transition from the turmoil and conflict of Sophomore year to the still, settled serenity of Junior year is strikingly apparent to every careful observer. Through trials we have learned to recognize and rightly estimate each other's qualities. Antagonism has tested the metal, and developed elements of character hitherto concealed. In the sharp battle, many a hero decked with borrowed plumes, has fallen; many a nameless warrior has won success. The era of *popular men* declines, and the steady growth of well founded reputations commences. Thus the calm skies of the "golden year" are revealed no less clearly to the philosopher than to the poet. Its serene beauty is the natural, logical product of mutual knowledge and appreciation.

We have now reached a stand-point whence the student may view his past experience, and draw useful lessons to guide him in his future plans. If he has been faithful to himself, he has now in some measure tested his powers and purposes. He entered College with visionary schemes of life and an undefined ambition. Now, from the ruins of his day-dreams, he may build the foundations of a practical yet noble career. Now, he may direct his ambition to definite objects of attainment, intensifying its effective power by narrowing its range.

Senior year is marked by few characteristic features of its own, and may be regarded as a sort of supplement to Junior year. In this year, indeed, student friendships, knit more closely by common hopes and trials, gladden and purify, and social delights shed their most genial influences.

Yet it is a year of results rather than of new experiences. It is the old age of College life, a period of retrospection and grave thoughts of the future. Here it behooves the student to con well the moral of this life of experiment just closing, and thus to nerve himself for that life of action, "real and earnest," soon to open. Now,

"Let each his adamantine coat gird well,"

so may we all with stout hearts and steady hands, go forth to reap the more vital experiences of a broader sphere.

We are aware that this aspect of College life would seem in a measure ideal, should we attempt to illustrate it by individual examples. Yet we think the experience of many will respond to its truth. To some indeed, College life has no meaning beyond the daily routine of intellectual duties—sings no song save that whose dull music chimes with the call to labor. Such pass through College as pilgrims through a desert, leaving no traces of their footsteps, and gathering no trophies of their weary march, except the wan face on which a famished soul has written its mute, sad prayer. We intend no disparagement to intellectual culture. We honor the true scholar. But we shed a tear of pity over the spectacle of a once noble, now distorted intellect embalmed in the tomb of a withered soul. If we would attain to symmetry and perfection in development, we must study life as well as books, character as well as philosophy. But this cannot be done in a cloister.

But, while we ought to catch the full spirit of College life, we should, nevertheless, be on our guard against yielding passively to its influence. Here lies the great danger of student society. Instead of making College life tributary to self-culture, too many suffer themselves to be moulded by external forces.

We are subject in College to two species of tyranny. There is the tyranny of "*College sentiment*," so called, a despot whose claims to legitimacy, and even to identity, are for the most part traditional. Yet the College world bows to its fancied behests in humble submission, and few are found of sufficient moral courage and independence to resist it. Certain customs, maxims, and watchwords constitute its legal code, of which class spirit, patriotism, and fear are the executioners.

Then there is the tyranny of *College Oracles*. The extent to which Hero worship is carried in College is as ludicrous as it is pernicious. History counts its heroes by the slowly revolving centuries, but we can count a score at any time. The origin of this "Boswelliana lues" is often easily determined. Some men, on looking through the microscopic

lenses of their own souls, see stars of the first magnitude all about them. Others render homage on the good old mercantile principle of a fair profit by exchange. But its almost universal prevalence is an anomaly peculiar to College life. The opinions of many a student in regard to the hundred men in his class, if collected at intervals, would make ninety-nine geniuses, the remaining one being himself. Such Hero worship of course elevates its objects to the oracular tripod where they

"Like Cato give their little Senate laws,
Or sit attentive to their own applause."

Thus they become the controllers of public sentiment, and earnest defenders of the "old traditions," though Mahomet-like, they sometimes find it convenient to add new chapters to the College Koran.

The great need of our College world is a higher type of *individual independence* in thought and action. We act too much in a body, and love to throw responsibility upon the decision of the majority. In the mass we are brave; alone, cowards. There is a tameness, a uniformity in our life which smacks of despotism. It wants that originality and decision of character which marks, at the same time that it guarantees intellectual and social freedom. There should be less regard for tradition, and stricter search for right and truth; less Hero worship, more Heroism. Thus only can we expect to raise College life to that ideal which we all love to picture,—a life free, hearty and joyous, and developing those noble purposes and irresistible energies, which characterize true manhood.

L. L. P.

A Letter from the West Indies.

πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.—*Homer.*

Anything.—*Shakespeare.*

Reveries.—*Ik. Marvel.*

And now for Trinidad; but before I go on, Maga., let me remonstrate: you are not to put on your distant airs and patronize me too condescendingly, as altogether an unphilosophical or unobserving traveler, who goes out a trunk and returns one, because I do not record whether, for instance, from such to such a place we had fellow passengers; at one time we had, at another, not; whether they were instructive and entertaining; some-

times yes, sometimes no; what the population of this island; what the proportion of black to white; what the number of those whose color is doubtful, (woe's us, Maga., always very great;) what the average of promising youth who wear clothes, or would if they had them; (great opportunity for the grand New Haven patent-acting, double-revolving, W. I., bare-backed, give-e'm-flannel-shirt Society;) what the average of old men who perish uncared for, worn out by too long service or too much famine; what the condition of Colleges, alms-houses and prisons; lo! are they not all in my index, to be seen at 124, the best located room in N. C., (fact, Juniors, *and plenty of furniture for sale;*) I am not necessarily to write statistics or sentiment, but I shall talk to you as though we were in the back parlor upon the tete-a-tete, you sitting by my side, your hand in mine, your head upon my —, your —, your eyes tur- —, your —, cheek, and—and you,— ah—

> "God knows what next, I can't go on,
> I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun."

These propositions being established,—on Sabbath we were off Tobago. It is higher land than Barbadoes, very thinly inhabited, and giving a thousand proofs of its volcanic origin. Its hills and lowlands are completely covered with pyramidal formations of rock and earth, skirted at the base by deep gorges. Its vegetation is for the most part low and stunted. It abounds in game; the prevailing kinds being Lape (lepus) and Ramier, (wild pigeon.) We passed the barracks, situated on the S. W. extremity, at noon, and in two hours were in sight of the high mountains of Trinidad, distant about 60 miles. At sundown we were in full view of them, and the scene was one to be remembered. About us the ocean was heaving in a long and gentle swell; away to the west the sun was sinking in unutterable splendor; above us the mountains were rolled up, their green backs against the sky, and these quite lost their dizzy heads within the clouds; while a few miles to the S. W. could be heard the wild current of Equator, storming through the Bocas towards the Caribbean Sea. This Equatorial current is formed in mid-Atlantic, passes westward to Cape St. Rovue, and is then divided, part going south to the Horn, part going north through the Serpent's Mouth, (the narrow passage between the southern extremity of Trinidad and S. A.,) up the Gulf of Paria, and out the Dragon's Mouth, (the narrow passages between the northern end of Trinidad and S. A., known as the Monkey, Middle, Little and Grand Bocas,) and thence to the head of the Gulf Stream. In these mouths the current is so strong that if a vessel succeed in getting through one, it is more than probable it will drift out again, either through

the same or one of the others. Vessels have been known to be four weeks in getting through this passage of half a mile, into the gulf and out of danger of re-drifting; six or seven days are not at all unusual. We were fortunate enough, however, to get through in three hours. The rocks are very high, particularly on the S. A. side, and the passage by moonlight was beautiful indeed. Sailing up the gulf to the capital—Port Spain,—we passed several islands, of which I shall speak anon. Now what one does when he goes to a strange country need not be told in character; let us kindly hope he does nothing naughty. In general, however, he immediately pays his regards to the resident American Official, (in other words, puts a little salt on the tail of the American Eagle,) and then makes the acquaintance of his countrymen, whom he finds very hospitable and hungry for news from home. He takes especial delight in giving them the later political histories, not forgetting to get an occasional "dab" at old Hunkerism en passant. Afterwards he gets introduced to the Clubs for the sake of a social hour, to observe the fashions, and in the forlorn hope that the "spia" may report him for the coming Governor's Ball,—which, for his sake, let us believe actually happens. Afterwards he is ready, as occasion may offer, to make the tour of famous places in good company.

Of the many places in Trinidad worthy of note, one is the great Cathedral, filled with paintings and statuary. Notwithstanding its magnificence, however, one who has visited that in Montreal, will be much disappointed. A place of peculiar interest to me was the celebrated Bamboo grove on the Maraval. Imagine a deep little stream some 60 feet in width with bamboos on each side, growing a hundred feet high, and joining their tops above in a continuous arch for a quarter of a mile, until a turn in the gorge breaks the view; listen to the strange music of those hollow canes rubbed against each other by the wind, and watch the shadows of the changing scene in the still waters below, and you have in some sort an idea of this enchanting spot. There are also the grounds attached to the Governor's residence, which are very highly cultivated and literally covered with fountains. Not far from these, (in a close triangular gorge, at the base of two mountains which rise, the one into the clouds, the other far toward them,) are the water works erected by Lord Harris, in construction very nearly equal to "Fairmount," and greatly exceeding it in situation. These mountain sides are covered winter and summer, (perpetual summer,) with trees of the deepest green, the Palm, Mountain Cabbage, Cacao, Orange, Plantain, Banana and Bread trees; add to this every here and there the Bois Immortal, a tree always and absolutely

glowing with large crimson flowers, and you have such hill sides as shall be seldom seen.

Among other curiosities which I cannot stop to notice, I note the Hospital for Lepers. These poor creatures throng here in considerable numbers, and are most loathsome looking outcasts. You see them in the streets, which they are occasionally permitted to enter, the disease only being contagious from the touch. They have the deathly palor of skin which belongs to nothing in the world but a corpse and themselves; are crippled at least in hands or feet, and are always trying to stop with a rag which they carry, the flow from putrid sores, which are, alas, to be healed no more. I am reminded of a like sort of Hospital somewhere in Asia, where young men prepare themselves with a ministerial education, take leave of their friends, and enter with the perfect certainty that they will contract the disease, and of course, return no more. When they die—which ordinarily happens in two or three years at most—a signal is hoisted and another enters. Strange to say, this terrible post is never vacant. "There self-devotion is eloquent."

In the southern part of the island is a lake of pitch, a circle about a mile in diameter, in some parts hard and looking like coal, in other parts soft, so that you sink in it slowly. It is several thousand feet above the sea, but strange enough, a peculiarly marked stick sunk in it has been known to appear again in the gulf, which is proximate to the base of the mountain on whose top it is. This pitch is mixed with mud and used for paving, answering this purpose admirably. It is very highly inflammable, but cannot be used in grates like coal, because it melts, nor in any sort of iron enclosure, because it burns out the iron. When some cheap way shall be discovered in which to make it available, the property will be invaluable. Vanilla is found here, and cacao, (alias chocolate;) coffee is raised to some extent, grown in a pod which looks just like a cherry, and contains always two kennels, laid with their flat surfaces together. Quantities of monkeys are to be found in the woods, and boaconstrictors verily as large in diameter as a barrel; for the truth of this my informant vouched, who said that they moved but once a year, and then for food; in the mean time the rank vegetation of this climate grows entirely over them. He told me of a party of his friends who once built a fire beside one in the woods, mistaking it for a log, when suddenly, to their utter horror, they found the monster in motion. He was too badly burned, however, and too much frightened to turn and eat them. The woods here abound in Lape, Ramier, Agouti and Deer, of which last I saw fortunate enough to see several specimens. But one cannot always

stop in this beautiful island. So having experienced here, as also at Barbadoes, a most unexpected amount of hospitality and attention, which fact I record in gratitude, and for the hope of others, let me dine in sorrow for the last time in Trinidad, simply stopping to state, that the meal hours in the W. I. are among the best of their arrangements: viz, a cup of coffee at 6 A. M., breakfast at 10, dinner from 4 to 6, and a cup of tea at 9—and I will delay no longer; compliments are interchanged, gratitude expressed, moorings cast,—so vale, bene, vale.

As we sail down the harbor which is much the finest in the W. I., we have a full view of the magnificent scenery of Trinidad, said to be superior to that of any of the other islands, and which I am fully prepared to believe. Just there on the jutting hill side you see that cross, and wonder to note a lightning rod attached to it. Well, not long since that same place was occupied by another cross, which the Gods demolished by a thunderbolt. By some strange metathesis, however, it was accepted as a sign of signal favor from heaven; but the next cross was provided with a ward against such ardent love taps. Just below you notice that low level green sward, with the cacaos skirting the water's edge. That is a most beautiful and fertile plantation; but all over it so deadly a malaria prevails that no white man was ever known to sleep there of a night, and live to see the morning's sun. You shudder as you pass along, lest its breath shall affect you on the water. But now you are a long way out of sight of it, and do you see those low bushy trees upon the shore? Those are the deadly manchanillo, the Upas of the Indies. If you should touch them, the skin at the place of contact would fester and putrefy; if you should sleep beneath them you would perish. But now we are past all these, and down so far that we can hear again the stormy Bocas; right here among these beautiful islands, in this most beautiful moonlight, we must anchor for ballast in the shape of stones. "Bear a hand, boys, and let the iron go,"—and down she goes, the massive chain thundering through the hawser—down 70 fathoms, waking the echoes sleeping by crag and cave. The wondrous music dies away at last, and we'll to hammocks, and in the morning try these same crags and caves. Turn out now before the sun, for the "Mate" brings word of a nice little beach where we may bathe with nothing at all to fear save sharks, of which we are bound to confess there are oceans here; but with one to watch while the other swims, there shall be little harm. There now, how light and lithe you feel; so we'll leave the mate to follow the crew and boats round that rocky crag for ballast, and we'll clamber up this steep and see what lies beyond. It is too steep for you, and the volcanic rocks

argillaceous as sponge, are too insecure; but these long pendants from the trees, such as you have never seen before, are stout and will serve you like a ladder. There you are at the top, and you stand wondering at the serpent-like vines which hug the trees from roots to top, but more than all at the flowers hanging from every part of them, *exactly* resembling a fish here, a butterfly there, and there a bird. These are called *parasites*, and have been the wonder of many an eye before. A little way beyond you see what you think is cactus; indeed on close inspection you are sure of it; but such cactus! You immediately begin to search for the top, the trees being so thick as to make this a matter of some difficutly, and there, seventy-five feet above you it is putting out fresh shoots in still luxuriant growth, all around you the earth is radiant in flowers, they are none of them pale, but their color seems to partake of the luxuriance of everything about them. You note a sort of desolate feeling, as of utter strangeness, creeping over you, that you are able to recognize none of them; when a little way beyond you think you see familliar faces from that high bank; there can be no mistake; there is the deep bell cup, the long and crooked stamen, the fiber-like pistils, the same delicate tracery, though perhaps a shade deeper, of coloring; and in spite of you the tears are starting to find that here, where everything else, though beautiful, is strange, the morning-glories which bloomed on the porch at home, and made your childhood glad, are springing native to your sight. Further on is a grove of Orange trees, but the rough coat of the fruits betray their character, and we will not stop to taste them, for though astonishingly large they are also astonishingly sour. Here we are, at last, to the southern edge of the island whose name—Cronstadt—(what nerveless ears, what deliberate, malicious and ingenious tongues must these Russians possess to inflict upon us so many cacophonous, jaw-breaking words,) I had forgotten to mention; and that low line of cloud, far across the green and level waters of this Gulf of Paria, are the headlands of the Spanish main. We cannot choose but rest here for a moment, for nature and fatigue alike invite to rest and revery. See there below us, how the serene and awful sharks are wagging their grizzly fins in the wooing sunlight; and there where the lazy turtles, (monsters which at 40 cts. per lb., would make us rich at home,) are thrusting up their round heads for the air. Farther out there are no doubt, numbers of tumbling whale; and only a few miles from here is an institution, in which some of them are like to be warmly interested, designed as a *trial* for their bulgy, bony, greasy and glorious majesties. The birds which we see flying about in such great quantities just over

the water, are the Pelican, Booby and Tropic bird, in picturing which, from Peter Parley, our childish ingenuity was so much exercised in days "lang syne." The contemplation, the exclusive society of these brutes, at last awake in one the sentiment of the spot—the genius loci—a brooding of awful but delightful solitude, a conciousness of utter sequestration.

> "It is not quiet—is not peace,
> But something deeper far than these."

What now to you that the tragedic tread of History is thundering by the rock where Prometheus lay, and over the courses which the goaded Io trod? What to you even that the heat of a mighty disorganic antagonism is thawing into the very vitals of your own country, and the shock of a complex warfare starting every stone in her foundation, and straining every timber in her sacred temple of Liberty? Whatever there is of disquiet, of turmoil, of agony in the outer world, you may, for the time, make as nothing here. These gigantic trees, these flowers, this beetling cliff, these shadows, this sunlight, this ocean, this breathing air, all speak to the invisible sympathies, the yearning heart, as the oracles of God; and this music of the wind breaking through these awful bars of everlasting rock, recalling the old stanza:

> "And now 'twas like all instruments,
> And now it was a flute;
> And now it was an angel's voice
> That maketh the heavens be mute."

How it rouses, not the passions, the Furies, but the gentle, holy Graces of the soul! and whatever train they bring of high hope, of generous purpose, of daring faith, of eternal courage, one feeling there is, unusual and thrilling, a feeling which I cannot satisfactorily analyze, excited by the entire absence of anything like death; not that it is not potential here, but that it is not, and has never been actual. There are no "last remains" underneath these clods, nor have these winds or waves ever flung out a requiem over any spot "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Even the vegetable matter so peculiar in this climate, does not fall and decay, but dries up and exhales upon the very place of its growth. Thus naturally in the contemplation of what lies beyond, one feels none of that shrinking which the ordinary nearness of death occasions, but with the senses sharpened by a daring faith, it seems possible to detect new sights, and grand and solemn harmonies in the invisible air; and not possible only, but permitted to grasp at the sacred secrets of the life to come. Death seems a road beautiful and high

through a "golden gate," which one might travel like a thought; an exhaling which a single aspiration might accomplish. Nor let me be thought to affect sentimentalism in writing out these experiences, for I believe that in sickness or any peculiar trial, the heart that is not utterly hardened, spontaneously and almost of necessity goes back to and derives consolation from such times of unusual spiritual development, and that in that latest hour these spots, radiant with such holy memories, will be the "last of earth" to the setting soul.

And now after this long revery, let us down by this break-neck crag into the cave beneath, which legend has consecrated as the sometime home of Blue Beard the Pirate, (there is a house once occupied by him still standing in St. Thomas,) the terror of our infancy, in the story book with red pictures. In religious observance of our custom to carry from every place of note which we visit, something characteristic of it, so that in years to come, our cabinet may be in itself a critical record of our travels, we will break off a piece of this stiletto-like stalactite—and to ship again; and when next you hear of us, Maga., it shall be in connection with the Señoritas of Porto Rico, who taught us Spanish, and those other nameless ones who threw cologne and rose-water upon us during the carnival.

R.

The Secret.

Midnight has died on the air,
The tumult is hushed in the town,
No footfall is heard in the street,
Where the snow drops noiselessly down.

Silence, with step like a ghost,
Its mantle trails over the ground,
I sicken in feverish desire,
For the sweet, kind shock of a sound.

The arms of the skeleton elms
Reach solemnly out from the gloom,
They seem to be pointing at me,
And beck'ning to forms in the room.

Why does this feverish flood
Swell thus through my veins, like a sea,
And why do the skeleton arms
Seem mocking and pointing at me?

There's a *mystery* in my heart,
And my thoughts stand dumbly aloof;
Consciousness points toward the truth,
But fears determinate proof.

My thoughts stand dumbly apart;
They shrink from the knowledge they hide;
My soul is aghast like a thief
When his secret is breathed at his side.

There's a mystery in my heart,
A new and passionate thrill;
My sympathies break from self
Despite my arrogant will.

An influence sweeter than pride,
Is sceptered and throned in my soul;
I am no longer the king,
Another has now the control.

I fear for my secret, and long
For the day and the din of the mart;
For silence, stealthy and strange,
Seems like a spy on my heart.

The Song of Milgenwater.*

No literary production, whatever may be its character or the reputation of its author, can escape, if in any degree meriting it, the most just and unsparing ridicule.

There is in man a sense of the ridiculous, which will break forth, when occasion offers, despite his efforts to repress it.

In Literature, this universal feeling expresses itself, most forcibly, and successfully, perhaps, by means of Parody.

The power of mimicry, which so delights us when seen in him who imitates the voice, gestures, phrases and appearance of those whom nature has distinguished by peculiar characteristics, gives far more pleasure when

* The Song of Milgenwater. Translated from the original Fejee by Marc Antony Henderson, D. G. L. Cincinnati: Jones, Brown & Robinson. 1856.

the mimic can imitate the features and movements of the mind, as well as the "accidents of the body"—can give us the thoughts, style, and mental characteristics of an author, served up so as to convey sound instruction, combined with infinite amusement.

Hence it is, that Parody has ever been so universally popular; that by it Truth has ever been most severely tested, abuses most effectually reformed, and Justice most readily and surely discovered; hence, in all ages, men of the rarest genius have devoted their talents to this, and gained therefrom, as did the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," a renown, rivaling that of the great men whose peculiarities they so happily burlesqued and mimicked.

Not long since, the great American Poet gave to the world his last and greatest production, "The Song of Hiawatha." The reputation of its author, together with its mysterious title, conspired to give it a hearty welcome from the literary world. The critics were dumbfounded, and even now stand undecided what to think or say, with safety to themselves. One, mysteriously whispers in his neighbor's ear, "Edda!" another, "Scandinavian!" and still a third, as if the shade of EDGAR A. POE still walked the earth, hints of "Plagiarism."

Different was its effect upon the popular mind. Some, standing apart with the critics, and ignorant of its contents, spoke sneeringly of its merits. The thousands that have read it, have all been fascinated with the beauty of its smoothly gliding verses—now charmed with its sweetness, anon, thrilled with its grandeur and sublimity.

Soon, as might be expected, it met with imitators. A parody appears, turning into ridicule its peculiar characteristics of structure and sentiment, and, by the most grotesque combination of names and things, producing in the mind feelings hardly akin to those that the original inspired.

The example has been set; now all follow suit. Hiawathean effusions appear, as thick as the locusts of Egypt, and not a whit less abominable. The newspapers are loaded with them. We meet them at every corner. The grocer advertises his codfish, tobacco and brooms; the butcher his tallow, pigtails and tripe, and the quack-medicine vender, his panaceas and wonder working nostrums—all in their execrable, string-halted trochees, until the disgusted community have uttered a "would to Heaven" that Hiawatha had never seen the light.

Among these worthless imitations, one or two only, have deserved the name of Parodies; and, of them, the best is that whose title heads this article.

The poem of Mr. Longfellow needs no praise from us. It is a gem, that

far outshines his other productions, and will sparkle brighter than ever, when they are long forgotten. Yet we laughed often, and heartily, when reading this capital burlesque, abating not one jot, but rather increasing our admiration of the original.

It is our purpose to give a brief analysis of The Song of Milgenwater, hoping that some of our readers may be induced thereby to examine it, in connection with Hiawatha, for themselves.

The poem was translated from the original Fejee, and bears so strong a resemblance to the poem of Mr. Longfellow, that the translator, fearing lest Hiawatha should be considered a mere imitation of it, "recognizes in it only another evidence of that unity of thought, which characterizes the human species!"

The Poet, after answering all questions, which an imaginary "John Smith or John Smith's uncle" may propose to him, in regard to the sources of his information, commences the life of his hero, the mighty Milgenwater. His mother, "Kimo Kairo," fell from a plum tree in the Planet Venus,

> "Down to Plow-e-tup, the cornfield,"

where our hero is born. His mother dies, and he is found by an old nurse, and brought up

> "On the banks of Watta-puddel—
> Rushing river, Watta-puddel."

Advancing from youth to manhood, many are the noble traits and accomplishments developed in him. For

> "He could take and fire an arrow—
> Run right after—go right by it—
> Then stop short and say, distinctly,
> Always 'Jack,' and sometimes 'Robbin-sun,'
> Ere the lazy arrow got there"—

> "He could do the Cutta-dido,
> Cut the pigeons' wing so quickly
> That his heels would strike together
> Eighty times, and even ninety—
> Once he did it ninety-nine times—
> One more would have made the hundred."

Such was his prowess, and all men looked on him as the bravest and the best, and every woman was wishing that

> "He was her'n, and she was his'n,
> Ever her'n and ever his'n,

Her'n and his'n, now and ever,
Each one wishing for our hero.
But he wishing not for no one;
Having other things to think on,
Other fish upon the griddle,
Other fish to fry upon it."

He has two bosom friends,

"Silli-ninkum, the sweet piper,
And the very fat man, Beedell,"

whose good qualities are next depicted. Milgenwater, having arrived at the age of discretion, very naturally falls in love, and

"Thinking of his Pogee-wogee,
Of the blue eyed sweet potatoe
In the village of the Noodles,"

resolves to marry her forthwith, being led to this determination by these calm and philosophical conclusions:

"Just as, to a big umbrella
Is the handle when it's raining,
So a wife is, to her husband;
Though the handle do support it,
'Tis the top keeps all the rain off;
Though the top gets all the wetting,
'Tis the handle bears the burden—
So the top is good for nothing
If there isn't any handle,
And the case holds *vice versa*."

He journeys far away to the village of the Noodles, and

"Fetched his lozenge, fetched the gum-drop,
Fetched the stick of maple candy,
Pogee-wogee, Sweet Potato,
Loveliest of female Noodles,"

and they had a grand wedding party:

"All day Wednesday, boys were running
Up and down, throughout the village
For to leave a soda-cracker,
At the door of every wigwam,
As a card of invitation."

Fifteen years of wedded life passed away. His friends, Silli-ninkum, and Beedel, fat man, have departed this life.

"Never jumps a sheep that's frightened
Over any fence whatever—

Over wall, or fence, or timber,
But a second follows after,
And a third upon the second,
And a fourth, and fifth, and so on—
First a sheep, and then a dozen,
Till they all, in quick succession,
One by one, have got clean over.
So misfortunes, almost always
Follow after one another,
Seem to watch each other, always
When they see the tail uplifted,
In the air the tail uplifted,
As the sorrow leapeth over;
Lo! they follow, thicker, faster,
Till the air of earth seems darkened
With the tails of sad misfortunes."

sneezy, freezy winter" comes, and with it the Fever "Doan-chu-," and the Ague "Wot-el-sha-ku," and Pogee-wogee is their vic- The doctors, "Nau-she-atus," give up, and she too departs for ıd of "Ponee-rag-bag." Milgenwater, inconsolable, finds nothing live for. Sadly he bids farewell to his people, sets forth in his ınd floats down the Watta-puddle,

"To the region of the sunset,
To the hole the sun drops into.
And the gray goose, Dab-si-di-do,
O'er the troubled waters flying,
Screamed out, 'Good-bye, Milgenwater;'
And the Yalla-gal, the wood-chuck
Squeaked out, 'Good-bye, Milgenwater.'
And the melancholy bull-frog,
Brek-e-kex-co-ax, the bull-frog
On the river's shiney margin,
Echoed, 'Good-bye, Milgenwater.'"—

aches the land of Ponee-rag-bag, and finds that

In her blanket, wet and dripping,
Just as much alive as usual
Stood there, smiling, on the landing,
Pogee—loveliest of Noodles,"

is friends Silli-ninkum, and Beedel, fat man, all restored to health ı reviving effects of Hydropathy. They all return together to their ountry, and Milgenwater, grateful, taught the people how to shun eases that flesh is heir to.

"By the Plunge-bath, and the blanket,
By the use of Hydropathy."

Here they passed the remainder of their days, in peace and happiness.

"And our hero doubly liveth
On the banks of Watta-puddel,
In the hearts of all his people,
Whom he taught the Bath and Blanket—
Glorious system—Hydropathy."

And thus endeth the "Pome."

In this brief sketch we have given only an outline of the achievements of Milgenwater and the other characters in the work, clipping out here and there a sentence from many equally good. We would again, in conclusion, recommend the book to the attention of all. It will furnish even the most sober and "grouty" of us, mirth enough to prove an antidote to all the sorrow we may be feeling, perhaps, even, to that grief we are supposed to be weighed down by at the approach of a four weeks' vacation.

The Historical Element in Literature.

MENTAL philosophers tell us, that reflection on the operations of our own minds, belongs to a mature understanding. Children, say they, are busied with the objects of sense. Their first thoughts are of things external; their first efforts are experiments on the phenomena of the outer world. The inward man is studied at a much later period of life. The mind looks not at itself, nor seeks to examine its own workings until years have developed and strengthened it.

We do not, however, learn this truth from personal progress alone. It is, to be sure, first and most strikingly revealed by the growth of man from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. But his experience proclaims it no less certainly as he advances from epoch to epoch in the march of civilization. It is as prominent in national, as in individual development. In the early part of a people's existence the attention of men is taken up with that which is concrete. Whatever is philosophical or abstract is the product of a more advanced period. Before this kind of thought makes its appearance, a nation must pass through its infancy and evince all the peculiarities, which belong to that stage of its being. At first, like the young child, it looks at what is before it. The partially civilized mind is at-

tracted by the more obvious relations of things. It does not at once penetrate beneath the surface either of man's own nature, or of the facts which fall under his notice. But it selects, as the objects of its superficial study, *human actions* and the grandeur of *external creation*. These are constantly presenting themselves to the admiration of the uncultivated intellect. They are plain, palpable and always visible. They do, indeed, contain hidden truths, but some of their characteristics are so striking that it requires no metaphysical eye to discern them.

Attention to the *external world* has given to the origin of almost every people some very interesting features. Men, born and reared amidst the noise of nature's thousand voices, try to interpret her teachings. Destitute of the refinements which attend an age of improvement, and instigated by that love of the marvelous, so peculiar to all mankind, they assign to each of her departments a presiding deity; they create for themselves systems of mythology. Hence we find that some of the earliest writings, which have come down to us from the nations of antiquity, have a mythological caste.

Likewise—and what is more to our purpose—the attention paid in these primitive times to *human action*, has been followed by a remarkable result. The deeds of men, next to the beauties of the outward world, are the most tangible objects of thought. It is natural, therefore, that they should at once engage the study of a nation, just emerging from the darkness of barbarism into the road that leads to civilization. Hence the record of these deeds, along with mythological writings, must be ranked among the first productions of literature. The oldest creations of intellect, though they be poetical works, have, at their foundation, historic matter. They sing the actions of heroes, the exploits of warriors, the contentions of states.

It is not alone, however, on account of their *obviousness* and continual occurrence, that men write first of these things. There are other motives impelling them. The passions of a man, crude and half barbarous, are stronger than those which cultivation has softened and subdued. Patriotism, whether it consist in devotion to a tribe or to a country, is, in his bosom, ardent and sometimes even violent. Under its influence he records the deeds of his chief, or describes the struggles through which the land of his nativity has passed. He has, too, such admiration for physical achievements, as we, of a later day, may not be able to appreciate. Besides this, the excitement of warlike pursuits and the activity caused by constant exercise, lead him to select the sublimest and most stirring theme, which his knowledge or experience can suggest.

Again, the authors of every age feel the importance of leaving to posterity an account of the events which take place in their own time. Mingled with this feeling, also, is the desire so to execute the task as to gain the plaudits of a future generation.

From a combination of causes like these, history becomes the *first* source, from which the writers of a people draw their materials. It may almost be called the basis of national literature. Nor does it cease to be the storehouse of subject-matter, after language has assumed a more permanent form and attained a more perfect development. It is a *constant* repository of brilliant ideas. Nations, like individuals, delight to narrate the occurrences of their past lives. They dwell with interest upon their own experience. National pride, too, turns the citizen of a prosperous country to her history. Moreover, it is to the past that men look for lessons to guide them in the present. Nor, unless they learn what has happened, can they decide what the future will bring forth. These considerations will ever induce authors to base their productions upon the great facts of history. Those are comparatively few who devote themselves to Mental Philosophy or the abstract exercises; those must have deep penetration, who understand fully the peculiarities of their own age; so that to the majority the past alone can furnish fitting themes. Every day's reading proves to us, that History still retains its influence over the different kinds of writing. Scarcely a book falls into our hands that does not give evidence of its control. The statesman and the orator appeal to its facts as confirmatory of their doctrines; the dramatist makes use of its incidents; the Epic poet studies its characters in order to create his ideal hero; the philosopher, too, deduces from its dry details, principles and rules for the direction of national and individual conduct. It will always underlie and form a part of the national literature, infusing into the latter its own spirit in the beginning, and ever afterwards continuing to animate it. By giving, in this way, to authors a rich store of materials to work upon, it enlarges the domain of intellectual production.

We have thus glanced at the origin of the influence which History has over Literature; it may be well to consider more specifically its nature. This depends, in a great measure, upon the advancement which the nation has made in civilization. In an age of partial development the worth of history is but little understood. Then its facts only are adored; their brilliancy dazzles the mind; men admire them because they are grand and they admire the agencies which have brought them about. Their true meaning is concealed; their moral aspect is covered with a veil; their gross and inhuman character alone is held up to view

To the eye of such an unreflecting age they appear to be nothing more than spectacles of strength matched against strength. Together they constitute a mere panorama of jostling foes. They are regarded only as physical events and receive homage on account of their physical grandeur. The profound philosophy which they embody has not yet been penetrated. When this view is taken of them they feed the imagination and give to the times a romantic character; poetry monopolizes and beautifies them. Thus at a rude and barbarous period History does not form a distinct and separate department of Literature. It is an instrument in the hands of the poet. But, though its chief effect is to encourage imaginative writing, its incidents are no less really recorded and its influence no less really felt.

At a time, however, of greater cultivation, the power which it exerts is of a different nature. It does not now merely inspire admiration for brilliant facts. Men are no longer carried away by the sublimity of force. History is now probed more deeply, and its moral truths appreciated more fully. From facts are deduced principles. The latter only are objects of search; the former are themselves valueless. But a careful study of them enables men to form general conclusions. Theories of government are started. Political philosophy takes its rise. Restraints are imposed upon old institutions and the way opened for new. After History becomes thus important, it deserts its subordinate position. It is no longer the servant of the bard, but becomes an independent branch of Literature. Its value is now so priceless that men are induced to examine it for its own sake. Authors devote themselves to recording, arranging and interpreting its mighty occurrences. Its effects are more extensive and noticeable. Formerly the influence which it had, was indirect and secret. While writers were using it to give beauty and solidity to their particular departments of composition, it was so smothered as to indicate but feebly the revolution it was able to work. But now the veil that covered it has been torn aside, and it affects the world of thought directly, powerfully, universally. A distinct kind of intellectual product, it still further enlarges the domain of literature. It introduces into it a philosophic mode of thinking, gives to all its divisions strength and solidity; tinges, with a shade of seriousness, the whole national mind.

The Historian says much about the *dignity* of History. How often does he allude to events, which the sternness of his muse will not allow him to detail in full! The cause of this veneration is obvious. The historic writer tells what has really taken place. There must be, in

what he relates, no fiction. Men dare not falsify the trials through which their country has passed. Posterity would cry out against it. Hence the chief characteristic of History is truthfulness. Truth is its very foundation; without truth it would lose its own nature. Men, therefore, consider it sacred; they are cautious how they trespass upon its requisitions. And those departments of literature, which draw so largely from its materials, cannot but be imbued, to some extent, with its spirit. From this it can be shown that history necessarily imposes restraints upon the Dramatist, the Novelist, and the Epic Poet. Of its facts, as before said, they are obliged to make a liberal use. But the same causes which create this dependence, operate in another way: they will always so act upon an enlightend age as to influence the majority of those, who never handle the pen, to read History. The Dramatist, therefore, must be truthful in his delineations. He cannot, without injury to himself, distort character. Those great men, whose sufferings he depicts in tragic strain, have been studied by his readers. These demand, that the peculiarities attributed to the "Dramatis Personæ," should be consistent with their acts, as recorded by History. The same applies to the Novelist and the Epic Poet. They are all forced to be both natural and truthful.

If this be true, another important result follows. History is the record of actions—of conduct. It is by actions that we judge of character. Hence a nation's history reveals its inward life; is an index to the qualities of its mind and its heart; gives to it individuality; makes plain, wherein it differs from the other people of the globe. Then, of course, the historic spirit, which is so deeply infused into Literature, must give this also individuality. It makes Literature peculiarly national—such that a people may call it its own. EALÆAUE.

William Pitt.

We know no such types, historical or otherwise, of that much talked of, much thought of, much sought for character, the successful man, as the Younger Pitt. Bent upon one great purpose he strove for it with a steadiness, an energy almost superhuman. Keeping the goal steadily before him, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left, casting aside as useless all desires, passions, tendencies which he could not mould

into levers of progress, on the one hand, cutting himself off abruptly from the dissipations and enjoyments common to the young men of his time, and on the other abandoning the genial and warm delights of social intercourse and of home, crushing in himself all that constitutes the man of society that he might be more completely the man of state, ignoring entirely from his vocabulary domestic life, and wedding himself as entirely to public life, he displayed an energy and persistance of will, an absorption of mind, a strength of endeavor which enabled him to pursue and accomplish more fully the objects of his ambition, than any other statesman of England, and that too, without sacrificing, as almost every great politician has, his manliness, honor and integrity.

Precociously developed, becoming absorbed at a very early age with the idea that he must take Chatham's place in the House of Commons, and when he stood higher than his father, this idea expanding into a grasp for supreme power, and when he had gained this, still further enlarging to wield that power for the glory of England; fully understanding these three eras of his life, and we have William Pitt guiding the ship of State safely through one of the severest crises England ever experienced, filling her treasury, restoring her credit, renewing the tarnished lustre of her military fame, raising her from an abject, almost hopeless, condition, to a ruling power in Europe, making her battle with French anarchy at every step, dying of grief and chagrin as the sun of Austerlitz arose, yet bequeathing to her a policy and life which found not its end externally until the Arch Agitator was exiled to St. Helena, and the peace of Europe restored, and internally will not run its course until the National debt is liquidated.

In order to appreciate more fully this wonderful man, the oneness of his purpose, and the sacrifices he made to accomplish it, we will examine briefly the boy developing into the man, the man into the orator, the orator into the statesman. That instinct, or rather almost miraculous intuition, which always characterized and was the mainspring of his success, appears to have directed him in the selection and pursuit of his studies. Delving deeper into the classics than any one of his age, not to elucidate knotty points and grammatical niceties, not for mere scholar's lore, but to criticize, to model after the thought, the argument, the style, and translating, to acquire that choice and fluency of words, aptitude of phrase, and strength of expression indispensable to the orator; dipping into mathematics only so far as to master habits of fixed and earnest attention; dropping metaphysics when he had learned its fine distinctions and abstract reasonings, preferring supremacy in one, to greatness in all, he

abandoned every science at just that point where it ceased to be useful to him on the rostrum and at the helm of State.

That he was the misanthrope and ascetic he has been represented we do not believe, but rather, that he was preëminently fitted to adorn the social circle and enjoy the pleasures of society, for when we consider him, as Wilberforce says, the wittiest man he ever met, when we remember his fascinating conversational powers, his popularity among the gay fellows of the circuit, his convivialities at Boarshead tavern, Eastcheap, in memory of the Bard of Avon, where in quick repartee, in apt quotation, in happy allusion, in the humor that sparkles from brimming bumpers, he was the most amusing of the company; when we think of him indulging in the wild hilarities, the gaming and drinking, the rollicking jollities of the Goosetree Club, with the same intense energy which marked his every act, we cannot but conclude that it was something other than nature which transformed him into the stern, haughty, cold, austere premier of after years.

Nor need we search far to find an explanation of this change. Pitt saw that his great rival for place and power would be the genial, glorious, profligate Fox, the gambler and debauchee, the prince over a wassail bowl, the man of fashion and professed roue, and that against such a person, with powerful friends, and the leader of a strong party, his only hope lay in backing up his youth and supposed inexperience by a pure character, sterling integrity, and high honor. The result proved his wisdom, for without that unblemished reputation which grew by contrast with his great opponent, even all his splendid talents would never have gained the confidence of his countrymen, and made him arbiter of their destinies at the age of twenty-four.

The leading qualities which characterized Pitt as a politician, were tact, sagacity, prudence, and decision, and never were these more prominently exhibited than in the earlier years of his parliamentary life. Standing aloof from both Rockingham and Shelburne, supporting such measures of either as seemed in his judgment best, making speeches which proved to the country that the mantle of Chatham had fallen upon shoulders well worthy to wear it, he thus occupied a singular and independent position, singly almost a party, a separate power in the House, calling attention to himself, as one fitted for lofty station, and avoiding the necessity of advancing by slow gradations through the rank and file of placemen. The war with America was in a deplorable condition. The treasury exhausted, armies defeated, its continuance only adding to the disgrace and discomfiture already so great. But George the Third was obstinately opposed

to peace, and the ambitious young statesman was forced to face the wrath of the monarch on the one hand, and dire necessity on the other. Nobly, gloriously did he perform his task; sparing the feelings of the monarch, and in not assaulting him, avoiding the error which ruined Fox, and would have blasted his own Cabinet prospects forever, he grappled the subject like a giant, urged the reconciliation with an eloquence and power which even *he* never surpassed, and placed the matter in such a light as to secure his own conduct from Royal censure, and make the measure consistent with Royal honor.

His refusing to accept the glittering prize of the premiership—the object of all his aspirations—until the coalition should have run its course, and the coalition ministry have surfeited the country with their follies and errors,—his masterly management of affairs during the critical period of his early chieftainship, when he had no party on which to rely, no supporters of distinction, an overwhelming majority against him, and that majority headed by the ablest parliamentary leader which the House of Commons had ever seen,—his patient waiting night after night, confident of the final issue, while vote after vote was passed censuring his course, and declaring they had no confidence in him,—his baffling all their questionings and attacks by his majestic eloquence and imperial reserve, —his refusing to prorogue and urging them on and on in their mad career of self-destruction, until the whole nation was moved for Pitt and the King,—and then dissolving parliament, and throwing himself in the arms of the country, which proved that his confidence was not misplaced by rallying to his support in the most extraordinary manner, and placing in his hands that great majority by means of which he wielded the energies of England during the seventeen most eventful years of her stirring life,—all these struggles and triumphs prove him to have been a man of towering intellect and powerful eloquence, of energy and tact equal to the greatest emergencies, of far-seeing statesmanship, of coolness, patience, and judgment, and of a boldness which dared anything, aided by a discrimination which made its exercise ever at the right moment, and for the right end.

A nation's life is ofttimes the action of an individual mind, and this was eminently the case with England during the time in which he held the reins of government. Would that the tranquillity of Europe had continued,—would that the first and greatest disciple of Adam Smith had enjoyed peace for the perfection of his liberal plans, the present condition of Great Britain and of the world might have been far different, far better than now. Those twenty years, untrammeled by external strug-

gles, might have reared, as monuments of his reign, those schemes of policy and humanity, which have been battling their weary way ever since, and some of which are not even yet accomplished,—the emancipation of the Catholics, the abolishment of the slave trade, the reform of Parliament, the establishment of Free Trade, and, to crown them all, the triumph of his financial policy, which would ere this have relieved England of that frightful incubus, her National debt.

The honesty and integrity of William Pitt, few at this late day will dispute; that in his struggles with party and with faction, he was guily of some injustice, of some tyranny, of some meanness, none will doubt, but humanity is not perfect, and these blemishes, few in number and small in size, serve but to render still brighter, his more mighty and noble qualities. He was eminently a man for the times, a theorist only so far as theory was practicable, and one who, though he could hardly be called a temporizer, was still not a reformer, but had the happy faculty of knowing just how far an innovation could be carried, and being willing there to let it rest. No matter how comprehensive his benevolence, no matter how cherished his scheme of philanthropy, no matter how dear to his heart the triumph of his policy, he never pushed it to extremes, never approached that shoal on which shallow minds have always grounded, by sacrificing himself, his reputation, his administration, in support of measures which were in advance of the times, and to the full appreciation of which public opinion had not yet come, gaining thereby, not an advantage for his cause, but merely leaving behind the miserable fame of having been one of that perhaps noble, yet pitiable and countless army, the martyrs to premature principles. Abstracting himself from ordinary life, and contemplating England's National glory until he seemed almost to have embodied its guardian genius in his own stately, majestic, imperial self, and falling amid the apparent ruin of his plans, he showed in his last hours an humble trust in Divine mercy, which proved that his mighty spirit had not been entirely bounded by the power and greatness of earth.

Outlook.

It would indeed be strange and unnatural if any reflecting man could stand on the threshold of this College life, whether entering or departing, without a glance or thought upon the future. When he enters, he must begin to practice and develop that instrument with which he is to carve his fortune, and decide his fame; and departing, he must seize it, and so use it as to determine his place before God, and among men. Either position, then, is a crisis, involving great interests, and demanding serious deliberations. To the latter, however, is the old maxim, "Look before you leap," more especially appropriate. For with a mind matured and an experience enlarged by the scenes and occupations of the four years just past, we step out upon a wider sphere and more important duties than have ever yet engaged our attention. The leap which we are soon to take requires us to look not only forward to the opposite bank, but also around and backward over the ground which we are leaving. For if our foothold be not sure, and our feet slip at the moment of the leap, we shall splash into the lazy mud, or dash our heads upon the rocks of the further shore.

Without metaphor, we can, evidently, infer from a review of our College course, what may be the general character of our future lives. So much influence has our College life in forming our habits, guiding our tastes, and developing our feelings, that its character must, in some measure, determine that of our manhood. Each one may, therefore, properly ask himself, when looking anxiously upon the future, "What has been my life in College?"

The retrospect of many will discover a life of pleasure only, unworthy a man of any education or ability, spent without a single noble aim or high ambition. It may have been innocent in the eye of the law, and harmless to society, yet it cannot be without its ill effects upon him, if it has been wasted in idle pleasure. More mournful than this is his retrospect who has employed these four precious years in dissipation and crime. Worse than wasted,—perverted, polluted, poisoned, has been his College course, and he shall feel the poison in his nature. However goodnatured and clever he may have been, however generous and brilliant in his better moments, if he has done nothing more, he has failed signally to attain the proper objects of a College life.

These plainly are *not*,—who *is* the truly successful man in College?

Not he whose whole ambition is to surpass his fellows in daily recitations, who wears away the brightest years of his young life in wearisome and distasteful toil for the single object of attaining a "high stand" and the transient honor which attends it; not he, for he has succeeded only in dwarfing the nobler part of his nature, and giving to his intellectual powers an inharmonious and unnatural development. Not he whose ambition strains after political success alone, for his means are very apt to be base, his object is not worth the labor it costs to attain it, and his loss in privileges wasted, culture neglected, and pleasures untasted, is almost beyond conception, and altogether without remedy. Neither of these is truly successful. Neither the rewards of political life, nor criminal dissipation, neither social pleasure nor the honors of commencement, constitute the true idea of success in College. Three elements enter into this true idea of success,—excellence in scholarship, power in writing and speaking, and a high cultivation of social qualities and moral feelings.

That almost essential discipline which the training of Collegiate study alone can afford, as well as the intrinsic value of many of our studies, demands for the regular course of study the first place in our arrangement of duty, and makes high attainments in it a principal element of success in College.

The reputations and traditions which come to us from the past, show plainly how essential is eminent ability in speaking or writing to full success. Valedictorians, however extensive and profound in their erudition, never win a fame so brilliant or so lasting as that which beams from the names of those most powerful in written or spoken English. The fact, and the causes of it, are too well known to require more than this passing mention, and they establish the second element of true success.

The third, and not the least necessary of the requisites to a successful course in College, is a high cultivation of the feelings, moral and social. By those who know how much the pleasure of College life depends on this, he who has it not can never be considered to have attained the truest type of success. He who never knew the bliss of a warm friendship, fails of much of the real advantage, very much of the pure enjoyment which a College life offers him. That "delicate sense of justice, to others as well as to ourselves," which we call honor,—that noble spirit of generous charity, whose kindly influence never fails to cheer our hearts,—that purity of soul which scorns a low thought, or a mean action,—these belong to an education far more valuable than any the recitation or the society can afford. This higher education is necessary to a full development of one's nature, and to a full enjoyment of life. Therefore our College

life will be of the greatest advantage to us only when we improve to the utmost, all the means and opportunities which aid in the progress of this education.

The truly successful man in College is, then, one who has developed harmoniously and simultaneously, each as far as possible without cramping the other, the distinct, and too often rival, powers of the scholar and the writer; and yet who, with all this intellectual culture, has not neglected that education and exercise of his feelings which is of the first importance to the enjoyment of life. He is a diligent student, a thoughtful writer, and an effective speaker; withal, a man of true and deep feeling, of high principle, and of moral courage.

But each one has an ideal of success in college; possibly no one, certainly not every one, can take the one given as the expression of his own. We may venture to say, however, that no one can approximate very closely to the realization of his ideal, whatever it may be, in his college course. No one, we think, can say, on a candid review of his four years, that were he to pass again through their shifting scenes, he would not seek to change a single word or action, from the present reality, as it stands in his memory. But, sad as the retrospect may be, it may also be highly useful in determining the character of one's prospects for the future. How much of warning, how much of encouragement, how much of prophetic information, may we find in the review of our college course, and an examination of its effects in ourselves. The habits we acquire here, will be in some measure the habits of our after lives. We shall never have the power of thinking deeply and steadily, unless we form the habit of concentrating and applying all our attention to one subject. If we can fairly and accurately guage our intellectual powers, our acquired information, our fixed habits and tastes, our ambitions and capabilities, in a word, our whole selves, as college life has formed us, we can tell generally what we shall make in the world. We may guess how we shall succeed in life when we see how near we have come to the highest type of success in college.

This self-examination and retrospection has an immediate value in aiding us to decide that important question of an occupation for life which meets us at this time. No man can succeed, under ordinary circumstances, in a profession for which he is not fitted by nature and education. Therefore the preliminary question to be answered, before deciding "What shall I do?" is, "What am I?" The tendencies we have developed, the attachments we have formed, the powers we have cultivated, the studies we have pursued,—all must influence our choice of a profession.

What we have done, is some measure of what we can do, and in the success of the past, we hold a pledge for higher success in the future. And because in senior year we are more matured than before—because the hastening close of our cloister life sobers and deepens our feelings—because the impending necessity of a decision demands for the question our earnest consideration—and because our occupations more closely resemble and more directly refer to the occupations of active life than in any other year—therefore the review of senior year is more interesting and instructive, in connection with this question, than that of any other of the four years.

Thus we see how necessary a look in and backward is to explain the look out and forward, which we naturally take. Without the former, our ideas of the latter must be very vague and purely conjectural, having no foundation in knowledge of ourselves, and our past labors; for this knowledge alone can justify any certainty about the future. Having then already taken the preparatory look inward, we come now to the outlook itself.

This outlook rests at once upon the most critical period of life, that in which a man for the first and only time must fully meet and fairly answer the question, what he shall be in his own generation, to future ages, and for all eternity? Upon the right choice of a profession depends most of a man's success in life, and in this view the decision becomes of supreme importance. The long anxious thought which must precede the final answer, and the first few years of half fearful experiment, which are to ratify or reverse the momentous decision, thus immediately invite and interest our inquiring glances into the future.

But these do not limit our view. In the ardor of hopeful youth, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of gazing without restraint over all the fondly claimed length of days, filled with grand achievements, the triumphant results of forgotten labor, and uncounted pleasures, sweet consolations of toil that would be weary and unhappy, were it not always successful. Castles in the air, immense possessions in Spain, and whole fleets of richly laden vessels homeward bound,—are all the work of an industrious imagination, and as profuse and beautiful as the fairy forests of a frosty night upon the window. Foolish as they are, let us yet cherish them playfully, (knowing and constantly feeling that they are but the "baseless fabric of a dream,") so long as they will come to us. Full soon enough will these morning smiles flit away, and the saddening realities of trial, toil, and disappointment settle down like shadows on our souls.

To some among us life seems even now a sad and fearful trial, a "vale of tears" and nothing more. They tremble at the idea of great responsibility and entire self-dependence, they shrink back from the prospect of the stern necessity of labor ending only with death. These fears are not out of place here, and they may be of great service in checking the common tendency of our anticipations, which too often contemplate success alone. Reminding us of the miserable failure of others with as good chances of success as ours, they may restrain presumption and warn against fatal error.

But they should not be allowed to give the coloring of despair to all our prospects. Life does not come to us in reality as it does in anticipation, as a single great task, giving never rest or remission, straining constantly to the utmost every power of body and mind. The longest profession may be learned slowly page by page, and the greatest fortune amassed by many small profits. Life comes to us one day at a time, each with its work, and as our day is, so shall our strength be also.

Farewell, then, sadly and forever, to all the pleasures and privileges of our college days, and welcome, heartily and joyfully, welcome the glorious toil and triumph of life! L. R. P.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Exercises of Junior Exhibition were held in the College Street Church, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, April 2d. The speaking appeared to give universal satisfaction, and the music, by the N. Y. National Guard Band, was particularly acceptable to the audience. The following was the programme of the exhibition:

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

AFTERNOON.

1. Latin Oration, "De studio in Graecis Latinisque literis ponendo," by Wilder Smith, *Albany, N. Y.*
2. Dissertation, "Misdirected Efforts," by James Brewster Cone, *Hartford.*
3. Dissertation, "Ignatius Loyola and the origin of the Jesuits," by Edward Thurston Fuller, *Brooklyn, L. I.*
4. Oration, "The Future and the Past, as Theatres of Spiritual and Mental Activity," by George Seaman Gray, *New York City.*
5. Dissertation, "William Penn," by Alfred Hand, *Honesdale, Pa.*
6. Oration, "Character of a primitive New England Colony," by James Wakeman Hubbell, *Wilton.*
7. Dissertation, "Crises in History," by Nathan Willey, *South Windsor.*

8. Poem in German, "Erscheinung des Sternes im Morgenlande," by WILLIAM EMIL DOSTER, *Bethlehem, Pa.*

9. Dissertation, "The Mountains," by GEORGE MORRIS WOODRUFF, *Litchfield.*

10. Dissertation, "The True Idea of Patriotism," by CHARLES SEYMOUR BLACKMAN, *New Haven.*

11. Oration, "Influence of a Belief in Immortality," by HENRY SWIFT DEFOREST, *South Edmeston, N. Y.*

12. Dissertation, "American Poetry," by STORRS O. SEYMOUR, *Litchfield.*

13. Dissertation, "Moral Excellence essential to Perfect Mental Development," by JOHN QUINCY BRADISH, *Allen's Grove, Wis.*

14. Dissertation, "Pocahontas," by DOUGLAS FRENCH FORREST, *Alexandria, Va.*

15. Dissertation, "Thought and Action," by SOLOMON JOHNSON DOUGLASS, *New Haven.*

16. Dissertation, "Love of the Ideal, an Evidence of Immortality," by JAMES PAYNE GREEN, *Church Hill, Miss.*

17. Dissertation, "The Power of Sympathy," by LEWIS EMMONS MATSON, *Owego, N. Y.*

18. Dissertation, "The Energy of Reform," by WILLIAM HENRY SAVARY, *Groveland, Mass.*

19. Philosophical Oration, "Active Beneficence as a Principle of Government," by DANIEL GUSTAVUS PORTER,* *Waterbury.*

EVENING.

1. Greek Ode, "Ὁ ἀοιδὸς εἰς Χαιρώνειαν τοῖς Ἀθηναίοις στρατιώταις συμπορευόμενος τοὺς Μαραθωνομάχους ὑμνεῖ," by LEVI HOLBROOK, *Westborough, Mass.*

2. Dissertation, "Sir John Franklin," by DAVID STUART DODGE, *New York City.*

3. Oration, "Popular Discussion," by LESTER BRADNER, *Danville, N. Y.*

4. Oration, "Alfred the Great," by FRANCIS EUGENE BUTLER, *New York City.*

5. Oration, "Acadia," by EDMUND THOMPSON ALLEN, *Fairhaven, Mass.*

6. Dissertation, "American Originality," by HENRY STRONG HUNTINGTON, *Cleveland, O.*

7. Poem in Latin, "Yalensia," by VOLNEY HICKOX, *Springfield, Ill.*

8. Dissertation, "Enthusiasm," by NORMAN CAROLAN PERKINS, *Pomfret, Vt.*

9. Oration, "A Single Purpose," by EDGAR LAING HEERMANCE, *Kinderhook, N. Y.*

10. Dissertation, "The Three Inspirations," by HENRY CLEVELAND PRATT,* *Hartford.*

11. Oration, "The Satire of the 'Blue Laws,'" by MOSES TYLER, *Griswold.*

12. Poem, "Mystery," by GEORGE PRATT, *East Weymouth, Mass.*

13. Oration, "Heroism," by JOSEPH COOKE JACKSON, *Newark, N. J.*

14. Oration, "Future Unity of the Saxon Race," by JOHN MILTON HOLMES, *Chicago, Ill.*

---

* Excused on account of sickness.

15. Dissertation, "Poetry for the People," by AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, *Rochester, N. Y.*

16. Philosophical Oration, "Integrity," by CYRUS NORTHROP, *Ridgefield.*

Prizes for English Composition have been awarded in the Class of 1858, as follows:

	1st Division.	*2d Division.*	*3d Division.*
1st	*Prize*, S. H. Lee.	G. B. McLellan.	A. VanName.
2d	" D. G. Brinton.	C. Richards.	J. E. Kimball. I. Riley.
3d	" E. S. Thomas.	E. Seymour.	W. S. Pitkin. H. K. Smith.

The elections in the Literary Societies, (omitted from our last number,) resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:

LINONIA.		BROTHERS IN UNITY.
	President,	
J. M. BROWN.		E. P. NETTLETON.
	Vice President,	
W. H. W. CAMPBELL.		L. R. PACKARD.
	Secretary,	
S. SCOVILLE.		A. L. EDWARDS.
	Vice Secretary,	
G. F. SMITH.		A. MATHEWSON.

The Senior Class have elected for their Society Valedictorians:

LINONIA.	BROTHERS IN UNITY.
H. E. PARDEE.	I. CLARK.

At the close of the first term, a poem was delivered before the Society of the Brothers in Unity, by H. M. Dutton. Subject, The Sphinx and the Pyramids.

The following letter, addressed by a Committee of the Senior Class to Professor DANA, expresses, we think, the sentiment of all who have listened to his Lectures:

Yale College, March 31st, 1856.

PROFESSOR JAMES D. DANA,—*Dear Sir:*

In view of your course of lectures on Geology, now about to close, the Senior Class desire to assure you of the satisfaction and pleasure afforded them in listening to a course so highly interesting, and eminently instructive, and to tender you their sincere acknowledgments of the same.

It affords us, Sir, no little gratification that we have been the *first* Class privileged to enjoy your teachings, and be assured we shall ever cherish the most grateful appreciation of your efforts as an instructor, and kindness as a friend.

In parting, we tender you, Sir, the thanks, and most cordial good wishes of the Class of '56.

In behalf of the Class,

C. T. CATLIN,
J. M. BROWN,
M. H. ARNOT.

Professor DANA replied briefly, in the closing remarks of the last lecture of the Course on Geology, delivered April 2d, 1856:

"Before parting, permit me to express my gratification in the sentiments yesterday conveyed to me, from the members of the class attending this course. In my opening lecture, I requested your willing ears, and I have had, as I believe, more,—your deeply interested attention. The relation of Professor to Student, was to me, personally, a new one; for I had long been accustomed to that only, of gentleman with gentleman. It has been my special pleasure that this last relation has been continued into my new trial of College life; and I shall remember with peculiar satisfaction, my pleasant intercourse with the Class of 1856. To them all, I tender my wishes for their future success and happiness."

Editor's Table.

How the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon. BURNS.

VERILY, gentle Reader, the occasion calleth for moralizing, rather than the jocularity in which we would fain indulge. We are to make our last bow to you, and we see you already turning your expectant eyes towards our successors.

Then, too, Alma Mater is before long to drop us from her lap—the giving up of this editorial charge reminds us of it—and we have a solemn consciousness of the weakness of our legs. We feel like shrimps hopping among the weeds on the shore of the "ocean of life," and viewing in the water scores of big and experienced fish awaiting our advent with open mouths. We are apprehensive.

Our college life for the past three years offers us some food for serious reflection. We have some qualms about the hours employed in cultivating wild species of grain. We groan at the recollection of the long lists of ails and ills that have befallen us during our course, and which the faculty have doubtless conned over with compassion. "Poor, sickly Students!" would anybody exclaim, who should read over the collected files of excuse papers.

Yet, while these grave subjects incline us to soberness, we have respect unto your patience, and our limited space, and, without expressing them, simply inform you that we *have* feelings.

We spoke of the ocean of life. We have a few lines about the sea, which were surreptitiously conveyed into our drawer.

I often longed, in boyhood's days,
The sea-life's joys to taste,
And twine my arms round "ocean's grey
And melancholy *waist*."

But long my mother checked my whim,
And kept me by her side,
Thinking me better tied to her,
Than to the ocean *tide*.

CHORUS.

Wild sea-waves, wild sea-waves,—
Wonder what they're growling at!
Wild sea-winds, wild sea-winds—
Wonder what they're howling at!

But when I first began to use
The trimly clipping shears,
Through *sheer* necessity, to crop
The growth of manlier years,
I left the old roof tree, and cut
The friends I'd loved so well,
Resolved to seek the acquaintance
Of the "gentle ocean *swell*."

CHORUS.

Wild sea-waves, wild sea-waves, &c.

* * * * * *

But ah, alack! What woe I met,
When *on* the heaving sea!
I sought the sea-*mews*, but I found
Efflatus none for me.
I thought the ocean, like a play,
Would cheer my weary soul;
Yet, well-a-day! I found
But misery in her *rôle*.

CHORUS.

Wild sea-waves, wild sea-waves, &c.

Remainder of Table crowded out.

We have received

"THE GLEANER OF THE VALE," published at Music Vale Seminary.—We take this opportunity to acknowledge the many courtesies shown us by Mr. Whittlesey, the principal of this school, and to recommend the institution to the acquaintance of students having sisters, etc. who wish to get a thorough musical education.

NEW BOOKS.

POEMS. By Charles Kingsley. Ticknor & Co. A work full of strong thoughts.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE, etc. By Charles Reade. Ticknor & Co.

To these sprightly works will soon be added, Susan Merton.

For sale by Mr. Pease.

EDITORS' VALEDICTORY.

Our Editorial duties are concluded with the present number, and, in parting with our readers, we have to offer them our thanks for their kindness during the past year, and our good wishes for their future. We are under great obligations to those who have added interest to our pages by their valuable articles,—to two or three constant contributors in particular.

We resign our post with gladness, because it is a toilsome one, yet it has been pleasant enough to cause us some regret at leaving it, and we have no doubt that we shall hereafter look back to our connection with the Yale Lit. as one of the happiest features of our College life. Without further words, we bid you, readers, *Farewell!*

G. F. BAILEY,
J. M. BROWN,
W. H. W. CAMPBELL,
H. DU BOIS,
L. C. FISCHER.

TO OUR READERS.

With the present number of the Lit. we begin our editorial duties. We have no great plans or promises to offer. What the Magazine will be the coming year will depend very much upon the interest manifested by those who contribute to its pages. We love our work and shall engage in it heartily, leaving to maturer pens the speculations of philosophy and the discussion of the great, critical and political questions of the day. Our humble endeavor will be to treat of such topics as come more immediately within the province of college ability and sympathy—such as are calculated to hold up the mirror to Yale life, and consequently to give it a higher tone of feeling—to inspire enthusiasm in our studies and earnestness in all that we do or shall do, and thus promote, in however inadequate a degree, the best interests of our fellow students and the honor of our Alma Mater.

EDITORS.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. JUNE, 1857. No. VII.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER, H. S. HUNTINGTON,
J. M. HOLMES, N. C. PERKINS,
G. PRATT.

"Gallinippers."

WE are now and then startled by a sort of literary bomb, that alights among us without that preliminary process of audible "fizzing," by which such missiles are wont to give warning of their approach. People have thus no opportunity to "stand from under," but are cut down by these fierce little squibbers without benefit of clergy. The "Gallinipper," and the "Scalpel," each gave one entertainment during the last Term,—the latter making its "first appearance upon any stage"—and we feel bound to say that any amount of quiescence for the future will not materially injure its reputation. It is desirable that a paper should possess either wit or decency; both might be tolerated, but if neither can be commanded we think that under the circumstances, non-appearance is most decidedly justifiable.

These papers are, as a matter of obvious convenience, published anonymously. We find no fault with that. Probably the authors' names would not, in most instances, add any especial dignity to their productions, while they themselves certainly could not hope to gain very great glory by any principle of reflex action. We of course write with no feeling of personal ill will towards the unknown Editors; but it appears to

us either that they have mistaken pure malice for some more exalted sentiment towards the unfortunate subjects of their discourse, or that they have chosen a remarkably unique method of correcting real or imaginary evils. Their intentions may be very patriotic. In that case we recommend them to vary the *modus operandi* of their labors. Their articles are with great generosity designed mainly for the benefit of the Faculty. It must be quite agreeable to these *literati* to be able to give vent to their pent up wrath in this way, especially as most of them are presumed to have suffered somewhat at the hands of those functionaries, and perfect freedom of speech on certain topics cannot be so safely indulged through any other channel, or so surely brought to the notice of those for whose ultimate good it is intended.

We do not propose to play the fabulous game of investing largely in "Philosophical Orations," by thus disapproving of these barbarous vituperations against those who happen for the time to be our instructors. That there are grave evils existing here, as at most other places, no one will deny. There seems to be a general conviction that the system of boy-administration which, for the most part, prevails among us during the first two years of our course, is an essential abomination. Besides, we should not be particularly ambitious to remove the soil from official pedestals by any process of genuflection, even if such exercises were as profitable as our "knights of the sharp stick" appear to imagine.

Who is responsible for the faults they complain of, we know not. They are no doubt chiefly beyond the control of the Faculty,—most assuredly they are quite beyond that of the student. The difficulties do not originate with him, and it is no part of his mission to correct them. But if it were otherwise, the least effectual of all possible contrivances for producing the required change would be this very one of stabbing in the dark, at persons who have for any reason incurred the dislike of individuals among those whom it is their fortune or misfortune to instruct.

Certain chapters are set apart for the consideration of such undergraduates as do not happen to find favor in the sight of these worthies. If one has the misfortune to inherit any personal peculiarity or defect, he may expect to see it paraded as his "subject," in some list of "appointments." Such things, if addressed to a person verbally, would not be tolerated in any civilized community; and does it lessen the meanness that the author skulks behind some unknown old Printing Press? It is no doubt vastly pleasant for the Gallinipper scribblers to dispense their blessings from such "loopholes of retreat," for they can execute their

work with as little personal danger as certain small boys about our streets, who, with their patent pop-guns, are wont to fire balls of putty at passing pedestrians, from the strong fortification of a back-yard gate. We dislike to disturb the recreations of any class of people, but will venture to assure both the boys and the literary gentlemen, that if they can devise some other mode of diversion their heroism will not on that account be called in question, or their credit in other respects in the least degree impaired. Both classes are no doubt sharp shooters in their particular line, and most likely both have sometimes hit persons rather disagreeably; but their skill has nevertheless failed to confer upon them any very enviable notoriety among their cotemporaries.

The "Scalpel" evidently attempted to excel all its predecessors; and it succeeded. The ground which it traveled was entirely unoccupied, and we presume no one will be inclined to dispute the possession of it hereafter. If a paper is designed to be cutting, it is hardly advisable to render it contemptible. Passages approaching downright blasphemy are not particularly adapted to the latitude for which these articles were intended. We make no pretensions to any very exalted piety ourselves; but there are certain limits of propriety when alluding to things sacred, which even the barbarian of the South Sea recognizes instinctively, and which it poorly becomes the "refined intellects" of an institution like this to disregard.

If the gentlemen of the "Banger" family will show us something we can enjoy a good laugh over, we will so far thank them; if they will display in their columns a spirit of manliness when treating of College men and things, we will so far appreciate them and give them credit: if they will do anything which has a tendency to better the state of things which they deplore, we will be grateful to them for their efforts. But, O ye mighty men of the quill! and most especially, O fearful "Trustees, Directors and Corporation" of the "Scalpel!" if you *must* write, do not, we beseech of you, thrust upon an injured community such naked irreverence and vulgarity, without one single redeeming feature, as embellished the pages of your first issue. If you *will* sacrifice some unlucky man to appease your holy wrath, we beg of you to spare such language as would befit a Five Points Pandemonium, and which must shock the taste, if not the moral feeling, of every intelligent reader. We claim no jurisdiction over the management of that sheet, or any other one of its order: but we *do* claim a right to lift up our voice against publications which are a disgrace to our College, whether judged by a merely literary standard, or by the higher one of decency and mo-

rality. We believe there should be in our life here a purpose of accomplishing something higher and nobler than the mere gratification of a vindictive selfishness, by publishing such articles as every man among us would be ashamed to own, and consider it an insult to have charged upon him.

It may not be out of place to remember that these papers go to make up the data, from which those who are without the College walls form their opinion of those who are within them. Would any one like to take a copy of the "Scalpel" in his pocket as his letter of recommendation to the world? Or would he feel flattered to have it considered as an index of College life?" For our own part, we feel that such a production is an insult to the great body of students: for those who are not in our midst have no means of making any distinction in the matter, but must inevitably charge the whole thing upon the entire mass, while there are many who do not covet the honor of any such participation.

We are not disposed so assign to these documents any great importance either way, so far as their effect here is concerned. They are usually so ridiculously overdone as to render them well nigh powerless, even for the production of evil. Still, their tendency must be to blunt the moral sensibility and corrupt the taste of those among whom they circulate. Such trash is entirely mischievous, and we rejoice that the authors have had the kindness to render their own weapons as nearly harmless as they conveniently could. They have thus shown some goodness of heart, or some opposite quality of head,—it is difficult to tell which. In conclusion, we can say of these publications, as a California paper once said of its cotemporaries:—"They only lack ability and character to render them influential."

N. C. P.

Shall we admit Utah?

TWELVE years ago, Joseph Smith, a man of shrewd and ready wit, but of unprincipled life, professed himself the prophet of the Most High. He gathered round him, in a New York village, a few disciples, whom he fascinated by the strange majesty of his demeanor, and by the mystery of his miracles. The lame walked, the blind saw, health returned to the sick—they say the dead breathed again under his touch. Mesmerism had not yet revealed its wonders, and the ignorant adopted the old expedient of ignorance: "*Omne ignotum pro mirifico.*" He proclaimed a new revelation that abrogated in part, and in part confirmed, the old. It told the history of the lost Judean tribes; it followed them to America; it traced from them the lineage of the aborigines, and predicted the final reunion of God's chosen people, and the establishment of their eternal empire in the regions of the West. The strange characters of the golden plates were translated into the Book of Mormon; and from the publication of this fantastic revelation may be dated the rise of their religion. Meanwhile persecution was not idle, and an opportune vision commanded the prophet and his people to leave homes and families for the West. They settled in Ohio. Their numbers had increased to hundreds; and although converts rapidly multiplied, their fanatical preaching, and the whispered suspicion of outrageous immoralities among them awakened an universal loathing which they could not disregard. They escaped forcible expulsion by a new removal. They settled again in a magnificent site on the banks of the father of waters. They named their new capital Nauvoo. They were strong in numbers, no less than in faith. The silken cords of novelty and credulity had changed into the iron bond of persecution.

From this time their history is matter of notoriety. We know how their strength and isolated position gave their prophet courage—how a splendid temple, strong as the pyramids, crowned the heights of Nauvoo, —how supreme power, intrusted to unprincipled men, worked out abuse and perfect license,—how the new doctrines of marriage and the sealing of women, and the virtual abolition of all law, raised a storm of indignation throughout Illinois, which they in vain attempted to withstand,— how their prophet was slain, and how, with injustice and cruelty, they were expelled from the homes of their own erection, and the lands of their own tillage, and the beautiful city and temple they had raised from the barren bluffs,—how despairing women and children went barefoot

through forests and wintry snows, and gathered their diminished numbers west of the Mississippi. Then began the triumph of that heroism which persecution alone can kindle. They found a retreat near our Pacific coast, a region of climate unsurpassed, sheltered on every side by lofty mountains, and amid almost Alpine scenery,—they conquered the Indians and the difficulties of a new country, and erected a commonwealth, whose rapid rise, primal sufferings, and peculiar religion find no parallel, save in the doctrines of Mahomet.

And yet its history is but begun. They are sending out apostles to every land beneath the sun. Emigrants are flocking by thousands from England, France, Germany, Italy and all the States—the English farmer deluded by the prospect of certain wealth and the promise of a priesthood,—the German peasant roused to unwonted enthusiasm by the highwrought pictures of a proselyting Mormon,—hundreds longing for the absence of all restraint, freedom from social restrictions and conventionalisms,—hundreds more hoping only for a paradise of lawlessness and sensuality. Thus appealing openly alike to what is noblest and basest in human nature, their own morals have degenerated into open polygamy and secret violations of every law,—their social constitution authorizing by the sanctions of religion, profanity, adultery and incest. They hold the Federal Government accountable for their former persecutions, and secretly discarding all allegiance to the United States, they are restrained by considerations of expediency alone from open rebellion. Yet they have succeeded in establishing a mock territorial government; they have obtained from a weak-minded President the recognition of their religion, by the appointment of their prophet as chief magistrate, who declares that "he will be Governor of Utah until God Almighty sees fit to depose him." They have banished United States Judges; and the fact is notorious, that no other man than Brigham Young, in or out of Utah, dare accept the chief magistracy of the territory. And now they ask for admission to the number of equal and confederated States. Shall we admit them?

We propose to answer this question, in view of its constitutional, moral and political bearings. First, then, what are the provisions of the Federal Constitution respecting the admission of States to the confederacy?

The meaning of every law must be sought in the evident intent of its framers, as interpreted by their enactments. When words are ambiguous, their meaning must be sought in the history of those enactments, and in the chronicles of their times. When words are plain and susceptible of a single meaning, no hidden or unexpressed idea is to be

inferred from them—then the letter of the law is the ultimate standard of decision. The regulation of the Constitution respecting the admission of States is simply as follows: "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union." The meaning of the enactment is obvious. It does not say new States *must* be admitted, on certain conditions; it does not even imply the slightest obligation on the part of the Federal Union to open to new comers the doors of its confederacy. It simply gives permission to the Congress, bound as they are by their oaths and their love of country, to vote on the question of admission, as the interests of the Republic and the requirements of the Constitution seem to them to demand. We are not, then, compelled to admit Utah, whatever be her condition and relations to the States. This is the negative force of the Constitution. It cuts off forever the idea that any Territory is admitted to the Union as a State by virtue of any Constitutional requirement to that effect.

Again, there is nothing in that instrument whose letter or spirit can be interpreted to forbid the exclusion of a Territory applying for admission, on the ground of the religion of its inhabitants. There are but two provisions upon the subject of religion in the Constitution. These are, 1st:—"No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States;" and secondly, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Neither of these affect the question at issue. Congress has unlimited power over the admission or non-admission of States. Now, there are forms of religion which strike at the very roots of civil society—which destroy, by their malign influence, all prosperity or progress, individual or national. The garb of religion hides many barbarous and cruel rites which are dignified by its name. Would not the human sacrifice of the ancient Mexicans, if practiced now by their descendants, alone forbid their admission to the Republic, though the practice of such an abomination were vital to their faith? And would not the religion of a pagan settlement of Japanese on our Pacific coast forbid their erection into a sovereign State? Such religion works unnumbered evils to the country and the race. The legislator must consider not only the geographical, physical and industrial progress of the people, but must watch their moral advancement, their true religious culture, and must vote accordingly; for the Constitution, while it prevents all actual laws respecting an establishment of religion, and all restrictions upon religious liberty, does not prevent, but rather by its

whole spirit requires every man's vote to be regulated by the great interests of morality and pure religion, the only safeguards of national existence. *This*, too, is the negative force of the Constitution. Not only are we not compelled to admit Utah, but we may consider and weigh the influence of its religion upon the Territory and the country.

But there is a positive provision, which of itself will decide the whole question. The Constitution declares that the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government, *i. e.*, that every State in the confederacy shall be a republic; that there shall be no monarchies or aristocracies, but on every foot of land covered by the American flag, the will of the people shall be the supreme law. Can any one pretend that Utah possesses a republican form of government? From the first history of the Mormons, they have been subject, blindly subject to the pretended revelations of the Divine will through their leader. They have always claimed that by this Divine guidance their government was a pure theocracy. Every movement of the Saints, from the discovery of the golden plates to the marriage of the forty-third wife of the prophet, has been ordered by Divine inspiration. Their constitution and laws are revealed from on high, their offices, civil and religious, are filled, their machinery of government carried on by the intimations of the Almighty, through their chief. He sends on distant missions those whose presence is inconvenient, disposes of the daughters and wives of his subjects as seems best to himself alone,—he is amenable to no law,—he is free from all sin. Such is their ostensible government. Clearly no republic, it is really the worst of despotisms. The enormity of the imposture requires all the machinery of tyrants to move the wheels of government. Spies lurk in every house. A word against the system or its vilest abuses is punished by cruelties too exquisite and refined to tell in a Christian land. A thick veil of hypocrisy covers the whole face of society; men dare not tell their thoughts, while a priestly aristocracy plunder them of property, common sense, the wives of their bosoms, their yet uncontaminated children,—destroying all peace of mind, and worse, all hope of escape. Is this a community to admit to a free and equal band of confederated republics? Utah does not possess a republican form of government, and by the Constitution she must be denied admittance to the Union.

Let us look at the social aspect of the question. What are the inevitable fruits and tendencies of the system of polygamy, now openly avowed and practiced in the Territory? The Turks are a fair illustration of the terrible effects of a system, acting almost by itself alone upon a

people originally the noblest warriors of the East, now a feeble, scanty race, dwindled to a skeleton of its former greatness. In the absence of that rapid and favorable development of population, which is one of the surest signs of real prosperity, the Empire of the Moslem has been withering for centuries. Polygamy is a system of natural injustice. While the sexes are equal in number, it must rob the many for the benefit of the few. It banishes the proper education of childhood, and that love of offspring that nature planted in the breast of the mother is crushed from her aching bosom. Polygamy is inevitably followed by neglect of offspring, infanticide, and all the horrors of licentiousness. And where these enormities exist, what community can prosper?

A recent letter from Utah tells us that they have houses, but no homes, children and wives, but no families. Can any thing furnish a more startling picture? Imagination can depict the jealousy that divides each household against itself, the wrangling and the hate that turns every home that should be a retreat from care and the great sorrows of life, lighted by the genial torch of affection, and fragrant with the incense of charity, into the abode of warring spirits and aching hearts—that transforms the Paradise of domestic happiness into an Inferno where the demons that work out every human ill hold unmolested their high Carnival.

The two great tendencies of polygamy are to utter licentiousness and the complete degradation of woman. Will any man in a civilized community hear without a shudder that the sanctity of the Mormon priesthoods to be preserved in the families of the order, and its purity secured by the adulterous connexion of brother and sister, of mother and son? Is it not shocking that now, in the nineteenth century, the most awful crimes of the debased Egyptian and Persian are committed in the name of the most High God—to preserve his religion on earth? Is there any one who cannot see that such a scheme of licentiousness as the sealing of women, dissolving at will the ties of marriage, ends only in promiscuous concubinage, and the destruction of the race? If there ever was an example of a society bursting suddenly into the very bloom of corruption, it is the community of Salt Lake. Will not a righteous Heaven bury its abominations beneath its waters, as the Dead Sea lies thick and motionless over the living tomb of Sodom!

And then the degradation of woman! Woman, the noblest work of God, made to be the joy of the fireside, made the superior of man in all that is beautiful and true, first in all consolation and all tenderest humanity, sensitive, and delicate in every feature and in every feeling—made

most like the angels—that she should become the instrument of man's basest passions and his crouching slave! Does not a man's cheek burn with indignation and a flame light his eye when he reads the doctrine of the Saints, that a woman's soul cannot be saved unless she be united by some bond on earth, to some male believer! Will his indignation be less when he knows the scheme is but a villainous imposition of the Mormon chiefs to allure by the sure hope of salvation, the young, the beautiful, the devout to their unhallowed clutches? They say that women now shrink from their husbands as slaves from the lash of their masters.

Yet the beauties of the system are but ripening. They have as yet had some pretence of law, some outward semblance of decency—but away among the Utah mountains, isolated, and with absolute sway, Brigham Young stops not here. True, profanity is virtuous, and the Sabbath assemblage is regaled by the harmonies of a brass band, interspersed with the prophet's oaths and ravings,—true, all semblance of religion has nearly vanished, and all law is evaded; yet the career of the Saints is but begun.

Is such a community fit to stand, amid the thirty pure white statues of freedom locking hands from Maine to California, radiant with virgin beauty and with the high hopes of humanity!

Let us touch briefly, in the third place, upon the political aspect of the question. Is it expedient to admit to the union of the States such an element of discord? The whole history of Mormonism shows that it is the loathing and abomination of every people among whom it has settled. We must look to the future, as well as the present, when the sweeping prairies, and the broad savannas of the West shall receive their advancing millions. Mormonism has not grown better in the slow lapse of time, nor will it. It may live, temporarily, a State prosperous in appearance, but as sure as the laws of nature, it must decline. Its future neighbors, will they be indulgent to its crimes? Can we prevent, then, a war of extermination?

By admitting Utah, we shall be encouraging and protecting its pollutions. Brigham Young has already placed himself on a throne we shall find it hard to shake. Admit the State, and we perpetuate his authority and his crimes. Under the shelter of the Republic, Utah might thrive for years in its vice, and ripen in its soil of corruption. Shall we encourage and protect, and shall we aid to perpetuate this system of blasphemy, imposture, and licentiousness?

Moreover, we should introduce an element not only incongruous but

secretly hostile to the Republic, which, for the bitter sense of wrongs will seek revenge, and, like the viper, will bite the bosom that protects it.

Utah is voluntarily a slave State. Formed into a Territory with the option of slavery, she has enslaved Negroes and Indians—for her people have not the free spirit nor the nobility of purpose to rescue a new and vast country from the curse of slavery.

Shall we then admit Utah? No! for we need not admit her, while the constitutional, moral, and political aspects of the question, all refuse her. No! In solitude and shame, let her wither, root and branch—blasted for ever—a warning to mankind!

Never Again.

Never again shall the loved and lost
Be enfolded in our arms,
Till we all shall meet by the River of Life,
In the shadow of heavenly palms.

But oft as we sit in our homes and dream,
At the falling eventide,
There come sweet visions of other days,
Dear thoughts of those who have died.

And the soft sweet rush of angel wings
Thrills through the twilight air,
While an unseen presence seems to call
Our hearts to silent prayer.

And we thank our Father for that love,
Which, as each friend departs,
Sends their angel forms from the land above,
To gladden our lonely hearts.

Greek Ode.*

BY LEVI HOLBROOK.

Ὁ ἀοιδὸς
εἰς Χαιρώνειαν τοῖς Ἀθηναίοις στρατιώταις συμπορευόμενος
τοὺς Μαραθωνομάχους
ὑμνεῖ.

Τοῖς Μαραθωνομάχοις τιμὴν παρέχωμεν, Ἀθηνῶν
ἀνέρες, ἣν κοινοῖς ὠφέλομεν προγόνοις
καὶ κοινῆς πατρίδος σωτήρεσιν. Οἵδε μάλιστα
πάντων εὕρηνται κέρδεα εὐτυχέα,
ζοὴν καὶ ζωῆς τέλος ἔνδοξον, καὶ, ὅπουπερ
μὲν σκότος ὅσσ' ἐκάλυψ', ἱμάτιον κόνεως
Πάρνηθος δὲ πεποίηντ' εὐκλεές. Εἴσιδ'! ἀν' ἀργοῦ
Πεντελικοῦ κορυφῇ οἷον ἐρᾷ γε μένειν
μείδημ' ἠελίου, χῶρον νίκης καθορῶσα
θεσπεσίας. Ἐπὶ τοῦ κλιτύι τῇ προτέρω
οἱ διατεινόμενοι, ἐξ οὗ τρίτη ἐς τέλος ἦκει
πεντηκοντὰς ἐτῶν, εἶδον ἔνερθε πέδον
βριθόμενον Μαραθῶνος ἀπείρῳ ὁμίλῳ, ἰδ' ἀνδρῶν
πρῶτοι Μήδειον κόσμον ἰδόντες ἔτλαν.

Μακαρίας κρήνης ῥα πεπωκότες, οἱ πατέρες νῦν
ἡμέτεροι, ταύτης μοῖραν κοινοῦσθαι ἑτοῖμοι,
λεπτοβαθὲς σύνταγμ' ἐκόρυσσον, καὶ μεμαῶτες
Ἑλλήνων πάμπρωτοι ἐσέδραμον ἀντιπάλοισι
συμμίγνυσθαι. Ἔπειτα δ' ἀνώρετο αἶψα κυδοιμὸς
δεινὸς ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρέα Περσικὸν ὡς ἐτάγησαν·
ἠδὲ μαχηταὶ ἀνίκητοι πεπορευομένοι μὲν
ἐκ πυλέων ἠοῦς, σὺν δ' ἀγριότητι πυριπνῶν
ἵππων Ἡελίοιο, ἐθνήων τεσσαράκοντα

* The following piece, pronounced at the recent Exhibition of the Juniors, has at our request been furnished for insertion. We thought it desirable to preserve in the pages of the College Magazine a production which, so far as we are aware, is the first of its kind among us.—[Eds.

καὶ ἓξ λαοὶ, ἐπ' ἐχθροῖς τοῦ μεγάλου βασιλῆος
καρπαλίμως ὁπλίσαντ'. Ἔνθεν ταὶ ἐλεύθεραι αἴθραι
Ἀττικαὶ ὀργῇ ἴδοντ' ἐις σημεῖον μεγακῦδες
Περσίδος, ἕως ἐγχρύσεοι εἰσέπεσον χαλόωντες
στολμοὶ πειρομένας ἥλοισι λίθων ἑτεροχρῶν
κυρβασίας σατραπῶν, αἳ ἐμαρμαίροντ' ὑπὲκ αὐγῆς,
ὥσπερ ὑπ' ἠελίου δύντος πόντοιο κλύδωνες
σφοῖς στεφάνοις ἄστρων. Μεσσηγὺς πηνίον, ᾗσσον
ἀρραγὲς ἀργυρέον δι' ὀρειθαλὲ' ἄλσεα μύρτων,
ἶξιν ἐδείκνυτο τῶν Ἑλλήνων, καὶ, πὶ προσείλου
τοῦ πεδίου τούτων ἐπισευομένων, ὄπιθεν τῆς
γραμμῆς τῆσδ' αἰχμῶν ἔννει ἰόεσσα θάλασσα
πηλήκων μὲν Ἀθηναίων, ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ χειρὸς
συγκατακλειομένη ὄρφνῃ κυνεῶν δὲ Πλαταιῶν.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε ἡ ἀλαλὴ τῶν Ἑλλήνων ἀνεγέρθη,
τάρβος ἐπέδραμε Περσικὸν ὄχλον πρῶτον ἄκουον
τὴν αὐτὴν ἰαχὴν, ἣν αἱ νικηφόροι ἅλμαι
ὕστερον ἀντήχησαν ἁλιστεφάνου Σαλαμῖνος.
Νῦν, παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε!
παίετε πρὸ πατρίδος, παίετε
Θεῶν πρὸ ναῶν πατρίων,
τύμβων τε προγόνων εὐσεβῶν!

Περσικοὶ οἱστοὶ ἐπέτοντ' ἔνθ ἐν
καθάπερ πέμπτοι βιῷ ἀργυρέῳ
ἀκτῖνες· καὶ Ἀντιοχὶς μὲν,
ἠδὲ Λεοντὶς δ' ἀπετρέφθησαν.
Μιλτιάδης ἀλλ', ἐπὶ τῷ Μηδῶν
μεσάτῳ τάξιν συναγειρομένην
ἐπάγων, ἐκίκλησκε Θεοῖσι.

Ἀυτίκ' ἐν μάχης στόματ' ἐμφανίσθη
τις μαχητὴς εὐστέφανος μακρῷ τε
φασματώδει τῷ λόφῳ· ἠδ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
ἐχθρὸς ἀπῆλθεν.

οὐ γὰρ αὑτῶν οἱστοὶ ἔσευαν αἷμα,
καίπερ ἦν ὁδὸς διὰ τοῦδε στήθους.
Οὔτ' ἀϋτῆς, οὔτε βάσεως ἀκουὴ,
οὔτ' ἄορος μὴν

δοῦπος, ἀλλ' ἀΐψ' ἀνέρες ἐξ Ἀθηνῶν
φάσματι σπεύσαντ' ἐφέπεσθ' ἄνακτος
Θησέως τοῦ ἡμιθέου. Ἀχινά-
κης ὑπέμεινεν

οὐκέτ' αἰχμὴν Ἑλλάδος, ἣ ἔπλησσεν
ἐκ μιτρηφόρων ὀφρύων παναίθους
τὰς λίθους ὡς ἀφρὸν, ἔβαψεν ἠδὲ
χρυσεοφεγγὲς

σῆμ' ἐν αἱματηροῦ ἁλὸς κλύδοσσιν.
Ἡμέων οὕτω πατέρες πέπανται
πρῶτ' ἀριστεῖα, πρόπαλαι πονοῦντες
ἐν Μαραθῶνι.

Langdonics.

Toward the close of the last academical year, the College world was mystified by the announcement that Prof. Charles Langdon was about to form classes for instruction in "Home Gymnastics." The term was almost as novel as "Omoo, by the author of Typee." Who was Prof. Charles Langdon? What were Home Gymnastics? With regard to the former, one said he was a French Republican, another that he was a British officer, gobbling recruits for the Foreign legion; a third suggested that he was a connexion of Tom Hyer. With regard to the Professor's business, the prevailing opinion was that broached by some Freshmen, still smarting under the "martyrdom of maternity," (as George Sand saith,) viz, that the new system was designed to instruct the Seniors in their approaching duties of family government. They thus reconciled the plain meaning of "Home" with the etymological sense of "Gymnastics."

But soon all doubts were cleared away. The new Professor was the most genial man of men; and the new system was a glorious federal union of all Saxon participles comprised under the general term of mo-

tion. To talk the Russian language fluently, it is said that the student need only to persevere in sneezing, and saying "ski." To define Langdonics, and at the same time include in the definition an example of what the system can do for the human lungs: take all really active verbals that end in *ing*, shake them well together, and pronounce them at a breath. Langdonics, then, is the running-jumping-hopping-dancing-rising-springing-squatting-squirming-walking-leaping-staring-straining-creeping-crawling-waddling-toddling-whooping-howling-straightening-strengthening-rearing-tearing-beating-thumping movement of the day. It is Ling, Elssler, Shattuck, Hercules, Preisnittz, Graham, Julien, Jim Crow and Chesterfield mingled in one grand acrobatic performance of jumping inside out and swallowing yourself.

It is Euclid made easy. It is Ornithology for the million. If "young gentlemen who have recently entered College" cannot hereafter understand geometry, they deserve to be excoriated with the radius of a great circle, and if any one of any class, after witnessing such life-like displays of the movements of "ducks" and all poultry, becomes the victim of any quack or gobbler of the day, then that individual is himself a goose and deserves to be plucked.

Time would fail me to tell of the beneficent effects of the new regime: of crooked men straightened—of straight men limbered—of limber men made double-jointed—of the delight of all seamstresses and tailors—of the consternation of all boarding-house keepers when asked for two pieces of pie—or, to speak in the manner of Carlyle, of that horriblest Farce-Tragedy of infinitely gaunt doctors shuffling a willy-nilly "spectre's march" into the everlasting No! One disciple said, that he now understood the character of Comus and Circe, and could believe in the zoölogical illustrations of Punch, but I, although pleased at the impulse given to classical learning, merely felt, for the first time in my life, implicit confidence in that supernatural story of Dickens, about the nondescript Quilp's boy who was perpetually standing on his head and locking into the windows, so to speak, with his pedestrian extremities.

It will be seen, then, that Langdonics is a universal system. It must indeed be parenthetically admitted, that what with the increasing heat of the season—the inherent laziness of the human family—the fact that the ceilings of even the best of rooms are, like apes' foreheads, villainously low, and the final exit of the good Professor, who, having put his trust in Providence, has gone to straighten out Brown University—that the system is at present a little neglected. But Langdonics can never die. It is among exercises what Shakspeare is among poets, and Jeremy

Taylor among divines. It appeals to the whole moral, physical and intellectual man, and also to the ladies. It is not content to develop the aristocratic right hand, right side, right foot, or the upper half of the body at the expense of the lower, until the owner of said halves wanders through society like a misguided shoulder of mutton, with all the meat at one end, but, in the true spirit of republicanism, it aims at the transmogrification of *all*—bones, muscles, nerves and sinews—whatever their locality or relative importance.

And what is the machinery requisite to carry on this great system? Almost nothing; merely a rod, the size of a broomstick, and two clubs. I know it seems almost like carrying a man out on two chips; but reader, laugh not at simplicity. Aristotle and the prophet Elisha were laughed at by Naaman and other ninnies for the simplicity of their instrumentalities. And the Langdonic apparatus is as effective in its way as the waters of Damascus, or the syllogism of the "master of sentences." And finally, dear lazy reader, you are not to suppose that you can become a spiritual and corporeal Apollo Belvidere for three Yankee shillings and the agent's commission. You must work. "The gods before all good things have placed sweat." And in these troublous times, when Lynch law is triumphant—when bullyism has usurped the place of chivalry—when the plain-spoken orator who has the floor to-day, has it in more personal proximity to-morrow, and patriotic representatives cannot retain a seat in either House of Congress except by holding on to their desk with both hands—verily, bodily exercise is everything. The good old Homeric times are about to return, and all offices of trust and profit can be held only by those who are competent to drop a speaker at twenty rods' distance, and whose heads are as hard as the Junior seats in chapel.

J. M. H.

The Yankee Munchausen.

"You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie."

OTHELLO.

"Mendax nascitur, non fit." MODERN POET.

PRECISELY one hundred years ago there was in the Junior Class of Yale College a young student named Samuel Peters; and in that name was buried a man of no ordinary character. It is true you would have experienced no difficulty in finding many among his classmates who far surpassed him in those subjects of study which are commonly regarded as criterions of intellectual power. Large numbers there were who had explored into profounder depths of Mathematical investigation; who had roamed more extensively in the regions of Science and Philosophy; and who possessed a deeper and more elaborate acquaintance with Ancient Literature, and the Mythology of departed superstitions: but there was one respect in which he put to blush all competition, and towered in sublime and smiling superiority above predecessors, above contemporaries, above posterity! He knew no peer, he acknowledged no rival, in the exalted, the comprehensive and the delicate Art of Lying. The practice of that Art was with him no mere fleeting day-dream; it was the object of his hourly, unintermittent devotion. No gossip from the street, no account of public occurrences, no tale of personal exploit could pass his lips without being moulded, and magnified and besmeared, in accordance with the ruling passion of his soul, like Longfellow's wonder-loving Iagoo;—

"Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvelous story
But himself could tell a stranger."

The venerable Dr. Trumbull, who was in College at the same time with Peters, informed the late distinguished Professor Kingsley that "of all men whom he had ever known, Samuel Peters was the most unreliable, even in narrations of trivial importance."

With this enviable reputation our hero graduated, in the year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and fifty seven. In the absence of

documentary evidence upon the point, we shall omit to state how or where he was engaged during the few years immediately succeeding the memorable event to which we have just alluded, But this much we know, that by some strange and ironical fatality, his attention was turned to the study of Theology; that he took orders as a Clergyman in the Episcopal service, and that shortly before the American Revolution, he was felicitating the Church at Hebron by occupying its pulpit as a Preacher of the Gospel of *Truth*.

At that terrible crisis in the destinies of the American Colonists, when the issue presented was simply whether they should resolutely maintain their rights, or ignominiously loose, there were here and there, scattered in Providential sparsensss through the country, devotees of that servile superstition—"the Divine Right of Kings;" and Samuel Peters, true to the groveling sycophancy of his disposition, enrolled himself in the lists of the Tories.

Not content, however, with merely holding the pusilanimous and degrading theories which an American Tory was compelled to entertain, he took it upon himself to become their *advocate*, to denounce the spreading spirit of independence as treasonable, and to talk in magniloquent terms of the "paternal and gracious sway of the British Monarchy." The sagacious Hebronites were unable to regard such fustian with other feelings than those of abhorrence; and our Hero, deeming it the part of discretion to anticipate the wishes of his fellow citizens, left the country with mysterious suddenness, and sought in the Metropolis of his Nation's oppressors that sympathy which none but the traitorous could extend to him at home.

Upon his arrival in London, he found that the Art which he had practiced with greater partiality than any other, and in which he was of all men the most proficient, was destined to come to some practical account. He was just the person to manafacture libelous spuds for the Tory Newspapers; he was just the man to do a party's dirty work, to go down into the filth and muck of an unrighteous cause and rake up from such material, scurvy pellets of slander against his country's history and against those exalted Patriots, whose names are sweet messages of cheer to King-cursed Humanity all over the earth.

There was one Colony which, for a very obvious reason, he held in especial hatred, and which he seemed anxious to baptize with the selectest wrath from his inexhaustible vials. That Colony was the one which had the misfortune to be his place of nativity!

In the year 1781, there appeared upon the book-shelves of London a

leather-bound Octavo, entitled "A General History of Connecticut, by a Gentleman of the Province;" and it is to this unique performance that Samuel Peters is indebted for that sort of brimstone immortality which has preserved his name to the present day, and which has conferred upon it so illustrious a position in the catalogue of systematic liars. This is not the place nor have we the inclination, to sift and expose his grave perversions of History and his malicious defamation of personal character. We do not care any longer to contemplate him as an exotic snob, promenading the parks of London and bidding for a Baron's smile by genuflection and the licking of dust; we prefer rather to look at his book as a great natural curiosity, as the work of a prodigious Connoisseur, as an interesing and amusing specimen of the voluminousness with which a genuine Artist, of mature experience and great natural aptitude, is able to lie.

As a tolerable specimen of his graphic style, we may present his description of the "Siege of Windham," which, for gorgeousness of delineation and exquisite pathos, has probably few equals in the whole range of historic literature. "Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings, by the vast numbers of frogs in the brooks and ponds which lie in the vicinity of Windham. There are about thirty different voices among them; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whipporwills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them at their proper stations; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Winnomantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened: some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with shriekings greater than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned up reso-

lution enough to venture back to their wives and children: when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, Wight, Helderken, Deer, Tete. This last they thought meant *treaty;* and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the General; but it being dark and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical enemy was an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water."

In the narrow limits to which we are necessarily restricted it will of course be impossible to go farther into a detail of the contents of this wonderful volume. We should like to have given in his own inimitable words, his account of that fabulous spot in the river Connecticut, where the water is so indurated by pressure, between two shelving rocks, as to float a crowbar as easily as a feather; or of that terrific invasion by an "army of catterpillars," with white bodies two inches long, covered with thorns, with red throats, and in their colleetive capacity occupying three miles in front and two in depth; or his laughable version of the famous Gen. Putnam story; or his delicate and modest allusion to himself as "Episcopal Clergyman who by his generosity, and zeal for the Church of England, and loyalty to the House of Hanover, has rendered himself famous both in New and Old England." But should any be provoked by this notice to an examination of the document itself, we feel sure that they will thank us for bringing out from the dust and oblivion of its alcove a work, which is now powerless for evil, and which will certainly entertain all who possess risibilities and are not afraid to give them an occasional exercise. Mr. Peters was unquestionably a fearless and an untrammeled inventor. His imagination was permitted to wed a mammoth ingenuity, and both to roam hand in hand, over illimitable territory, without bar or bond. That he has a keen eye to the ridiculous, no man who reads his work can for a moment hesitate to admit. And yet let no one sit down to peruse the volume without leaving his right-foot free:—for amid much harmless bombast and fun, amid splendid thrusts and outlandish impudence, you are continually meeting with so many proofs of soul meanness and despicable servility to aristocratic maxims, that you will have a perpetual impulse to give him a kick. And especially he ceases not to deplore the Puritan and Republican tendencies of the American mind. In view of the lamentable failure of our ancestors to construct a state of society which should correspond with

his notions of civil perfection, he finally evaporates into the following sublime apostrophe to the rollicking Genius of Adventure.

"Thou Genius of Adventure! that carriedst Columbus from Eastern to the Western shores, the domain of savage beasts and savage men now cursed with the demons of superstition and fanaticism, oh! oh! kindle in no other breast the wish to seek new worlds!" M. T.

YALE, MAY, 1856.

Observations from a Tub.

BY DIOGENES PSALMANZAR CŒOLAMPADIAS, GENT.

PHILOSOPHERS generally are self-dissatisfied, wayward, melancholy men. I admit this at the outset, to account for any cynicism that may herein appear. I admit that D. P. Œ. PHILOS, is such a character,—that his "tub" is located on Chapel Street,—that he is not a maniac nor a fool,—that his optical organs are tolerably good, and that he has every qualification requisite for taking "observations" correctly. He is a man of indefinite length, has studied that immense tome called human nature all his life, "is less famous for beauty than strength," and has adopted as his own, the motto of a brother philosopher indicative at once of his great erudition and congenial disposition.

"Ὁ ἄνθρωπος or ἡ γῦνή,
Lacessit never me impune."

With these explanations he proceeds.

Many years since D. P. Œ. together with the world in general, he believes, was startled by an account of a man who with an infinite deal of trouble had wormed himself through an exceedingly contracted passage into the Catacombs of the Egyptian Kings.

He was absent for a long time from the surface of this terraqueous bed, and reported that he penetrated so far as to be in hourly expectation of finding Pandemonium. Owing to great difficulties, however, he succeeded only in reaching Mummydom, a suburb of it, and was there obliged to give up his project and "back out."

Very similar is the daily experience of the daring adventurer who undertakes to worm himself through the Catacomb called Chapel street.

Boxes and bales are heaped upon the walks in endless profusion, objects well calculated to arrest the progress as well as the attention of all. Countless mummies, or walking wholesale retailers of dry goods are intermingled with stove pipes, crockery of a doubtful character, umbrellas, boots and shoes, Hough's Patent ——s, and every other conceivable article, all blended in sweet "confusion worse confounded." Objects are seen moving up and down the street not unlike the inverted "smoke pipe" of a steam car, propelled by as great a power and at an inconceivable velocity. Trap doors and pit-falls leading into bottomless cellars abound on every side. At the crossings, cabmen with a shriek and yell for a clear road, drive forward regardless of the consequences, leaving you upset or set up as the case may be. It is hazardous for one to walk upright for ere long he will find his head in contact with a swinging sign, and "new light let in through chinks," &c. In short the man who can penetrate as far as the "Post" and make a safe return, is to be considered a hero, and as one fitted "to pull hair with a polar bear and drive the monster from his lair." Now this state of things is not altogether pleasing to your humble servant Œcolampadius. I am emphatically a meditative man. I have day dreams. I sit in my 'tub' musing on by-gone times and golden recollections which play upon the chords of memory melodies sweeter, holier than Eolian music; on glorious deeds which, in the words they speak, sweep over my soul like organ peals, (applause,) when lo! adown the street a figure I behold. It looms up in the distance monstrous, undefined. Can it be that the dome of St. Peter's is moving along the street, or is its size owing to the tremendous "spherical aberration" of the lenses in my spectacles! It approaches! It passes! Shade of Falstaff! What a swell. It has vanished and I breathe freer.

I take my afternoon or evening walk. I am meditating, it may be upon the Deluge, (a favorite theme of mine,) and thinking

"How upon Ararat the Ark
Stuck in the mud when it was dark,
And how next morning they went out,
To sacrifice and look about,
How Shem with a red face got up,
And let the cattle out o' the coop;
How Noah then got out of bed,
And stroked his offspring on the head,
Saying he had done a good deed,
To let the cattle out to feed."

Perhaps I am thinking of taming the comets, or of Mac-Adamizing the Milky Way, or of some other plan for the edification of humanity. I am suddenly brought to a belief in the existence of sublunary things by a blow from the huge front of a brick block on one side, and ere I can recover, from a lamp-post on the other, all caused by a third form moving at fearful stride in the center of the walk. Suddenly a roll of carpeting passing from some other upper story to my own, wraps round my head, and I find myself enveloped in a "boundless contiguity of shade." At this stage of proceedings, I set out for my 'tub,' at full speed, under the impression that if there is any thing which can elevate the ancient Henry with a man, that thing is a walk on Chapel street.

I have said that this state of affairs is not altogether pleasing. But I have other troubles. I, Diog. Psal. Œcol., Gent., am a bachelor. I have a horror for women, and it is not pleasant to be gazed out of countenance or flirted out of temper by perfumed and embroidered handkerchiefs as large as sheets. It is not pleasant for a modest man to walk when the crossings are muddy. It is unpleasant to be forever compelled to look at mouths and noses, which one wouldn't recognize as such except by their position. It is unpleasant to see eyes rolling promiscuously in the midst of an ocean of face, in an attempt to be sentimental. It is unpleasant to come into collision with the backbone of a whale bent into a circular form by machinery. It is very unpleasant to have your ears saluted by an unearthly shriek of the feminine gender, because a dog might chance to bark.

It is unpleasant to be deprived of the benefit of one's dinner by seeing 'moustached performances" execute a walk. It is unpleasant to see portable chimneys which give forth no light nor heat,—nothing but smoke. It is unpleasant to see ladies *hunted* through the streets. It is unpleasant to see rowdies, called students by euphemism, congregate at the corners, to the great annoyance of passers-by. It is unpleasant to have "night made hideous" by Bacchanalian shouts and songs. In short, Chapel street *is generally* unpleasant.

It has, however—thanks to many good angels—its redeeming *features*, and long may they continue to cheer and bless it with their presence!

Our Lecture on Loo Choo.

WE WERE OUT OF FUNDS.

It is not a very uncommon occurrence for two young collegians to be thus destitute. But there were some circumstances in our case which rendered it peculiarly unfortunate. By way of preparation for European travel, W. and myself had undertaken a pedestrian tour to the White Mountains; and in order to accustom ourselves to habits of economy, we had mutually agreed to take but a limited sum of money, and to send for no more from home, unless in case of sickness. But somehow, although neither of us had been ill, we found ourselves moneyless, before our projected tour was half completed.

I make the above statement as a brief apologetic preface for the performance I am about to narrate.

Being thus destitute, it behoved us to look about speedily, and find means by which we could replenish our empty pockets, without calling for parental aid. So we held a consultation in which various experiments were suggested, and, after discussion, rejected. As a sample of these projects, I will enumerate three.

1. That we should be Itinerant Negro Melodists.

2. That we should make bread pills, and sell them as a sure cure for Consumption, Rheumatism, Croup, &c., &c.

3. That we should lecture on Mesmerism, and I should be a subject while W. was operator.

This last plan was considered peculiarly feasible by W. But I made objections. I told him I did not care about being put to sleep, and having my insensibility to pain tested by various thrusts of pins into my legs and arms, nor did I think I could preserve my gravity, amid some of the more ludicrous performances.

"But," continued I, "if you don't lecture on Mesmerism, you can upon some other subject, which will not require such martyrdom on my part."

W's face, which had lengthened when I declined the honor of being mesmerized, brightened at this last proposition.

"Very true," said he, "that's a capital idea. Why hadn't we thought of it before? We might have paid all our expenses as we came along. I will begin to write a lecture to-day, and day after morrow it shall be delivered."

"But what will you lecture upon?" I asked. "You must have a taking subject."

"That is quite an item," answered he. "Of course I must choose a subject of which no one in these parts has ever heard, in order that my treatment of it may not betray my ignorance."

"Suppose we take a Geological subject," suggested I. "We have some Mineralogical specimens which might afford some assistance."

"Too dry," answered W. "Not popular enough. Besides I want to lecture upon something of which both the audience and myself are equally ignorant, in order that my imagination may have full scope. I think it would be better to lecture upon some remote and insignificant nation, concerning which we can invent as many statistics, manners and customs as we please."

I readily agreed to this plan, and then we consulted as to the nation which should be honored by our dissertation. The Patagonians were rejected as too barbarous, the Sandwich Islanders as too well known, the Chinese as being too large a nation, until we finally pitched upon the inhabitants of Loo Choo.*

"If you write and deliver the lecture, I don't see what there is for me to do," said I.

"O, I'll find something for you to do. You shall be door keeper. No, I have another idea, a capital one. It will fill the house. You shall be a native Loo Chooan, and come out in their costume, dance one of their dances, and sing a song in their language."

"But I don't know anything about it."

"I know you don't, and neither do I, and that is just the joke of it, my boy. I'll invent a dress for you, and write my lecture to suit it. I'll paint you with alternate stripes of red and blue, so that your own mother wouldn't know you. I'll tie your hair up in a bunch and trim it with coral beads. You can make your song of barbarous Greek and worse Latin, and introduce "Shool" and "Cocachelunk" into the Chorus. We'll deliver the lecture."

In accordance with the above determination, there appeared on every sign post and board fence of a neighboring village to the one where we were stopping, the following poster, in flaring letters on yellow paper.

---

* This was before the publication of Bayard Taylor's travels in those regions.

LECTURE EXTRAORDINARY !

On Thursday evening the 15th inst., will be delivered in the Town Hall, by the distinguished traveler Wm. Wickham, Esq., a lecture on the manners and customs of the people of

LOO CHOO ! !

There will be present a native Loo Chooan, who will appear in his aboriginal costume, and

SING AND DANCE ! ! !

Admission 15 cents. Children under 10 half price.

☞Clergymen gratis. N. B. A liberal discount to schools.

The eventful Thursday arrived very quickly. Every moment of our time had been occupied in preparation. My dress was the first thing to be prepared, since the lecture must be made to suit that. For the purpose of giving the reader a correct idea of my costume, I subjoin the following notes, which were taken by W. as each portion of my dress was completed.

I. The Loo Chooans paint themselves with various colors, especially delighting in red and blue.

II. They wear loose Turkish trowsers. (Mine were made from bleached cotton, hastily basted by W.)

III. On the upper part of their persons they wear a large blanket, having a hole in the centre through which they insert their head. (Mine was a bed-blanket with a hole cut expressly for the occasion.)

The day before the lecture I rode over to the village where the lecture was to be delivered, and found that our posters had created quite an excitement. Everybody was anxious to see the live Loo Chooan.

"More especially," said the village landlord, "because Cap'n Jones has been out that way somewhere a couple o' years, and folks are kinder anxious to know what sort of a country he's been in. They're expecting him home every day now."

I made arrangements to admit three schools, and also engaged the services of a competent door-keeper, and then returned to tell W. of our favorable prospects. When I told him of Captain Jones, he looked rather grave and said,

"Suppose he should turn up between this and Thursday night. Our fat would be emphatically in the fire. But we'll trust our luck."

The first question we asked on Thursday evening was, 'Has Captain Jones arrived?' Being assured that he had not, we felt that we could go on with our lecture, in comparative safety. The first thing to be done

was for W. to paint and dress me. This being accomplished, he left me behind a temporary curtain which he had procured, and proceeded to the tavern to make himself presentable.

I amused myself with watching, through a peep-hole in the curtain, the audience as they came in. The assemblage was numerous, though it could not by any means be called select, since it embraced the whole village, from the oldest inhabitant to the smallest boy who could go alone. The 'Squire was there, fat and important; the village doctor, fretty and fidgetty, as if every moment expecting a patient: the clergyman solemn and white-neckclothed. These important personages had been provided with free tickets by myself. There was an old woman who took out her knitting-work as soon as she was fairly in her seat, evidently determined upon improving her time. There were the usual number of giggling girls, and young fellows who produced the giggles. Any quantity of children, who were discussing in whispered tones the probable appearance of the native Loo Chooan.

By-and-by W. returned. He held a moment's conversation with me before the lecture commenced. "I tell you what," said he, "I consider this a rather ticklish experiment. I am afraid lest this Jones may come home or something turn up to expose us. I have taken all the money from the door-keeper, and brought our horse up to the back of the hall. I have also settled all the bills, so that if anything happens we shall be all ready to travel."

W's lecture was a decided success, if anything could be judged from the applause it received. He was possessed of a very graceful delivery, and he had embroidered his narrative with legends from every nation under the sun. There was a death-like stillness in the house, as he related the closing legend of a Loo Chooan lover, who, despairing of gaining the hand of the one he loved, mounted to the summit of a lofty peak, and there, folding himself in his blanket, sang his death-song, then plunged himself beneath the waves. In these words he closed:

"Thanking you, ladies and gentlemen, for your full attendance and kind attention this evening, I will now close this address, and introduce to your kind notice the native Loo Chooan Hongery-Wongery-Tongery-Fum, whom I know you are all impatient to behold and hear. He will first sing the national song of the Loo Chooans."

A buzz of approbation and expectation greeted this announcement. W. came behind the curtain, took me by the hand, and led me out before the audience, to whom I made a *salaam*, crossing my hands upon my breast, and bowing nearly to the floor. Albeit I never could sing,

and could scarcely distinguish Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred, yet, as I had a very powerful pair of lungs I ventured to rely upon them, trusting that, as in many cases, abundance of noise might make up for lack of melody. I subjoin the first verse of my song:

Katta wacky wongy fum,
Butta ka be ka benla cum,
Pingery licksum shula dum,
Hi yah dido!

Wochsa dichsa chingery chum,
Hi yah dido!

Tremendous applause followed the song; it was encored and I sang the two last verses again. W. then announced that I would next dance the war-dance of the Loo Chooans, which would close the evening's entertainment. Incited by my previous success and finding that the audience were prepared for anything, however extravagant, I gave myself up to the strangest antics possible. Brandishing a banger above my head, I came on to the stage with a yell which terrified all the children in the hall. I turned the hand-spring, stood on my head, jumped up and hit my feet together, in short put myself into every position which my form would allow, or my agility accomplish. Finally, wearied by these extravagant efforts, I left the stage amid enthusiastic applause. Thus closed our lecture on Loo Choo.

As the audience were slowly dispersing and I was busily washing the paint from my face with W's assistance, we heard a slight commotion among the crowd. W. stepped out from behind the curtain to see what was the trouble. He heard the words:

"How *do* you do, Cap'n Jones? When *did* you return?"

"I have just come back to night," said a gruff voice. "Found my wife gone to lecture on Loo Choo; thought I'd jest step over, and see what sort of a performance you had, and how true 'twas, being as I stopped there a week on my vi'ge home."

This was enough for W. "We must be off immediately. Out of the window *instanter* with you. I'll manage to slip out with the assembly. I dont want that old sea-dog to quiz me.

We succeeded in getting off unperceived, and on counting up the proceeds next day, found them to be thus:

Three schools, - - - - -	$15.00
500 tickets, 15 cts. per ticket, - -	75.00
Total, - - - - -	$90.00
Expenses of Hall, posters, horse-hire, -	27.50
Balance in our favor, - -	$62.50

I don't think the foregoing proceeding was justifiable in every particular, though the audience received their money's worth in the entertainment of W.'s lecture, but then I ask the reader to remember the "tight place" we were in, and I will also assure him that I shall never again enact the native of Loo Choo.

The New Gymnasium.

Our beloved "Alma Mater" is beginning to be favorably known throughout the country for its increasing attention to physical education. Every pleasant day, the green is dotted with wicket players. Every pleasant night, knots of merry vocalists are exorcising consumption, by roaring out the songs of Yale. Long walks are taken on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to East Rock, and West Rock, and Mill Rock; to Forts Wooster and Hale, and Sunset Hill, and classes in the natural sciences are formed partly with this end in view. Within a few years, the Yale Navy has increased to twelve boats, whose crews amount to more than a hundred and fifty men. Even the miserable apology for a Gymnasium, which exists in the rear of the College buildings, is not without many patrons. Above all, we have had "Langdonics." It is not too much to say that the accomplished introducer of that system deserves, more than any other person, the credit of awakening an earnest and universal attention to the subject of physical improvement.

And now the college welfare demands a new Gymnasium, complete in all its appointments, and large enough to accommodate our rapidly increasing numbers.

Boating, wicket-playing, walking, &c., depend upon the season, the weather, the tastes of individuals, and moreover, afford only particular kinds of exercise. What we want is not to supersede these healthful sports, but to furnish, at a cheap rate, something that can co-exist with them by providing the means of thorough systematic bodily training, sufficiently varied to meet the wants of all and available in rain or shine at all seasons of the year. To meet this want an enterprising and liberal member of the Junior Class started the plan of a new Gymnasium, and there is at the present moment a fair prospect that the plan will be carried into successful execution.

The first design was to form an Association of students who were to subscribe for membership at five dollars per annum. (One dollar less than is charged for the inconveniences of the High Street sepulcher.) Many were willing to subscribe for two or three years in advance, and

since the list of those who expressed a willingness to join, comprised all three lower classes with less than a dozen exceptions, it was calculated that nearly three thousand dollars could be raised in this way. The Corporation was then to be petitioned for a loan of two thousand dollars.

The plan for the building is that it shall be about the size of Alumni Hall—a hundred feet by fifty base and thirty-five feet high. It is to be built of brick and to consist of two stories, the lower one to be fitted up with a complete gymnastic apparatus, the upper to contain an apartment for the janitor, a dressing room fitted with wardrobes for members, a reading room and spacious hall to be used for Langdonics. The estimated cost of this edifice is $8,000, and it can be built for one half cash and mortgage on the rest. The whole building can be ready for use by the close of next November, and will be the best arranged Gymnasium in America.

The debts are to be paid by the income from memberships, which is expected to amount to about $1,500 per annum. After the debts are canceled, the fee is designed to be reduced to the nominal sum of one or two dollars per annum. The conduct of the Gymnasium is to be entrusted to an executive board.

These purposes have been laid before the Faculty, who have expressed an almost unanimous opinion in favor of the plan, with some modifications, and many thanks are due to them for the attention they have given to the matter. They still have the subject in hand and are evidently inclined to let us have a Gymnasium.

It is however thought best by some of the Faculty that the Corporation should take the exclusive management, and that we should petition them (through the Faculty) to erect and furnish the building and collect from the students who use it, making the charge in the term-bills. Th e students, as in the first design, are to come forward with subscriptions in advance to the amount of about $2000. Some students liberally offer to supply any deficiency in this sum by loans.

It will be seen that this plan differs from the other only in transferring the control from an organization of students to the Corporation. By either method the result is the same. We now hopefully await the action of the Corporation at their approaching session. We wish for no subscriptions from alumni. Their generosity is sufficiently taxed. Let the undergraduates supply the necessary funds themselves. There is no need of donations. Every subscriber will receive the worth of his money. And in view of the importance of the proposed measure it is not too much to expect that every Yale-man will be glad to contribute to the establishment of an institution which will be of priceless advantage to himself and to thousands of Yalensians who shall come after him. J. M. H.

Nautilus Boat Song, No. 2.

BY MISS A. G. S.

AIR—"*The Boatman's Serenade.*"

Lo! how the shining summer sea
Doth quiv'ring arms unfold,
To reach our boat with wide embrace,
And clasp its fairy mold.

Oh! dip your oars, my gallant boys,
With chorus loud and free;
Let glory and the Nautilus
Our toast forever be.

With joyous grace she glides away,
And throbs upon the wave,
Like some strong heart whose pulses beat
To struggle with the brave.

Oh! dip your oars, &c.

Gay troubadours may sing of love—
Of knights who fought and died;
The sea is our brave battle-field,
The Nautilus our bride.

Oh! dip your oars, &c.

For we've been rocked in Ocean's shield,
Like Spartan sons of yore,
And trusty oars alone shall prove
Our might forever more.

Oh! dip your oars, &c.

So when the world receives us, lads,
May we, tho' scattered wide,
Row stoutly through the cares of life,
As now we gaily ride.

Oh! dip your oars, my gallant boys,
With chorus loud and free,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Nautilus,
The darling of the sea.

Book Notices.

HUMOROUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD, being the second volume of Phillips & Sampson's edition of Hood's Poems. New Haven: T. H. Pease.

If it is true that "every time a man laughs he adds something to his life," then Thomas Hood has done more to increase the sum total of human existence than fourteen regiments of physicians and all the pill-doctors that have lived from the siege of Troy down to the bombardment of Sebastopol. It will shake the gout out of a man directly to read this volume every day after dinner. Hood himself never stood in any particular danger of dying from the effects of good dinners. Poor man! the world was quite willing to laugh over his writings and sufferings together. Now we can afford to praise him very liberally, and devoutly wonder how such a man could be given over to the trials of poverty in this appreciating world. When it was proposed to an old Scotch woman that they should erect a monument to the memory of Burns, she replied: "He asked in vain for bread when he lived, and now that he is dead will ye gie him a stane?" Hood fared in pretty much the same way; but since it is too late to do anything else, we may as well "gie him a stane" for our own profit by dispensing a dollar for the book. One can laugh five dollars worth over it without the least difficulty.

THE PANORAMA AND OTHER POEMS, BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New Haven: T. H. Pease.

The chief poem of this volume was read by T. Starr King, as the first of a course of lectures in Boston, during the last winter. Those who sympathize with the political ideas of the Quaker-Poet will enjoy the production, while those who differ will probably not go to sleep over it. The beautiful ballads of "Mary Garvin" and "Maud Muller" are already familiar to most readers. We commend the book to lovers of good poetry.

Two very beautiful Boat Songs which were written for the Nautilus Club,—the first by "Miss E. G. B.," and the second by "Miss A. G. S."—have been published by Mr. Pease. They are tastily gotten up, and for our part we should be very glad to see this sort of "naval literature" greatly increased.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

If you take a large pair of dividers, place the extremity of one leg on the apex of the Lyceum, extend the other to the distance of about one stadium, and with this radius describe a sort of elongated circle, you will have the perimeter of that portion of the mundane sphere known among us as the "College World." The geographical area is not very extensive. To Freshmen, the dimensions in other respects appear "blue and boundless like the sky," but in process of time these also converge to something like a focus. There have been but few occurrences of note in this realm since our last.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The elections on Thursday evening, April 3d, resulted as follows:—

Linonia.		Brothers.
	President.	
W. H. W. Campbell,		L. R. Packard.
	Vice-President.	
H. M. McIntire,		W. J. Harris.
	Secretary.	
G. W. Colles,		S. Holden.
	Vice-Secretary	
C. H. Woodruff,		D. T. Potter.

AWARD OF THE BERKELEY SCHOLARSHIP.

Class of 1856.

James Lyman Whitney.

On Wednesday evening, May 28th, the Yalensians were favored with a fine serenade from Robertson's Band, (formerly Shelton's,) of New York City. They came up, we understand, to play for the "New Haven Grays" on the occasion of their parade. The "Grays"—who by the way made a splendid appearance—showed their enterprise and good taste in providing themselves with such excellent music. It is a treat to hear performers of that order. When the deep chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" died away in the College Yard there was not a heart but felt the tender inspiration of that glorious old tune. In the name of all the students we thank the musicians for their kindness, and when our friends desire a "concord of sweet sounds," we commend to them "Robertson's Band."

Sunday, May 11.—Mr. H., Junior Monitor, slept over for the first time. "*Encore!*"

Editor's Table.

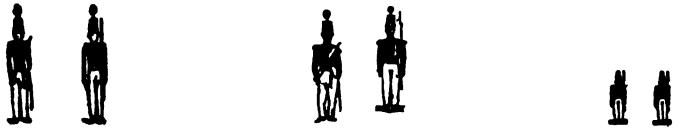
We once saw an Advertisement which read as follows:

"**WHEREAS,** my devoted and much lamented husband, Michael O'Flaninigan, has suddenly died in the Holy Faith, this is to invite his surviving friends to attend the funeral of the same in St. Patrick's, to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock.

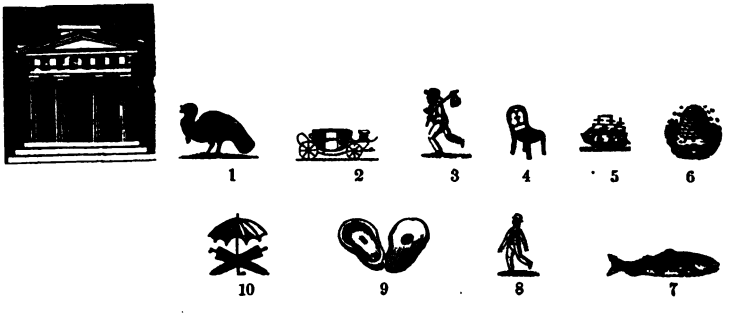
"N. B. Peanuts and candy still for sale at the old stand, by his disconsolate widow, BIDDY O'FLANNIGAN."

In like manner, as a sort of Postscript to the "FAREWELL" of the worthy Editors of '56, in the last No. of the Lit., "we would also state," that the "disconsolate widow" still holds forth, and the Lit. can be obtained of our friend Pease, "for a consideration." It is a *Quarter*-ly, the Lit. is. Have you four "fips?" Then walk up! You are in "good and regular standing."

The denizens of this favored region have once more been permitted to stare at an "Election Parade." On the eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, the grand performance came off. The goodly Commonwealth poured forth "her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars" unsparingly. The magnificent steel engraving below represents them as they made their imposing appearance on the "GREEN" in the morning:—



At eleven o'clock, the mighty procession escorted the Governor to the State House. We have at great expense procured for our readers the following life-like representation of the *cortege* as it appeared when passing our office. It is from accurate drawings taken on the spot by artists of the first magnitude:—



ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

1. The Sultan.
2. Car of Juggernaut.
3. Caliph of Bagdad.
4. Executive Chair.
5. United States Navy.
6. One of the "Institutions."
7. Members of the Legislature.
8. Invited Guests.
9. United Hard-Shell Natives.
10. Citizens Generally.

In the evening the royal military salute of "presenting arms" was performed in Union Hall, whereupon the following remarkable configuration immediately became manifest:—








"QUI TRANS. SUST."—"They who sent us will foot the bills."

Liberal Translation.

WHEREAS, The Yale Lit. has become the organ of the Whig party, (whose name be exalted! for it has nothing else to exalt,) and,

WHEREAS, The "body corporate" of the nutmeg wisdom has assembled in solemn conclave for the good of the Commonwealth, &c.

Therefore, we hasten to lay before our readers the following

ACTS OF LEGISLATURE.

PROLOGUE.

Piscatory individual.—"Fresh fish from Helicon! Who'll buy?"

ACT I.

SCENE—*Tontine Dining-room.*

Head Waiter—In the name of the Prophet—fish!

1*st Member* (in white cravat.)—Verily, that is a goodly sound into mine ear. My bowels do yearn greatly for the sinful shad. The monsters of the deep shall find no rest in the secret places of the earth; from the waters thereof shall they be gobbled away utterly. Canst thou draw up a big shad with a hook which thou lettest down? Lo! I will eat and be filled; yea, I will devour five loaves and two or three fishes.

2*d Member* (in stiff cravat.) Aw, I say, waitaw! waitaw! Aw, flattaw myself I shall have the pleshaw to weceive a po'tion of the nutwicious aliment vulgawly denominated shad. Aw, this is decidedly dem foine!

3*d Member* (in no cravat.) Shad! you black Satan!

4*th Member*, (fiercely.) Set that big plate upon the table, waiter!

Waiter. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Member. To cut a large slice from that shad-fish there.
The pound of fish which I demand of thee
Is dearly bought: 'tis mine, and I will have it.
Waiters. Beef Steak! Roast Turkey! Mutton Chops!
Members, (omnes.) Sha-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-d.
(Da Capo with variations.) (Exeunt ad Capitolium.)

ACT II.

SCENE—*In the Capitol after Dinner.*

VENTRILOQUY OF SAM-LET.

To eat, or not to eat—that's a great moral question.
To eat—to sleep—'tis a consummation
Devoutly for to be wished for by all good citizens.
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rubber.
O what nocturnal, jolly dreams will come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal session;
To morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty place, (out, out, short candle!)
And still we eat huge dinners in the town,
And groan, and travel back here in pain together.
'Tis a dire form of Capital Punishment.
How my poor stomach labors with the load it's under!
It hath that primal, eldest cuss upon't—
An excellent old shad of the very first water.

(*Speaker's Hammer falls.*)

ACT III.

Be it enacted by the Lobby members, that for the well-being of the Hon. Legislature, we do hereby ordain and establish the following

BILL OF FARE.

ART. I. SEC. 1. *Soup.*

Shad, a la Mud Turtle.
Shad-tail Soup, a l'Italienne.

SEC. 2. *Fish.*

Boiled Shad. Baked Shad. Fried Shad. Stw'd Shad. Roast Shad. Shad a la mode.

SEC. 3 *Releves.*

Shad tongue, fin sauce. Shad eggs. Corned Shad. Fresh Shad. Salt Shad.

SEC. 4. *Cold Dishes.*

Boned Shad. Unboned Shad. Tete de Shad, sur Socle.

SEC. 5. *Relishes.*

Shad Sauce. Pickled Shad. Shad with vinegar. Shad and mustard.

SEC. 6. *Entrees.*

Fricaseed Shad. Scolloped Shad. Poached Shad. Shad Chowder. Connecticut River Shad. Salt River Shad.

SEC. 7. *Pastry.*

Shad Pie. Shad Jelly.

SEC. 8. *Dessert.*

The Shad-ow of a Baked Apple, a la Pariesiene.

ART. II. The last clause of Sec. 6, Art. 1, shall be so construed as to meet the wants of the Democratic members.

ART. III. This Bill shall take effect from its passage. (*Finis.*)

"Prof." S. B. Brittan expatiated upon "Spiritualism" in Brewster's Hall a week or two since. With his assistance and that of a transparent "medium" in our employ we received the remarkable communication given below. It is from one of the "sperrits of just men made perfeck," and may therefore be considered as entirely reliable. We regard it as on the whole the most important revelation that has ever reached us from those dominions:—

COMMUNICATION.

* * * * * * *

THE "TRIENNIAL CATALOGUE."

Our friends are probably aware that the "Triennial" is to appear again this Summer. We have been permitted to make the following extracts from the proof sheets, "by special favor":—

GEORGIUS LEX, Esq. Nih. nosc. Naut. præst. sed. polit. naufrag. Ad praes. Rei-pub. Foed. non nom.

HENRICUS G. Os. Mr. Soc. Anglic. Societat. *ad ponend.* Equlorum Bonorum factor. Londini. Humani generis amicus, sed cum Professoribus Tutoribusque non est inventus.

QUIDAM MODIUS. Magister bibendi. "Ligni-Galli" *major domo.* Res habet. Thomas Jeremiasque, semper in manu.

CYCLOPS LATHROPUS. ≈

PHINEUS VESTIFICUS BARNUM, "E. Pluribus Barnum," Humbugorum princeps," Fejee marispuellae," "Lanaris Equi," atque "Joice Heth," heros. Nostræ ætatis Yankee præstantissimus.

HENRICUS STAGNUM. Mr. Cærimonia tristi "Eluclidis plorati" equorum agitator. W. I. Bona, liq. inflamm., poma, nuces, crustum coctum, panem, ginger popque vendit, et omnibus "tick" dat.

☞ Officium Ejus nuper motum est ad numerum L. I. sacilli vici.

GULIELMUS GRIMES. Mendicus, nig. quond. serv. nunc lib. peripat. philosuam "Vitam" semper dicit. "Serus in cœlo redeat," si unquam.

"Vetus Grimes *non* mortuus est."

The science of music seems to be developing among us with variations. The race of fiddles and fifes, with strange apparitions of the drum genus, multiply upon us exceedingly in these latter days. Nocturnal overtures are produced n the Spring style, and there are some vocal accompaniments which would astonish the performers of an Ojibway war-dance. These *soirees* have frightened all the rats away from South Middle, and have also had the effect of keeping many a profane man awake during the watches of the night. Well, in the words of the "Pote":—

"Sound the hewgag! Strike the tonjon!
Let the huzzy-guzzy ring!
Wake the tanglang and the gong-gong!
And the loud Hosannas sing!
With the Psaltery and the Sackbut,
With the Dulcimer and Shawm,
With the Hard-Shell Baptist's Jewsharp,
And the Locofodeon,
The 'machine' the monkey 'runs with,'
The 'Organ' christened 'Hand,'
Show unto the wondering natives,
Your Tin-Horn-et Cornet Band!"

["*Vive la Callithump!*"

The following Hexameters may prove interesting to "Scholarship" men. They were the production of some learned Cantab, and have since been amended slightly by Josephus:—

INVENTORY OF GOODS FOR SALE.

Βλάγκητοι, κύλτοι, δύο βόλστερες, ἠδὲ πιλωβῆρ
Καὶ ἓν ματρέσσον, καὶ λεῦκον καλικο κίρτον,
Καὶ μιὰ καρπεττὴ, καὶ χέστον μαογανῦιον
Εἰς κουντερπαννος, καὶ γρατὸν καστο σιδηρον
Ἤδε δύω βοῦροι, δύο τάβλοι, καὶ δύο διττώ.
Τουελλοι δῶσεν, δῶσεν φαῦκόι τέ, νιφοὶ τε
Σάυσπαν καὶ στεῦπαν, σπίττον καὶ σμῶκον ἴακον
Γριδίρον, φεῖρπαν, τόγγοι, φενδήρ τὲ, ποκήρ τε,
Κοππὴρ καὶ βοίληρ καὶ κιλλὴρ ἤδε συελτοβ.
Καὶ ἓν βασκητὸν κατα ξύλον, καὶ δυό ποττυξ,
Καὶ ἓν δριππίνπαν, κύλερες δυό, καὶ σαλαμάνδηρ
Καὶ δύο τριποδδοι, σπιττίνπαν, πεῖπ τε το βακχώ.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. JULY, 1856. No. VIII.

EDTORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER, H. S. HUNTINGTON,
J. M. HOLMES, N. C. PERKINS,
G. PRATT.

Public Opinion.

EVERY man must be profited by sometimes studying out carefully all the influences which control his conduct. Some of these influences, such as conscience, love of friends, or fear of punishment from neglect of duty, occur to us at once. But others, whose action is more silent and on our part involuntary, are apt to be overlooked. Among this latter class is to be reckoned Public Opinion. In all organized society, it is a power which exceedingly affects the action both of individuals and governments. True, in a multitude of cases it does not affect a man's personal comfort, or the love of his intimate friends, yet no one disregards it. It is important, therefore, to have some idea of the methods through which it acts, and the degree to which its influence may be properly allowed.

We will not waste much time in defining the meaning of a phrase which every American ought so well to understand. Sometimes Public opinion is—not what you, or your friend, or any one with whom you personally converse, believes upon a subject; but what is "generally thought." Sometimes it is that which compels everybody to dress, act, and speak contrary to his own good taste and good sense, lest other-

wise "everybody" should think it strange. And sometimes it is that real, universal sentiment, which constitutes an almost irresistible power.

The opinions of the "Public" are created in almost as great a variety of ways as those of individuals. In some cases, persons in authority, each in his own department, the Tailor in his shop, the Editor in his sanctum, or the President "with the advice and consent" of the leaders of his party, concoct and present them for unconditional acceptance. In others, a few individuals of the noisier sort parade their views so vauntingly and constantly that the Public believes they are really its own, and more sensible men falsely conclude themselves in the minority. But oftentimes public opinion is created by honorable means;—by the experience or convictions of every individual, or the thorough discussion of subjects by the orator and press. And though it is true in general that the opinions of the public are not free from the same prejudices which modify those of every member, yet in the compound, the evils so neutralize each other as to be less detrimental.

The public condescends to *have* an opinion, on a great variety of points, yet its subjects are generally of some importance. He who directs his thoughts to subjects upon which there is a well defined public opinion, will not commonly dwell upon trifles, but will receive enlargement of mind. The constant elevation of the range of subjects of public thought is a pleasing accompaniment of advancing enlightenment. Probably no community of men, however degraded, ever existed without public opinion. Even among brutes, we must go to the most savage before we lose all traces of it. The Indian is directed by the sentiment of the majority in his habit of dress and mode of life. But in rude society, or even in that called civilized, where the common people are totally ignorant, popular opinion respects only external and insignificant matters. As the people rise, questions of Religion and Politics, of Science and Taste, come within their grasp. And particularly where they often *act* together, (as in a Democracy,) their opinions become more well grounded and influential.

And not only is progress shown by the direction of Public Opinion to more dignified subjects, but by the broadening of that which *constitutes* the public. Among savages, it can hardly be more than a small tribe. The old Greeks cannot have included in it more than their own nation, when they reckoned all others barbarians. We realize now an idea which could never have entered the mind of Homer, that a common public opinion should so pervade a family of nations as to be a guide to each. This dignity of popular opinion, though advantageous, makes it important to beware lest we preserve too little chivalrous independence of character.

It may not be uninteresting, with no attempt at logical division, to look at some of the every-day good and bad effects of this power. The study of its influence in the past upon governments, is what constitutes much of the charm of history to the philosophical or political reader. Where there *is* a public opinion, it always acts beneficially upon a government, and sometimes with sublime force. Over particular classes, too,—as statesmen, or authors—it exerts a peculiar power which is worth considering; but we shall glance only at that which is common to all.

In *external* matters, public opinion is called fashion. We suppose the power of fashion to be as old as man's ability of imitation. Doubtless there was a fashion in the Ark. Probably the fair Jewesses of old would not have worn nose jewels and tinkling ornaments for the feet, for the sake of beauty or convenience, had they not been proof positive of gentility. We learn that fashion elicited moustaches from the lip of a Spartan youth, as assiduously as it now does from that of an aspiring young American. Periwigs and ruffled shirts were part of the tribute which our ancestors paid to this divinity. Now, portentous looking cylinders for the head, and dresses of hogshead shape, are among the tithes required. Certainly fashion has given currency to many violations of common sense, and not a few active brains find constant exercise in keeping pace with the progress of the millinery art. But if public opinion did not force all to conform to its own enactments, would taste and good sense be outraged any the less?

Upon *manners*, the influence of public opinion is almost solely good. Since organized society is that out of which they arise, it seems proper that the general consent should regulate them. He who despises the civilities and decencies of life as mere outside show, proves that he has very little courtesy of heart. He who aims at little oddities in dress and manners, appears afraid (justly) that his originality will not otherwise become known. There have been attempts, indeed, to heap upon society such a mass of forms and ceremonies that a man who understood them would understand nothing else; but such law-books are in little danger of being adopted as the public standard. Until this is the case, common opinion is the best guide.

Far more important is the influence of public opinion on our *intellectual* notions and habits. The great danger involved is the surrender to it of a modest, sensible independence. Some are so fairly under its control, as to look for their opinion of a book or a public measure in the newspapers. We are liable to be led by it to the excessive cultiva-

tion of some particular mental power, to the neglect of those which sound judgment tells us are more valuable. It often cramps originality, by causing all to be subjected to the same routine of instruction, and expecting similar results from all. Yet, frequently, public opinion, by ridiculing absurdities, and demanding certain excellencies, greatly benefits a writer and speaker. Whether it set in a right or wrong direction, its current is very powerful. The manly way is to adopt it when right, and when wrong, to aim to do so well as to attract it from its error.

But public opinion takes hold of everything, and its most important bearings are upon moral questions. Here it is with that good-natured personage, "The Public," as with other individuals;—where it is not personally concerned its opinion is likely to be just; in other cases there is danger of prejudice. In almost every community, there are particular evils to which the public eyes are closed, which a candid conscience must condemn. There are certain classes of offenders who (in comparison with others really more despicable) are too harshly judged. Yet many, too weak or irresolute to adhere to any other rule, adopt the standard of public opinion. And others, without doing this, are so cautious and timorous in acting, much more in speaking their sentiments, that their opposition is like that of a bulrush to a torrent. Our political system is degraded by this subserviency to public opinion. To take but a single point: Nominating Conventions are so wholly controled by the amount of popular *furore* which they believe, or pretend to believe, a candidate can raise, that merit becomes an entirely secondary consideration. And yet, though some are tempted by fear of public opinion to violate manly convictions, it is undeniable that some are preserved by the same influence in the decencies of appearance and morality. It is a good restraint, but a very imperfect guide.

In no respect does College appear more like a little separate world, than in the distinctiveness of our public opinion. We have our literary canons, and woe be to him who entirely disregards them. Really, in spite of our inexperience, the opinion of a friendly and honest literary community like ours ought to be very useful to a tyro in correcting faults and encouraging excellencies. The opinion of such a body upon *any* subject, (without claiming that it is the concentrated wisdom of all ages,) is worthy of fair consideration from all quarters. Our College standard of honor and character is high. But we need the cultivation of independence, lest that unity of action which is usually so pleasant and advantageous should stifle honest opposition to what is wrong.

The Lit. is not a Censor of the public morals; (though two of the Editors were unanimously elected to that office by their appreciating brethren.) But it is plain, that nothing will more effectually annihilate in a man all spirit and nobleness, than the becoming a mere echo of that opinion which is most common or most noisy. Hereafter, as educated men, we shall be peculiarly able to be independent of public opinion; and it is surely desirable that we should take some lessons now in controling it in a genial way, as well as in being its humble servants.

H. S. H.

Punsters.

A DISQUISITION IN THE HORTATORY STYLE.

"There be some which are fain to make great ado in the perverting of goodly words from the true intent thereof: whereby they do greatly err, insomuch as this abomination most assuredly hath its its origin of ye Divell."

Old English.

"From those who pursue us
Like reptiles carnivorous,
And besiege us with quibbles
Whene'er they *diskiver* us,—
From Punning and Punsters,
'Good Lord, deliver us!'"

Poet Cockleaureate.

We read that once upon a time an army of peripatetic frogs "wandered through the wilderness of this world," and finally sat themselves down in old Egypt to have a sing. Howbeit, the good people relished not the entertainment, and frog-solos, with a full "choriouse," fell into great disfavor: so much so that the yellow croakers hopped off in high dudgeon, and have never since attempted to "tune their harp" for the edification of mankind: but through long years their simple melody has "wasted its sweetness on the desert air."

If any one is moved to compassion by the frog-persecution of the Egyptians, he is earnestly requested to bestow a small quantity of commiseration upon us, who "drink from this venerable stream of Science," for we are kept in continual agony by a plague more terrible than all the frogs which Aaron and the magicians brought up from the waters,

and which "did squeak and gibber" in the ovens and kneading troughs of Pharaoh's household; and more numerous than all the tadpoles which ever wiggled their devious way through the bogs of the Nile. We are beset by a horde of babblers—vain talkers—who start up before us at every turn, and discharge a battery of squibs in the face of the soberly-minded individual. "In short," to use the eloquent and expressive formula of the immortal Mr. Micawber, (whose name be exalted!) "in short, they make puns."

Now, to these well-meaning but misguided personages, we wish to make a few remarks, both out of regard to their own welfare and out of compassion for the rest of mankind. We are moved thereto solely by a spirit of philanthropy, for it is painful to any lover of his species to see valuable time and talents squandered for the purpose of producing a feeble giggle, coupled with a strong feeling of contempt for the murderer of the "King's English."

Almost everybody is afflicted with a desire to be thought witty. The ability to raise a laugh is esteemed much more highly than the power to influence the reason or feeling of men. It is considered more desirable to distort the muscles of half a dozen faces than to control the head or heart of a whole people. Hence, a large number of youth are content to spend their energies in the aforesaid direction. Unable to aspire to the higher departments even of this humble calling, they establish themselves in a sort of retail business in the pun line—become penny brokers to facilitate the circulation of jokes of a small denomination, and oftentimes gain considerable notoriety, as dealers in the "fiddler's change" of witticism.

The ancient Britons had among their domestic appurtenances a professional "Fool," whose duty it was to say silly things, in order that his master might have some excuse for laughing uproariously while he was under the benign influence of a half gallon of beer. When a man is mollified and jollified in such wise, as our revered ancestors often were, it is quite possible that buffoonery may be tolerable. At any rate, they showed their good sense in appointing a special rank of persons whose "calling" it was to make puns, and they further showed their discrimination by elevating to this office those only who were good for nothing else: and if it were possible among us to have a class of aspirants, duly set apart and consecrated to the sublime art of punning, we think it would be a most decided improvement, insomuch as it would at once place them in their true position, and relieve others from the necessity of mingling with the "Order," except on such occasions as their fancy might dictate.

As it is, one can hardly pass through the College yard without being assailed continually, and before the trial is past, he is not unfrequently wearied nigh unto death by the wordy discharges of small shot which have been aimed at him from every window and from beneath every tree by the wayside. Even reserved and dignified seniors, of whom the world has a right to expect something better,—to whom the benighted "lower classes" look with implicit confidence for an example in all things,—and upon whose shoulders the responsibility of preserving the existence of the College, and of maintaining all the great interests of humanity in general, is supposed, in a great measure, to rest; even these exalted and immaculate mortals are wont to debase their lordly intellects by making puns which would disgrace the veriest dunce that ever bestrode the three-legged stool under the direction of a village pedagogue. It is a painful evidence of "*total depravity*," too, to notice how naturally Freshmen fall into this disgraceful habit. Everybody knows with what difficulty a "gentleman who has recently entered College" makes his initiatory harangue in the society which is blessed with his presence. In order to bring forth a speech, the Freshman's brain oftentimes has to be belabored more than Balaam's Ass was to produce the same result: yet the chances are that he will in the very first sentence make a gigantic effort to get off a *pun*.

Now this state of things must be deplored by every right-minded man: and in the hope of averting these horrible evils in some slight degree, we write this hortation. And, O, enterprising individual! if you acknowledge the bonds of a common humanity,—if you know the "vally o' peace and quiet,"—if you have any respect for your fellow mortals—then, in the name of all that is commendable in words, and all that is seemly in language, do not once again, during your natural life, inflict upon unoffending ears a single pun. It is true there may be a good pun, and so it is within the range of human possibility that there may be a good hand-organ, or a sweet-toned hurdy-gurdy: but all three are so abominably common and so universally wretched, that even one which is good of its kind neither attracts any great attention for itself, nor gains any great honor for the "grinder."

But if you have no regard for others, you surely cannot be forgetful of yourself. Do not, then, waste the divine energies of your mind in conjuring up quips and quirks. If you require so much intellectual exercise, study Balbus or the Catechism. If you wish to cultivate your imagination, read the story of Sindbad. If you wish to laugh, do it decently, as a Christian gentleman should. If you are of a

jovial disposition, *be so*, and be thankful. But if you have a tendency to make puns, betake yourself to sackcloth and ashes: or if this will not do, dissipate; smoke bad cigars; squander your estate; become a reprobate and a Colloquy man, if need be, but at whatever sacrifice, refrain from *punning*. N. C. P.

Jonas Jones.

A most extraordinary and curious Ballad found in the archives of old South Middle.

Good people all, both young and old,
Come listen to my tale,
Of Jonas Jones, a Freshman bold,
Who entered Mother Yale.

A youth he was of goodly mien,
As any in the town,
Who, though he entered very green,
Was quickly done up brown.

For walking in the street one day,
He spied a ladye love,
In such array she seemed a ray
Of beauty from above.

And, stricken to the very heart,
This Freshman found he was
Not smart enough to heal the smart
From such a deadly cause.

He straightway then did much desire
To know the lady's name,
And, since his heart was all on fire,
To have her for his "flame."

To him she seemed at least a queen,
Or princess in disguise,
For in her mien was nothing mean,
And proudly glanced her eyes.

He questioned long, but none could tell
Where dwelt this lady fair,
Some, for a sell, said, "In a cell
She lives, and feeds on air."

At last he found her real abode,
('Twas not in monkish cloisters,)
But in Fair Haven, near Shell Road,
She dwelt and OPENED OYSTERS.

It hurt his pride that he had pry'd
So long for such a girl,
"For ah!" he sadly said and sighed,
"Such oysters yield no pearl."

THE DE FOREST PRIZE ORATION.

The Influence of the Joys and Sorrows of a Great Soul in its own Development.

BY PHINEAS WOLCOTT CALKINS, CORNING, N. Y.

ARGUMENT.

Two propositions to be established:—

First, that a period of intense suffering is necessary to counteract the growth of a weak and false character.

Second, that such a period is always followed by peculiar joys and subdued sorrows which have a direct influence in developing a truly great character.

I. Two classes of influences to make the character weak and false: the first are received from without, and impel the mind to adopt other methods of thinking than its own; the second from within, and impel the mind to substitute general for specific conceptions, and the heart to trust speculative instead of active moral principles.

Suffering is necessary to counteract both classes. Proof: first, the facts; second, the process traced out as follows:—

Suffering at once drives men into solitude; then awakens the consciouness to truths which cannot be conceived of by external systems of thinking; thus counteracting the first class of false influences.

Neither can these truths be conceived of, or investigated, by any internal habits of thinking which are general and abstract. By the same process fully carried out, all speculative moral principles are found, by a severe *moral experiment*, to be powerless. Thus all the influences that tend to make the character weak and false are counteracted.

II. These intense struggles are then followed by the peculiar joys and subdued sorrows which tend directly to develop the truly great character.

First, by *Faith*. Not merely a religious but also a philosophical element of a great soul.

The joys that flow from faith. First, *Spiritual rest;* its nature and influence.

Second, and the highest joy of which any moral being is capable, *Spiritual freedom;* its nature and influence. Necessity of habitual melancholy to subdue this joy.

Finally, the crowning element of character imparted by these sufferings and joys, a *sense of personal responsibility* to put the *original energies* of the mind in action.

ORATION.

THE sufferings and joys of a great soul are necessary and efficient influences in its own development. A period of intense suffering can alone counteract the growth of a weak and false character. And the peculiar joys and subdued sorrows which follow such a period are direct and lasting influences to give purity aud fortitude to a truly great character.

The Great Soul is surrounded with influences that tend to make it weak and false. They are imparted by every system of mental culture, by literature, and even by the discipline of life, if all its dificulties are successfully encountered. For these all satisfy the mind with methods of thinking that are made to appear more brilliant than its own methods. And the voice of vanity and flattery is never wanting to whisper to men of great ability that they do succeed better than other men in these old formulas of thinking. But what success was it for Luther to be lecturing about the monkish theology of his times, or for St. Paul to be torturing his great soul into feverish activity in doing all sorts of "God-service" in support of an imbecile system of faith, already in its dotage? The Great Soul has a work of its own to do, and if it do not break the thraldom of external systems of thinking, it can never grow to the strength of actual greatness.

But there are influences from within that are more insinuating than these. There is a tendency in a mind of philosophic curiosity and habitual thoughtfulness to substitue abstract and general conceptions, which are essentially superficial, for a warm appreciation of truth in its specific relations, which makes it a formative power in character, and an element of strength in action. This habit is still more dangerous when applied to the moral elements of greatness. For it substitutes speculative principles for active principles: the creed that sharpens the spirit of controversy, for the faith that inspires the life; the general sense of responsibility that makes loud talkers, for the sense of individual responsibility that makes fervent actors. But mere speculation about truths that ought to determine the action, and about destinies that ought to guide the life, is a sickening evidence that the Great Soul has never sunk down into its own depth and sincerity, too sincere then for boasting, too deep for consciousness itself.

Now we have the unvarying testimony of facts and of the laws of moral necessity, that these superficial and false influences can only be

counteracted by a period of intense suffering. By severe and judicious training, this is experienced by some in early life. But we are not without illustrious examples of men like John Knox, who have lived half their lives like other men, before receiving this first impulse in the career of greatness. In some, a natural obduracy of disposition against yielding to the influence of suffering, prolongs the necessary period of its duration. In others, a keen excitability and moral sensitiveness add greatly to its intensity. But there is in all Great Souls the calm and unimpressive, as well as the sensitive, the Washingtons as well as the Cromwells, a habit of self scrutiny, which makes the oppressive responsibilities of life, and outward afflictions, and more than these, its own consciousness of imperfections and impurities, the occasion of inward struggles that sober their smiles always, and sink at times to a depth of misery that few can appreciate. In short, accidents and differences of temperament may modify the period and duration, and degree of suffering, but do not obviate its necessity nor affect the moral purposes it serves. All great characters need energies too deep for the voice of joy to awaken, and spiritual fortitude that prosperity cannot test.

For suffering is necessary, in the first place, to drive them into solitude, where they are protected from the intrusion of flattery and fashions, by the beautiful tribute that is always paid to real grief; and from the still more dangerous intrusion of the memory of these, by the solemnity that sits darkly at every avenue to the mind. Then, in the dread empire of silence, suffering gives such depth and terrible earnestness to the emotions and efforts of the soul, that it becomes conscious, for the first time, of a whole world of facts that are removed at an infinite distance from the sphere of books and external laws. By this it is put in possession of energies so profound, and of truths so sacredly and unutterably its own, that it feels no disposition to return again to the outer semblances of things, that seem in comparison so superficial and so false. It was this first influence of a deep, inward sorrow, that drove Luther out of the miserable dogmatism of his times, and forced him to find a way to think his own thoughts, and put forth his own strength.

It is also the prerogative of this awakening to the transcendent value of the truths of the inner world, to counteract the false influences received from within. No general and abstract conceptions can be applied to such truths as these. The intellect is forced to conceive of them clearly, to investigate them thoroughly, and to apply them with

precision to the specific acts of every day life. Narrow prejudices are broken up, and the mind is thrown open to receive the mysteries of life, in whatever shape they present themselves. There is sublimity in the reply of the great suffering Hamlet, to the incredulous matter-of-fact Horatio, when he shrank from the voice that came up from the inward depths, merely because it was "strange,"

"And *therefore*, as a stranger, give it *welcome*!"

Oh, if the great soul would always give a stranger's welcome to the questionings that throng round it in affliction: to the desolations of a hope cherished and blighted, to the misgivings of a remembered duty unperformed, to the self-reproaches that look darkly back from unkindness and wrong, nay, even to the doubts that beat so dismally at the inner sanctuary of faith, until memory and consciousness are crowded with ghostly images of despair and remorse; how soon would all of these, when once received into the presence chamber of the still and solemn reason, be swayed by its sovereignty, and work together loyally to solve its perplexities and swell its triumphs!

For this thorough work of suffering counteracts, also, the influences that are so fatal to the moral elements of greatness. It is effectual in this, because it drives the soul into a *moral experiment with itself*, by which it tests completely the weakness and falsehood of its speculative principles. Common minds might reach this conclusion by argument. But there is an obduracy in the Great Soul against yielding its own opinions, for which we cannot altogether conceal our admiration, and which is meant to serve a sublime purpose in its discipline. But it yields at last. This self-reliance which philosophy has fortified with all the forces of abstract reasoning, quails before a stern sorrow that rises up within the citadel of the soul itself. The belief that has never sank deeper than controversial speculation, is found to be no belief at all when these playthings of an idle hour are swept away by an emotion that is awfully real, and the conscience is left alone to turn over the leaves of memory and dig deeper the channels of consciousness, and open clearer the consequences of moral action! This is the rational philosophy of the spiritual struggles of the great. They are desperate efforts to apply the superficial knowledge of observation and inference, to the profound experiences of the soul. They are struggles with nothing but miserable weakness and error, but with weakness and error, that, but for these struggles, would have been trusted for ever as strength and virtue; yet, when once overcome, react with inconceivable power, to give intensity to the intellect and sincerity to the heart.

It cannot be denied, however, that there are fearful perils connected with a moral experiment of such severity and inevitable disappointment. The great Poet of meditation has foreseen this:*—

> . . . . . "the soul
> Turns inward to examine of what stuff
> Time's fetters are composed; and life
> Is put to inquisition long and profitless.
> By pain of heart now checked, and now impelled,
> The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Goes sounding on, *a dim and perilous way!*"

Dim and perilous, indeed! To those who walk, not in sincerity of heart, abounding with all manner of sourness and petulance to the disposition, and leading at last to a sickly sentimentalism that makes a luxury and a parade of grief in driveling conversations and spasmodic literature. To those who have not strength of mind to endure its lashing discipline to the bitter end, but arrest it when half completed, when they know just enough to begin to distrust their former principles, but not enough to trust higher principles, a way that ends in the monstrously unnatural chaos of scepticism and morbid melancholy. But the effect of grief upon the Great Soul is to expand its strength, not to break it; to deepen its sincerity, not to destroy it. The Great Soul grows stronger through suffering, so that it can bury in its own silence all its agonies, while they reveal nothing but darkness and wrong, and hold itself resolutely to this appalling experiment, until all its revelations are bitterly ended. And all this time it is growing more and more sincere to itself, so that it can cease to trust what it has believed to be virtue, when it is found to be sin, and can cease to torment itself into a sense of responsibility, that is found to be visionary. Now it is morally impossible for the Great Soul to be ruined by such a discipline. The resolute silence, and deep thoughtfulness and tender docility it maintains, as the tragedy of sorrow sweeps on relentlessly, severing passion after passion that was most potent, confidence after confidence that was surest, and hope after hope that was sweetest, is a cheering evidence that this is an experiencing of sad necessity, indeed, and wild disappointment, but of sublimest promise!

For although its own work is merely to counteract the growth of a weak and false character, yet it leads naturally, and in the end gives place to influences that have a direct and enduring tendency to develop the strong and sincere and truly great character. Of these direct influences, the joys of the Great Soul constitute a large element, while sor-

* The Excursion, Despondency.

row, if it still retains its place, is in the subdued form of rational melancholy.

The first exper ence to succeed the struggles of the Great Soul, is a living and enduring *faith*. An experience which arrests the ordinary current of thinking, and exhausts the principles of moral action, prompts the vigorous intellect to conceive and the ingenuous heart to trust a power more stable than self, the unchanging Power to which man has never been altogether blinded. We may infer, therefore, from this process of thinking and volition, the characteristics of the object that receives the belief and trust of the Great Soul. It must be a spiritual being, as the very first impulse of grief is to create dissatisfaction with the world of sense; and it must be removed at an infinite distance in energy and integrity from the poor spirit within itself, that is lying in helpless defeat; but with all these spiritual and infinite attributes to satisfy a soul that has been struggling so desperately with shadows and deceptions, it must be an unquestioned reality; not a conception nor an idea, but the Eternal I AM, that can be shaken by no calculation of chances, by no revulsion of feeling; above all, it must be the Soul's own deepest reality:—the moving power of every judgment that is formed, of every feeling that throbs, and the linking sympathy with every thing that is living and beautiful in nature and humanity!

In accordance with this inference, we find in fact, that every truly great man on earth, has been possessed of such a faith as this. He may have mingled it with strange superstition and fatalism, and fanaticism. But faith is not more a religious than a philosophical element of the Great Soul. And the word of God, which has removed religious errors, has worked no change in the philosophy of the mind. Faith, whether it be called "Δαίμων,"* or "Destiny,"† or the "Inner voice of God,"‡ or "Communion with the Author and Redeemer of our moral nature,"§ faith, I repeat, has ever been, and shall for ever be to the great man, the moving power of his mightiest energies, and the inspirer of his holiest purposes.

What we are ever to remember, then, in our estimation of great men, is that the most radical and powerful element of their greatness, can flow only from an experience of deep suffering. There is a kind of faith imparted to those who do not rise above a life of impulse, through the prejudices of childhood and the fascination of a sect or a national creed. And some calculating minds can, I suppose, work themselves into a sort of prudential faith by a mathematical adjustment

* Socrates. † Napoleon. ‡ Cromwell. § The true Christian Hero.

between the arguments of apologists and those of sceptics. But is it even conceivable that a faith which lifts the commonest action of life above all considerations of prudence, and guides every impulse of the heart by the unimpassioned reason, and sometimes nerves the soul to the heroic living of Luther, and the martyr-dying of Socrates can flow from tradition or calculation? There is One that tells us, "this kind cometh of tribulation and sorrow!"

Yet these are the fountains of all the peculiar joys of the Great Soul; of all those joys, I mean, which are distinguished in kind, and not alone in degree. The beautiful act of humility which receives the testimony of the wearied spirit to its own incompetency, and resolves to trust a higher Power, is followed by the sweet eventide of the soul, *Spiritual rest.* This is a joy that has a power in it too; for it gathers up the energies that have been distracted by one absorbing emotion, and imparts to the character that symmetry and repose and unconscious dignity, which together constitute its most graceful charm, and are a source of hallowed power.

Then follows the most elevated and efficient joy of the Great Soul—*Spiritual freedom.* The maxim that the joy and power of freedom is only appreciated after an experience of thraldom, is truest of spiritual freedom. We talk metaphysically of the freedom of the human will, yet who of us is actually free? What action or purpose is free from the memory of resolutions forgotten or willfully broken, from the consciousness of vacillating impulses and impure motives, and even from the foreboding of moral ruin. Now while we are bitterly conscious of this servitude, let us conceive, if we can, the freedom given to the Great Soul by a *trust* so perfect that it implies peace with the past, and so present and real that consciousness of it alone, swallows up all consciousness of the weak and impure promptings of nature, and so assured that the terror of the future is lost in its radiant promises of excellence; do we now find any mystery in the intellectual freedom that "breathes and burns" in the speeches of Demosthenes, in the heroic fearlessness of those brief ragged words and swift executions of Cromwell, in the steady hand and angel smile when the hemlock was swallowed, in the spiritual triumphs that caught the greatest of the Apostles into the "third heaven to hear unspeakable words!"

Yet at this glorious period in the growth of a Great Soul, when the struggles of the past mingle only forgiven memories with the joys of the present, and thus inspire the true rapture of life, which a man of deep experience has said,* "can arise only as the rapture of music, by the

* De Quincey—Suspiria de profundis.

confluence of the mighty and terrific discords with the subtle concords," even here alas! the soul is obnoxious to an insidious and fatal moral danger—the danger of *Spiritual exultation*. If the experience of profound emotion has often begotten a narrow spirit of exclusiveness and depreciation, if the genial nature and flowing songs of Burns could subdue every calamity and sorrow, but could not avert the peril of their own triumph, if the most splendid achievements of modern arms could destroy Napoleon's fidelity to his best purposes, how much more perilous are the triumphs of greater men than these, who crown heroic action and graceful intellect and profound emotion, with harder-wrought victory over themselves! Well may they tremble in the flush of such a moral triumph, "lest they be exalted above measure." For many a Moses has had to get him up to the mountain top of his experience, and close his dying eye on the golden fruitions of all his trials, because of one daring effort to trust his own weakness in place of the divine source of all his power!

To lead the Great Soul through this danger in unshaken simplicity and faith, the same power is needed, as to impart these elements of character in the beginning:—"the power and divinity of suffering." Not, however, the intense agony of those early struggles, but the subdued sorrow that readily induces in the chastened spirit renewed self-scrutiny. And as this danger is ever present to the Great Soul, there is a rational melancholy which must be its habitual mood. The upper realms of character lie for ever in an atmosphere of sorrow!

And now if we cannot withhold our veneration for a faith and freedom so philosophical in their origin and development, and so sublime in their power, there is another element of greatness flowing from the same "troubled waters" of the soul, and purified by the same elevated joys and subdued sorrows, which must command our fervent gratitude:—it is the sense of *personal responsibility* to put all these powers in action for our good. This is the life-giving element of all greatness in action, No man will put his whole soul into a work which he feels a thousand other men can do as well as he. But if any man will read himself with resolute sincerity, he will find some power which other men have not, to do some work they cannot do. This discovery is inconceivably impressive when the most agonizing efforts to crush the spirit into the measure of other men, the intellect into their vague generalities, and the conscience into their speculative creeds, has ended in painful but glorious defeat, preparing the way for a vivid conception and a rational possession of the original, true, and resistless energies of the deepest spirit. For the very fact that they are sacredly and untransferably

its own, stirs in the Great Soul a motive to action that is free from selfish vanity, and sacredly personal. And that motive, dawning on the Soul in its darkest hour, gathering strength from every impulse subdued, from every false principle rejected, at last when despondency gives place to unfaltering trust and rapturous freedom, will assuredly break forth in generous and heroic achievement.

Letter from a Tobacco-Smoker.

Gentlemen of the Yale Literary Magazine:

I BELONG to that much abused class of persons known as tobacco smokers. Even within a few weeks, I have met with such sharp lectures from my minister, and such cross looks from my landlady,—I am considered by them such a traitor to decency, morality, and the best interests of my fellow men, that in some moments of desperation I have almost fancied myself an incipient Ephialtes, a masculine Tarpeia, a possible Arnold or Pierce.

Last Saturday night, as I was reflecting upon the subject over my meerschaum, I came to the conclusion that I had no hope of refuge save in emigration, suicide, or an appeal to the justice of my countrymen. But inasmuch as the George Law does not start for the "diggins" until the last of next month, and it is rather too dusty to be killed upon the Camden and Amboy Railroad, at this season of the year, my only salvation is in writing you this remonstrance. At the same time, I am aware that what with the squeamish noses of one part of the community, and the tender consciences of another, I stand no more chance of success than a "short-tailed whale in a Norway whirlpool."

In order, gentlemen, to show you my extreme candor, I will admit that there are times when I consider it inexpedient, I may say improper, to indulge in the practice of smoking: e. g. just before or during the hours of eating, drinking, kissing, sleeping, and (which is the same thing) of preaching. But you will remember that the *Truth* is not to be spoken at all times. And the same restriction may be applied to

the mastication of that invaluable bulb—the onjon. But what then! Must we renounce truth? Are onions to be no more esculent forever! No, indeed. Speak the truth whenever it may accord with your interests. Eat onions when you cannot obtain the luxury of kisses. And in like manner whiff the glorious leaf divine whenever any one will stand treat.

Turning now to the extreme unfairness of my adversaries, let me allude to their ungenerous practice of nicknaming my favorite narcotic.

They never speak of it as the "true hearts-ease," the "Elysian lotus," or "flower of Arcady." No. They sneer at it, and call it the "*weed*." Mark the quintessence of their contempt. Not *a* weed, but *the* weed, *id est* the concentrated ugliness and venom of all weeds. But, gentlemen, you are as well-read as any of your writings. You are historic characters. Allow me to remind you how those good old Puritans were stigmatized as roundheads, and those good old Wesleyans as Methodists. But now they glory in their nicknames. And so shall it be with our sons and daughters in the good time coming, when in porch and parlor they shall inhale the perfume of "that weed of glorious feature," fashioned into the likeness of Operas and Regalias, of Havanas and Colorados, of Jenny Linds and all sweet singers, of Washingtons and all true patriots.

Some illogical quacks have undertaken to show that smoking is injurious to the human system, because, forsooth, when given in the form of an essential oil, to a kitten, it produces very deleterious effects.

Now, as I do not like kittens, and am rather fond of the fiddling extracted from their entrails, this objection appears to me to have but little weight. Moreover, there may possibly be some difference between the organization of the human race and that of the juvenile feline.

The quack argument is this: a given substance kills a given creature, therefore a very different substance will kill a very different creature. Suppose that kittens were angels, does it follow therefore that we tobacco-smokers are angels? If we are, all that we contend for is granted. If we are not, the argument will not apply. And, in the second place, because tobacco-oil is injurious, it does not follow that the same is true of tobacco-smoke. They might as well tell us that it is the same thing to take iron in the shape of a tonic from the doctor, and in the shape of a rifle bullet from a border ruffian. Bah! We don't know what effect their tobacco might have, but their logic is enough to make a cat sick through all her nine-fold nature.

Another unfair device of the anti-tobacconists, is their classing together smoking and other practices, which are acknowledged abominations. E. G.—It is said that a loafer is known by the three characteristics of wearing stand-up shirt-collars, swearing, and smoking cigars. Again, Dr. Adam Clarke, in very unpleasant language, remarks, that if he were to sacrifice to his Satanic majesty, the offering should consist of rum, pork and tobacco.

But these bogus imitations of old Welsh triads, I consider as miserable personalities. There is no accounting for tastes. "Chacun à son gout," "De gustibus," &c. One man does not like musk. Another detests cheese. I, myself, experience a reversal of the peristaltic motion at the sight of clams. But is musk, therefore, to be tabooed? Are Goshen and Chelsea to be hooted to the destination of equestrian beggars?

These old saws contain *prima facie* evidence of their falsity in their rhetorical structure. For it is an established canon of criticism, (see the various critiques upon Mr. Macaulay,) that the exhibition of point implies the non-existence of truth. To borrow an illustration from gunnery, it is firing point-blank. With quite as much propriety, I might string together a loafer, the devil, and Dr. Clarke, into a Geryonic monster, without considering the gross injustice done to the two gentlemen last mentioned.

I stand up for the Union. The Union is in danger. Arguments against the use of tobacco are of a sectional nature. It has happened, in the course of my travels, that I have often met with localities in which smoking and living were synonymous terms. To use the figurative language of oriental climes: The musquitoes were strong as the roc of Sinbad, and numerous as the fleas which carried Mahomet across the Bosphorus. Marshal Tukey could not catch them. Mudgekeewis could not smash them. Proteus could not elude them. The only phylactery of the poor "æstro percitus," is in a sure meerschaum, or a prime cigar. Then, with the aid of brass lungs and a calm sky, one may be as successful in conflict with the Harpies as the royal wizard of England, with his enchanted smoke, "ad daemones abigendos."

Tobacco-smoking, gentlemen, is of great potency to quicken the intellectual functions, "Ex fumo dare lucem," as Horatius saith. As the wonders of the concave mirror are most wonderful when exhibited in a fumigated atmosphere, even so does the mind require the same subtle medium as a condition of its "speciosa miracula." Hence we see at

once the reason why metaphysicians, and particularly the Germans, consider the aromatic cloud as a sublime necessity of their mental organization. We spy the baffled secret of Raleigh's heroism and Hall's eloquence. We see why even the temperate Milton lit his vesper pipe ere he lay down to dream of Paradise lost. We cease to wonder at Tennyson's black pipe-bowl, "girdled with the gleaming world" of song. Hobbes, of Malmsbury, was of our belief. He used to sit down to his cogitations with a whole dozen of pipe-clay, and smoke them all through before he could come to a logical conclusion. Therefore we agree with our friend Sandy, in Alton Locke, that "smoking promotes thinking, and driveth awa' the lusts o' the flesh."

My friend Josephus alledges that smoking is very extravagant. Money enough, says he, is spent in this foolish practice every year, to feed the poor in all our cities, and, in a short time, to provide the means for instructing and christianizing every inhabitant of the globe. This may be all true, though we have our doubts upon the subject. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But why pitch so indefatigably into the smokers? Why not, O Josephus, cast the beam out of thine own eye? Why not wage war also against the extravagances of roast beef and Shanghai coat-tails? Everybody knows that shin-bones are twice as nutritious as sirloins, and three times as cheap. Now let us suppose that the average amount of beef consumed daily in the United States is half a pound for each individual. Take the inhabitants of our country, as numbering thirty millions. Deduct five millions for the non-meat-eating negroes of the South, and we have a remainder of twenty-five millions carnivora.

Take the cost of sirloin as fifteen cents per pound, and the cost of shin-bones, as four cents per pound. The superior nutritive qualities of the latter will bring down the real cost to two cents. Bring forth the logarithms, and we shall find that the difference between imitating John Bull's Christmas dinner, and living on more correct physiological principles, amounts to $1,500,000.00, an annual sum more than sufficient to carry out the benevolent wishes of Josephus, and leave a handsome surplus at the disposal of the Society for the whitewashing and gilding of Ethiopians.

Finally, gentlemen, let us talk about the poetry of smoking. If, as some critics assert, there is poetry in horses, inasmuch as they shy; and in dogs, inasmuch as they whine in their sleep, thus showing that they have in them somewhat that is spiritual, what shall we say of the glo-

rious imaginings that are concentrated in the pipe-bowl? The ancients had some faint idea thereof, when they fashioned that wondrous bowl of gold in which the King of day journeyed to the Hesperides. The red men of this Continent perceived the poetic presence, when they made the calumet the token of peace and signal for rejoicing. But it was reserved for later times, and a son of Yale, to catch the full inspiration of his immortal theme, and to discern in the starry light of the burning leaf, emblems of love and incentives to glory. *Loquitur*, Franklin Finch:

> "It warms the soul like the blushing bowl,
> With its rose-red burden, streaming,
> And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
> From the lips with love-buds teeming."

These ideas, though "ne'er so well expressed," were often thought before. Every one has felt them that ever sat beneath the moonlighted foliage of our guardian-elms, with a group of kindred spirits, watching the smoke-wreaths rising in their beauty, like Aphrodite from the meerschaum—the sea-foam, till the day's cares and vexations seemed as light as they, and all hearts were knit together by the viewless bond of smiles and genial jokes, till the very stars seemed to twinkle with gladness, and the green leaves above us to dance to the music of our songs. Verily, Anthony Van Corlear's was the most poetical of lives, and Wouter Van Twiller's the most poetical of deaths, and Anacreon Moore, when he sang of smoking as "music seen and tasted," was of all poets the most philosophical.

But, gentlemen, my pipe is out, and my wits are in consequence bearing them company, and so I will conclude with an apothegm of the greatest of modern sages:

"*Gloria mundi fumus est.*"

Yours to command,

E. G. DARAPTI.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Character and Tendency of English Style.

BY LEWIS R. PACKARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"The language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host."

W. ALLSTON.

STYLE is inseparably connected with thought. The outlines of a statue, or the colors of a painting, may excite our admiration, while we are yet ignorant or careless of the ideas embodied in them. But in printed letters, the eye sees no beauty. Unmeaning sounds, however eloquently spoken, cannot charm the ear. From words, the mind passes at once to the thought they express. Style is dead and senseless if we regard not the thought in it. Language furnishes the skeleton of literature; Style clothes it with a body; but Thought is the soul that beams through the eye, makes beautiful the countenance, and governs the whole man. Hence, in the study of English style, is included the study of the *thought* of the English people, as embodied in their literature, and resulting from their character.

There are, however, certain qualities of style dependent upon the materials with which it works. From language it derives its materials. By variously combining phrases and applying figures, it produces those magic effects of power or pathos, which are limited only by the strength and capacity of the language. What, therefore, it is possible for English style to attain, and what verbal peculiarities belong to it, may be learned from a glance at the English language.

It is, in its origin and nature, a composite language. The noble old Saxon,—had it no other merit, it were sufficient glory to contain these noble "English words, Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home,"—this grand old Saxon has received many additions from Germany, Scandinavia, France, and the classic literature of ancient Greece and Rome. The stern and vigorous mind of northern Europe, the vivid imagination and warm feeling of the vine-clad south, the ethereal glory of Grecian intellect, the stately pomp and philosophic accuracy of the Latin tongue—all have furnished of their abundance, to strengthen and adorn the sim-

ple, yet powerful, Saxon words. The richness, and the varied excellencies of these different languages, are the materials out of which our English style is constructed. From these, it derives that infinite variety and that capability of intense energy, which are its prominent characteristics.

Another of its peculiarities is a frequent use of idioms, which adds much life and piquancy to the style, especially in familiar compositions. This is owing to the idiomatic structure of the language, for which the circumstances of its growth may account. It is the product of the daily life and necessities of a people, remarkable for independence and activity of thought, for always looking beyond the means to the end, and for expressing the ideal in metaphors from the material world. Thus, forming continually new ideas, and adapting phrases to convey them; disregarding formal rules of grammar, and set meanings of words in a simple eagerness to throw out the thought, abounding in concise and appropriate metaphors, the English nation has wrought out a language and a style full of idiomatic beauty and energy.

The prominent traits of English character are familiar to us all. We learn them from their history; we trace them in their literature, we know them in the living nation, we see them among ourselves.

The Anglo-Saxon race is everywhere a freedom-loving race. Popular interests and popular government are always defended and upheld by it.

A prevailing love of the practical and the useful, is another characteristic trait of the race. "Cui bono?" is not, with them, the question of an age, or an individual mind, but a permanent and universal test of excellence. From these traits of character, naturally result certain corresponding characteristics of thought in English literature of the present day. Of these we find, first, what we will call a popular element.

We find this popular element manifesting itself in a constant recognition of the ideas and feelings of the people, as true and right. We detect it in a half unconscious reference to the people, as the proper and ultimate audience to be addressed by every thinker. We trace this influence of the people, powerfully acting in a literature which directly defends their rights; which advocates a form of government securing those rights; which claims to express their feelings, and finds its highest honor in their affection.

It is not singular or unnatural that literature is thus of the people. Science, no longer the amusement of the few, is now the servant of the

many; once confined to the greatest minds, it is now open to the understanding of a child. Government now acknowledges as its noblest object, the good of the masses. Christianity has always made its home among the people. As a religion of liberty, of simplicity, and of spirituality, it is in its nature popular. Thus Literature shares with its divine sisters, this popular element which gives them rank among the dearest possessions of mankind.

It is an element of the inmost nature of modern literature. The readers of modern times are the people of all classes. Books have become an ornament in every parlor, and a necessity in every house. Books have become the companions, the friends, of all men; they are now a part of our social life. They occupy our thoughts, they guide our conversations, they mould our characters, and they do it all freely and unconsciously, in a social, popular way. Therefore any work, to obtain a place in the literature of a nation, while it need not foster the vices, or pander to the passions, must, nevertheless, engage the attention, and affect the character, of the people.

In every free literature, more especially under a republican government, there is a strong tendency to an ornate and oratorical style. It has been said that a Republic is but an aristocracy of orators. And it is indeed only natural and necessary that all literature should tend to that style which will most influence the people, when influence over the people is the surest road to success and power. The masses are pleased and moved most readily by the presentation of thought under the clothing of grace and beauty. Ornaments, either of elegance or of energy, always delight them.

The excess of this, gives to the style an over-wrought and declamatory tone, passing, sometimes, into mere bombast, offending, always, against purity and simplicity. Against this abuse of ornament, let common sense and good taste enter their indignant protest. An ornate style is no blemish, but a decided excellence in modern literature; this extravagant burlesque upon it, is a disgrace and an insult to the thought of the age.

We have found *practicality* to be a prominent element in the English character. We naturally find in English literature, a quality corresponding to this. No agency can be left unemployed by this genius of universal activity. Literature must bear its share of hot and dusty toil in the great labor of the age, and do its part in the real and tangible advancement of mankind. Even its lighter departments, which might

hope to be excused from the coarse and rough realities of life, must show that they are accomplishing somewhat for the general good, before stern Saxon common-sense will approve them. Dickens, Thackeray and Kingsley, owe their eminent positions as novelists, in no small degree, to the fact that they hold before their eyes in every work, the accomplishment of some practical, positive change in public sentiment, as their ultimate object.

The stern necessities of the age, act with the national tendency, to infuse a practical spirit into English literature. Those great social problems, which have been the threatening Sphinxes of all past generations, now challenge us to a fearful contest, which must banish from literature all aimless mirth, all fruitless passion. Practical, indeed, and powerful, must that literature be which embodies the character of the race, and meets the demands of the age.

Style has also felt the influence of this practical disposition. It produces a certain straightforward energy, and directness of action, which does not, indeed, forbid ornament, but which makes everything contribute to the final object it has in view. Elegance of expression is not despised; an occasional episode is not condemned; for both may aid the general design; but through all varieties of form we see the same steady progress, and unvarying direction towards the ultimate end of the whole.

The predominance which intellect is beginning to assume over feeling in literature, may also be traced to this spirit of practicality. It cannot always see the use and power of feeling. It demands dry argument and naked fact. Whenever, therefore, excitement of feeling is deemed necessary, it comes in an artificial form, and with forced warmth. This exclusion of natural fervor is an evil, for which all the benefits arising from energy and directness can hardly compensate.

A passion for philosophy, a desire to reduce all things to a few fundamental principles, is a prevailing characteristic of modern thought. All learning must be classified. Every party and system must state a new theory as its basis. The wide results of thought and observation must be condensed into a few words of abstract truth, or they will never be heard or known.

Every department of literature has changed, somewhat, its character under the influence of this new feeling. History is now no longer a record of facts, a story of national life, but an analysis of national character, and an estimate of the action of principles in the world's progress. Poetry has sobered her laughing face, and calmed her excited feeling.

She appears now, as in the sacred strains of In Memoriam and the Excursion, in the quiet dignity of sage philosophy. Even Fiction wears upon her fairy brow a look of keen penetration and of high purpose, which marks a change in her character. She lives now for nobler ends than to amuse the young, or occupy the idle. To condemn an abuse, to establish a principle, to defend an injured class, are now her cheerful duties.

Our age is one of thoughtful and speculative literature. If we hold the theory of alternate creative and reflective periods in literature, we are now in a period of reflection, the reaction from that rich outgrowth of imagination which followed the American and French revolutions.

Or, if this theory be too purely theoretical to be readily assumed, we may find more immediate and palpable causes of this philosophic character. The German mind, with its profound and thoughtful tone, has had a powerful influence on English writers in both the graver and the lighter departments of literature. Important discoveries in science, critical experiments in government, and momentous events of history have all combined, in the present century, to impart a deep and earnest philosophy to thought.

The language of metaphysical thought has been incorporated into the language of common English literature, and is rapidly modifying its style. It is, indeed, imparting a comprehensiveness, and a facility of analysis, by its abstract terms. But through these same abstract terms, there has come over the style of the day, a vagueness which seems almost to counteract all the practical tendencies of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the nineteenth century. Such wild obscurity may be the normal product of the German mind, acting through the German language; but it is hardly suitable to the practical English character, or at home in the clear and vigorous English language. This vagueness belongs peculiarly to metaphysical literature, as, indeed, might be expected; but its influence is now beginning to be felt, and its presence detected, in essays upon æsthetics and philosophy generally, in criticisms of art, and very decidedly in philosophical poetry. Over all these speculations rests a cloud of vague metaphysics, gorgeous, indeed, at times, in the golden light of genius, but in substance, only mist and vapor.

Three characteristics of English style have now been noticed; oratorical ornament, practical intellect, and a tendency to philosophic vagueness.

If such is the character of English style in the present, what will it be

in the future? what are its tendencies? Light and hope beam from the opening prospect before us. External circumstances, and internal tendencies, both promise a future of continual improvement.

Christianity, acting upon the individual, and upon society, can never cease to elevate literature. It will give to every man an intensity of noble purpose. It presents to all, unequaled models, both of style and character. With it free government, favoring in many ways the progress of literature, shall gather strength and enlarge its sway continually. Civilization and Commerce, refining agents of life and literature always, shall follow round the globe the swift-rolling sun, ever multiplying and scattering wide the rich blessings they bring. While thus external circumstances favor a future improvement of style, its internal qualities show no downward tendency. The effect of their mutual action is to eliminate their errors, to cultivate and improve their excellencies.

Affluence of ornament is an excellence which will advance with the progress of free government. But the tendency to declamation is constantly checked by the growing influence of practical ideas, and corrected by the increase of cultivation and good taste.

And while the philosophic character of thought, with its earnestness and lofty purpose be retained, the vague mists of language in which it is now shrouded, will be driven off by the practical energy of the age. Or, perhaps, the light of extending knowledge will penetrate and reveal their darkest depths. Thus these faults and errors will fade away and be forgotten. The graceful ornament, the philosophic spirit, and the practical vigor of English style, shall ever endure, immortal monuments of Anglo-Saxon character.

"The Niger and its Banks."

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent discoveries in Africa, which have almost revealed a new continent, it will be difficult to invest anything associated therewith with readable interest. Our early estimation of the country and natives formed from the School Geography, have not been much improved by subsequent observations upon the species around us. In a spirited engraving accompanying the above mentioned authority, Africa was represented under the figure of an individual of very decided color, in costume consistent with the climate, and leaning on an elephant's

tusk, while the more prominent national characteristics, as wools, heels, et cetera, were most advantageously set forth. In the background was a boundless desert with a solitary palm. And we thought of a land where the sun's rays, unscattered by green hill-sides and untempered by springy valleys, fell vertically on glistening, silent sands, of great monsters wallowing in the slime of stagnant lakes—of panting tigers stretched in the shade of forrest canopies, and huge serpents coiled in the thickets. And in all times the interior of Africa has been a field for wonder and imagination.

Lined by continuous swamps which imprison like a dungeon wall a poisonous malaria, or fenced in by fiery deserts, men imagined much of what they knew so little, and said surely such flaming barriers must guard another Eden.

And yet Africa has seldom been selected as the scene of poetry and romance. The Muses of song and story have not chosen it for a local habitation, even though led thither by the gentle Moravian bard. Dr. Johnson has indeed told us of a happy valley where the young Prince of Abysinnia heard lectures on high philosophy, but Dr. Johnson always wrote without a muse. Occasionally one of those "winged things" which the old Tragic poets always kept at call, when not on express duty, would make a *detour* over the Lybian Desert.

We learn too from Homer that the Olympians were wont to make a periodical family visit to Ethiopia, and sometimes when a character in the Drama was no longer wanted, he also was sent up "the fountains of the Nile" to be out of the way.

Science has sought to examine its physical characteristics—curiosity to break the mystery which enshrouds it—but its despised, almost unpitied people have awakened scarcely any other interest than that of gain. Indeed the race had an unfortunate beginning. It is descended from Ham, who seems to have been in very truth "the black sheep of the flock." When the Triumviri divided the world, one chose the land to the rising—the other to the setting sun, while the heritage of the South fell to the sable brother. The direction seems to have been unfortunate. It is a rule to which we believe History affords no exceptions, that the North and West have always prevailed against the South and East. Conquest moves eastward, colonization westward, and neither seems to have been successful in opposite directions.

Thus Xerxes with half a world in arms failed to subdue the little Peninsula of Greece, which was afterwards conquered by Northern neighbors,

and Alexander, who subdued the Eastern World so easily, was probably never one hundred miles west from his own Capital. In that direction a people was just then coming into power, who were able even then to send into the field an army fully equal to that with which he conquered the East, who perhaps would have broken his phalanx as they did that of his successors, although engaged at the time in a contest for supremacy with a powerful rival city. The permanent conquests of the Romans too were all made in Africa or the East, and they were continually harrassed, and both their Eastern and Western Empires were finally overthrown by the very Northern nations whom they had beaten in pitched battles but had failed to subdue. And it may be in no way significant, but it is at least true that Napoleon failed in his designs on England and his campaigns on the Peninsula—that all his great victories, as Marengo, Hohenlinden and Austerlitz were all south, as his reverses at Moscow, Leipsic and Waterloo were north of his Capital. In the East a company of English merchants controls whole nations, while the whole power of the English nation failed to subdue her Western Colonies while yet in their infancy. And Egypt, "the world's eldest born," though the patron of arts and sciences when the wild dogs yet banded on the Areopagus and the wolf had his den in the Tarpean rock, has been from time recorded the nation's vassal. Every great conqueror from Cambyses to Napoleon has marched or fought under the shadows of her pyramids. The whole Northern coast has been marked by the blazing path of the Saracen conquest, and indeed the children of the desert carried their conquest and their creed into the heart of its barren wastes.

But beyond the great desert there is a region rich as an Oasis and watered by the majestic Niger. Both have been from early time the objects of eager inquiry, and yet within the last fifty years very little knowledge had been acquired more than that possessed by Herodotus more than twenty centuries earlier.

The Royal Geographical Society of Ptolemy were quite as correct in their views as the Royal Geographical Society of London. It is indeed strange that after so many efforts yet still so little should have been known of the source and termination of this mysterious stream. According to one theory it flowed eastwardly into the desert and was lost in its sands. Another, that it was evaporated from a great inland lake, whose superfluous waters were carried off by one of the branches of the White Nile, while a third maintained that it reached the Ocean by the

Congo, whose channel alone of all the rivers of the Western coast seemed sufficient to contain the mighty volume of waters.

In search for this river there has been displayed the most active enterprise—the truest courage and the most determined perseverance.

"This is the only thing left worth doing," said the gallant Forbisher, as he sought for a passage between the ice mountains of the Polar Sea, but a nobler spirit animated the explorers of Africa.

Park, with the remembrance of the fate of his predecessor and the intense sufferings of his first journey, still unhesitatingly offered himself for a second, although almost assured that if the river flowed inland as was generally thought, he could never hope to return. Of the thirty-six picked men who accompanied him, but five survived the journey to the point of embarkation on the Niger, and these with himself were soon after killed by the natives. Clapperton, nevertheless, pursued the same route, and also lost his life, but the sole survivor of his party made a second attempt—solved the great problem and traced the mighty Niger to the Ocean. It was found to reach the gulf by many mouths forming a vast delta, whose base comprehends more than two hundred miles of sea coast.

The recent discovery of the Binue or Eastern branch, together with other facts, enables us to comprehend why the theories above mentioned should have been so varied and so obscure. First, a misunderstanding of the accounts of the natives seems to have arisen because of the general and indefinite meaning of the terms which they employed.

For example, one traveler, we are told, spent much time in collecting what he considered accurate and authentic accounts of the Nile. This seemed to surprise the natives, who finally asked if they had no Nile in England. On coming to a mutual understanding, it was found that Nile was a general name for running water, while by the sea was understood all water at rest.

The discovery of this river also enables us to account for the belief in the inland course of the Niger. The Kong Mountains—the lower boundary of Soudan—seemed a barrier to the progress of the river to the gulf of Guinea. Furthermore, no river was found along the coast large enough to receive its waters. And lastly, the Niger for some distance above its confluence with the Binue flows eastwardly; the two rivers flowing in nearly the same line, though of course in opposite directions. When we consider that the Arabs of the interior make no use of water communication, we may easily imagine that the existence

of a river without its direction might be known, and how it might be mistaken for a continuation rather than a branch of the Niger.

The solution of these mysteries may and will be in future time regarded as one of the great events of the century. The discovery of a river leading directly into the interior, navigable for steamboats for more than six hundred miles from the sea, and nearly five hundred above its confluence with the main stream is of the highest geographical interest.

And from the imperfect accounts of the expedition we may judge that no newly discovered country ever offered equal commercial advantages. The soil of Africa is either a desert or a garden. The fertility of the valley of the Nile and the Barbary coast has long been proverbial, and this valley seems fully equal in richness to either.

The views from the steamer presented none of the commonly conceived phases of African life. The country abounds in fine plantations of thousands of adjoining acres under continuous cultivation, populous cities, noble rivers, blooming savannahs and temple-like forests of red-wood and ebony.

The people, too, are not like the negroes of the coast, degraded still lower by slavery and the slave trade, but industrious, intelligent and favorable to foreign intercourse.

And we may hope, not as heretofore with hope alone, that at no distant period these seemingly forgotten children of our common Father may receive a portion of his blessing, that they may become enlightened and happy under the influence of that Spirit which has been the herald, the guide and the support of civilization until the "East shall be as bright as at sunrise." For the tones of their resurrection are blown.

S. T. F.

College Magazines.

It is pleasant in making one's *debut* in Editorial life, to be greeted by the good humored faces of so many cotemporaries from all parts of the country. We are glad, and somewhat surprised, that their number is so goodly. Yet why should we be surprised that the great thoughts and brilliant imaginations which live in such profusion in the brains of

all Collegians should seek many channels for utterance? Or, if we must express ourselves less enthusiastically, what can be more natural than that any co'lection of young men pursuing an intellectual life, old enough and wide awake enough to think upon all kinds of subjects, should wish to dabble (even if clumsily) with that instrument which more than any other controls the age? The wonder is, rather, that some of our sister Colleges are so behind-hand in the good enterprise. We should like to enquire respectfully of them—particularly the older and larger ones,—whether the fact is that they support no Magazine, or that they do not consider the Lit. a "respectable" exchange.

A glance at the exteriors of our various friends reveals to us that,—though many of them are old enough to be upon a permanent basis,—none is so well on in years as the Lit. The discovery gives us a venerable feeling which is most gratifying. We suppose they must look up to us with a reverence and awe not unlike that with which Nestor was regarded by the Greeks. We may, however, be mistaken.

Every one of these College periodicals has as truly its definite and peculiar character as their greater prototypes in the world without. Nowhere more plainly than in their Magazines, do you see the traces of the genial scholarship of Harvard, the strong good sense of Amherst, the valuable religious principle of Knox. But we had no intention of going the rounds,—either in a complimentary or disparaging strain. Doubtless every College Magazine presents at least something to be praised, and much which might well be criticized. But we are not willing to regard them as marks for criticism. They should not be, (certainly in most cases,) mere instruments for literary culture. *That* is gained through a great variety of College and Society exercises. But these magazines without losing sight of a literary aim, should be places for the expression of hearty, natural feelings and ideas, be they humorous or serious, and the consideration of subjects practically interesting. They should be places wherein the opinions of the students, in a proper way, may be declared. If this were more the case, we should be likely to see a diminution in the indecent, and sometimes unpleasantly *practical* ways of expressing them which now to a degree prevail.

But this is said to be a world where people don't appreciate their privileges, and the truth of the remark is certainly sometimes illustrated by the failure of the College world to improve the advantages which we have shown they possess for declaring their sentiments. This fact,—and a conviction which has at times come over us that the interests of

Printers and Editors were diametrically opposed,—render sympathy necessary, and we presume our editorial brethren elsewhere are ready to give it.

These Magazines afford almost the only means for the expression of mutual interest, and communication of mutual information, among different Colleges. From them a student can learn much not only of the interesting occurrences elsewhere, but of the intellectual abilities and tastes, and social and moral character of his fellows in all parts of the country. And it would be singular if such an intercommunication did not suggest some improvements to all. We wish this cultivation of acquaintance could be more general; but even now it is of much value. Surely students in different sections ought not to be totally ignorant of, or uninterested in each other; and if these periodicals had no other advantage, this is worthy of consideration.

H. S. H.

Book Notices.

PLURIBUSTAH, BY DOESTICKS.—This book should have been noticed in our last issue. But as a good laugh can never be out of season, we advise all our readers, who are anxious for one, to buy this book. The comic illustrations alone are worth the price of the volume. For sale by T. H. Pease.

TREATISE ON PUNCTUATION, BY JOHN WILSON.—An excellent work on the perplexing subject of which it treats. One who will carefully study its pages, will have no further trouble as to the disposition of his commas and periods. There is also appended some valuable instructions as to the manner of preparing manuscript for the press and correcting proof-sheets. For sale by T. H. Pease.

MONALDI, BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—This tale, although its incidents partake largely of the improbable and terrible, is nevertheless written with a simplicity and purity of style, which render it worthy of perusal. For sale by T. H. Pease.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE, BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON.—We have rarely met with a volume of sermons, whose contents pleased us better

than the one before us. They are written with an earnestness and sincerity which cannot fail of affecting the reader, and disposing him to think seriously of the subjects presented to view. Notwithstanding the source from which it emanates, we are unable to detect any traces of that Unitarianism with which the theology of Harvard is supposed to be infected. We cordially commend the volume to the perusal of all. For sale by T. H. Pease. G. P.

Our New Novel.

[Several weeks ago there entered our editorial sanctum a pale young man with interesting features, and his dark eye flashing with intelligence, who bore in his hand a much soiled manuscript. He narrated to us the tale of his sufferings and his disappointments, and concluded by offering us the manuscript to compete for the magnificent prize which we had so generously offered for the best Tale in the English language. The Judges, selected from all parts of our great and glorious Union, wept effectually when they perused the young man's production, and immediately awarded to it the prize of $500,000!! Since that time our efforts to find the young man out have been entirely unavailing, and this mystery lends, if possible, a still greater interest to the thrilling story below. We say to every one, *read it!*—Eds.]

$500,000 PRIZE STORY!!

THE MISFORTUNATE HEIRESS,

OR

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLOODY BATTLE AXE!!!

A THRILLING TALE OF THE EAST,

In Several Chapters!

By an Unknown Author???

(*Written for the New Haven Ledger.*)

CHAPTER I.

THE HERO.

"FEE! FAW! FUM!"

Old Ballad.

"*Slaves! bring forth the victim!*"

Such was the remarkable language of the Nadir Shah, the ferocious Knight of the Bloody-Battle Axe, Bashaw of seventeen horse-tales, Grand Magi of Cashmere, ("Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere?") Lord of a Thousand Isles, Chief Inspector of the Banks of the Burrampooter, &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRISIS.

"Non est dubium quin e vita absquatulaturus sit."—*Balbus.*

They brought him forth. Upon a rough, unyielding stone they placed his head, flowing with golden locks, and he was an Englishman. Above him bent the grimly-smiling, difficulty-intelligible old executioner, and he occasionally glanced at the prisoner. *Occasionally*, did I say? I did.

Brandishing his huge war club aloft, he swung it in the air. Poising it in mid-gyration, with sardonic grin he waited the dread word of command. The stern old Bashaw, &c., foamed like a barrel of Lager Bier, and from the bung-hole of his countenance issued these dreadful words:—

"Strike! for your altars and your fires!"

At this unique remark, the executioner's club began slowly to descend, when—

[The remainder of this stirring tale will be found in the New Haven Ledger of Saturday next. Price, only *four cents.*]

Memorabilia Yalensia.

We confess to thinking this title somewhat of a misnomer. Not that we do not record upon these pages many things which Yalensians hereafter may read over with interest, and with a kindling of old College feeling. But we wish that instead of this meagre outline, we could fasten on paper more of what is really "worthy of remembrance;"—the enthusiasm, friendship, and fun, which give College life its zest.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The elections on the 4th and 11th of June, resulted as follows:

LINONIA.		BROTHERS.
	Presidents.	
S. Scoville,		C. Northrop.
	Vice-Presidents.	
A. Hand,		J. P. Buckland.
	Secretaries.	
W. P. Bacon,		W. H. Woodward.
	Vice-Secretaries.	
J. C. Middleton,		F. Carter.
	Librarians.	
S. O. Seymour,		E. Barrows.
	Assistant Librarians.	
E. Seymour,		W. S. Alexander.
	Collectors.	
C. B. Dye,		S. Holden.

PRIZES.

The Orations for the DeForest Prize were delivered in the Chapel, June 20th, as follows:

1. "The Joy and Sorrow of a Great Soul," by Phineas W. Calkins, Corning, N. Y.
2. "The Character and Tendency of English Style, as illustrated by the present state of Literature," by Lewis R. Packard, Philadelphia, Pa.
3. "Philosophical Genius; an Analysis of its elements, or essential constituents, with Illustrations, drawn from eminent examples in intellectual and Physical Science," by Donald D. Shaw, Hamden, N. Y.
4. "Public Amusements, as Instruments used by despotism to debase the people," by Henry B. Brown, Berkshire County, Mass.
5. "The Joy and Sorrow of a Great Soul," by Hasbrouck DuBois, Fishkill, N. Y.
6. "The Joy and Sorrow of a Great Soul," by George Chester Robinson. Wellsboro', Pa.

The Prize was awarded to Phineas W. Calkins.

The following Prizes have also been awarded since our last:

DeForest Mathematical Prize.

J. H. Worrall.

For Solution of Astronomical Problems, Class of 1856.

1*st Prize,* D. J. Brewer,

2*d Prize,* L. W. Findlay, E. Robbins.

Prizes for English Composition, Class of 1858.

	1*st Division.*	2*d Division.*	3*d Division.*
1*st Prize,*	D. G. Brinton, S. H. Lee.	G. B. McLellan,	A. Van Name.
2*d Prize,*	M. S. Eichelburger,	C. C. Carpenter, E. Seymour,	H. K. Smith.
3*d Prize,*	J. Gazzard.	E. F. Blake, D. Ogden.	J. E. Kimball.

Prize Poem, Class of 1858.

E. C. Porter, I. Riley.

Freshman Scholarship.

F. Carter.

Clark Prize to second in Rank.

R. S. Catlin, W. H. Rice.

WOODEN SPOON EXHIBITION.

The Presentation of the Wooden Spoon, by the Junior Class, occurred at Brewster's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 16th. We cannot particularize, and general commendation amounts to little. We believe the many bright faces with which the occasion was honored, went away certainly no *less* bright than before. The Spoon was presented by Mr. Norman C. Perkins, to Mr. Samuel Scoville. The well known modesty of these gentlemen forbids all comment.

PRESENTATION DAY,

of the Class of '56, was Wednesday, the 18th of June. The Class Poem was delivered by Mr. George W. Buehler, and the Oration by Mr. Phineas W. Calkins. Incredible though it may be, the day was rainy, and the afternoon exercises were therefore deferred to Thursday. They passed off, however, with no diminution of pleasure. The Class Band, under the direction of Mr. G. C. Dunham, was an unusually large and fine one. The Class History, (which should *always* be written,) was well prepared by Mr. C. T. Catlin. May golden memories of College days go with the Class of '56, and may they find that after-life need not be without the fresh and joyous spirit which gives attractiveness to these old buildings.

POW-WOW.

The Class of '59 gave vent to their indignation, in the customary Pow-Wow, on Thursday evening, June 19th. Webster defines "Pow-Wow," as "Conju-

ration performed for the cure of diseases and other purposes, attended with great noise and confusion, and often with dancing." The prescription was well carried out, and we trust the most beneficial results will follow.

On Friday evening, June 27th, our eyes were gladdened by beholding in the Chapel Galleries, a large deputation of fair faces from the school of Mr. Perry, New London. Exemplum imitandum!

Editor's Table.

In the name of the mighty Editorial conclave, dear Readers, we salute you,—and bid you welcome to whatever in the Lit. is worthy of your attention. You will, of course, read it straight through, from beginning to end. May you be suitably impressed with the profound wisdom of the Townsends. May your moral character be proof against the seductive efforts of all tobacco-smokers. But to such an enlightened body as the readers of the Lit., remarks of this kind are needless, and we desist.

We are requested by the City Fathers to publish in the Lit., (as having a larger circulation than any other periodical,) some account of the celebration which is to take place here on the glorious Fourth. Should the printer favor us, we we hope to lay it before our readers in time to prepare their minds; but it should at any rate be put on record for the emulation of future generations.

Our Democratic City Government, with characteristic liberality, have (in view of the fact that it is our only national holiday) appropriated $000.20¼ for a commemoration of our Revolutionary ancestors. The following judicious apportionment of the money has been made:—

Torpedoes,	$00.04
Fire Crackers,	00.06¼
String for lighting do.,	00.01
Matches,	00.01
Wheels,	00.02
Snakes,	00.02
Peanuts,	00.03
Patriotism.	00.01
	$000.20¼

Fire crackers will be discharged at irregular intervals during the previous night, that the public mind may be in some degree awake to a consciousness of the approaching festivities. At half-past 5 A. M., the College bell will be rung. Precisely twenty-five minutes afterwards, the students will march in procession from the Chapel to the Lyceum, where remarks may be expected from several prominent members of the Faculty. At 7, a collation will be served. After

breakfast, the exercises of the day will commence in good earnest, in the fol lowing order:—

* * * * † ? (* * * *) ! —— —— —— ——¶ ! ! ! We are unable to do justice to the theme, and can only make some general remarks. Should the day be cloudy, it will probably rain:—if not, fair weather may be expected. The State House will be open for the reception of visitors. No extra trains will be run, owing (we have with great difficulty ascertained) to the fact that the cars will go at the ordinary times. The exercises of the afternoon will strikingly resemble those of the morning. It is supposed that excellence of position for viewing the performances will be inversely as distance from the Common Council chamber.

At 5 P. M., the city officials will hold a congratulatory meeting. During the last part of the day, orations will be delivered at several of the lamp-posts, by persons more or less under the influence of potations. Subjects—The Instability of all Earthly Things; The Rotary Motion of the Earth; The Fidelity of a Lamp-post to its Friends, etc.

In the evening, should the patriotism hold out, the Chemical Laboratory will be illuminated, and the flags of all nations suspended from the Police Office. Citizens of all political creeds, without distinction of age, are invited to participate indiscriminately in the celebration.

The elections of first presidents of our "literary" societies have come to be occasions of much noise and confusion. The effects of the preparation for them are often not advantageous to the scholarship of the candidates or their particular friends. Nor are they always conducive to the development of high moral qualities. Yet they have their peculiar advantages. We allude not merely to the revenue which accrues, and rejoices the heart of the collectors. Besides this, many who otherwise would not enjoy the advantages of the societies, make their first and only appearance on these evenings. We wish to correct a common impression which prevails, that the meetings are held only annually. The halls are open every Wednesday evening, without charge for admission. As there are doubtless those to whom the information will be serviceable, we would state that these halls are situated at the corner of Elm and High streets. Seniors or Juniors needing more particular information, can obtain it from Freshmen, (though just now, to be sure, we have no such beings round College.)

The unceremonious thrust which we have recently received, out of jolly Juniordom into Senior greatness, does not meet with our approval, and has led us to some philosophic reflections upon Junior year, which we record for the benefit of our Sophomore, or even far-sighted Freshmen friends. Biennial works a marvelous change in a man. From the unformed, inconsistent Sophomore, he suddenly attains a certain rotundity and completeness of student character, which is most gratifying. There is something resting upon a Junior, which he is expected to sustain, while nobody indulges any definite expectation from a Sophomore. Junior year introduces you, for the first time, to a "promiscuous assembly." Junior Exhibition and the Spoon afford wide fields for gaining glory

and greatness. Juniors are the politicians of College. Freshmen coalitions may plot and counterplot; but compared with mighty Junior councils, they are as a town meeting to a national convention. There is something sublime in thus feeling that the destinies of mankind are in your hands. It is not till Junior year that College authority acknowledges you as a rational being. Then you are allowed to enter confidently into that mysterious College Library. You draw for an inhabitable College room. If the tutors are no more outwardly respectful than before, you know that they are prompted by a much deeper feeling.

Juniors are eligible, too, to the Secretaryship and Assistant Librarianship in the Societies. But, perhaps, the strongest mark of confidence shown to Juniors, is the privilege which they alone enjoy, of choosing Optionals. And this optional question, by the way, is one of the most momentous which comes before a student during his course. The decision of the majority wavers especially between French and Practical Surveying. Of the two, the former will, doubtless, do most towards imparting to a man finished manners; and there is most fun in the recitation room. But then the latter is so *practical;* and we learn, too, that it affords a fine opportunity for running foot-races on the Green. It is said, however, that it is necessary to be present at the Surveying lessons as often as every other time; while in French, such an idea would be scouted.

Our thread of discourse is broken, and we will make no further attempt to describe what either has been, or will be, part of the experience of all our readers.

We wish to call attention to the surprising fact, that the Junior class have not yet been initiated into the mysteries of Φ. B. K. While other societies have been introducing their new members, we have expected to see a crowd of high appointment men march into Chapel some morning with an air which implied that they knew some things which were not public. We write with no motives of personal ambition, but it appears to us positively wrong that so many promising youth should be deprived of such social and literary advantages. We begin to fear that all the enthusiasm of the society left College in its former President, whose Senior Tutorship we recently enjoyed. Now that Beethoven that old and formidable rival of Φ. B. K., is tottering, and well nigh conquered, it becomes every Φ. B. K. man to take courage and do his duty

True, Φ. B. K. did not do well in the last class, but there were dissensions in Beethoven, although they took in a fine crowd. Public opinion is decidedly in favor of Φ. B. K. They have only to obtain a new hall, and continue the meetings with the spirit which has heretofore been manifested, and fresh laurels await them.

☞ We call the *special attention* of contributors to the last paragraph upon the fourth page of the cover.

We are happy to add to our list of exchanges this month, the "University Literary Magazine," from Virginia University. Prosperity to it.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI. AUGUST, 1856. No. IX.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '57.

F. E. BUTLER, H. S. HUNTINGTON,
J. M. HOLMES, N. C. PERKINS,
G. PRATT.

Accuracy in Style.

"The words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, shall trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."—*Milton.*

THERE is scarcely any quality in writing more admired or more desirable, nor any more neglected than accuracy. Whether it be an innate love of truth, a sense of the "fitness of things," or the pleasure of seeing an end accomplished, or all combined, it is certain that there is something in the mind to which this quality goes directly, and exactly fits. We admire the skill of a marksman who drives his shot through the target's centre; we admire the skill and precision with which a fine engine does its work, we are overwhelmed in contemplating the perfect harmony that characterizes the complex motions of the heavenly bodies. Now no one of these ends is attained by a general, blind, hap-hazard, headlong dash at the result, but by a careful study and accurate adjustment of the minutest details; a single loose screw would derange and perhaps destroy the most exquisite piece of mechanism; a slight error in balancing the forces would throw the whole universe into confusion and ruin.

Perspicuity, power, and even grace in writing are attainable only by a similar care: the first of these, which is in fact an essential condition of the other two, is the clear expression of a clear conception, and depends not only upon a proper collocation of clauses in the sentence and a logical arrangement of the propositions advanced, but more particularly on the choice of suitable words to convey the exact idea sought to be presented. Of what avail were it for a general to arrange his forces in the most skillful and scientific order of column and line, if the individual soldiers were incapable of using their arms or of executing the designs of the commander? And yet how many writers and speakers use words which thus employed are mere men of straw, which the initiated readily recognize as positive encumbrances, that do no manner of service unless to amaze the ignorant. Whether it be possible to think without words or not, it is pretty certain that in every mental operation, at least the majority of persons employ them, and it is equally certain that much of the vagueness in conception and in expression that characterizes a great deal of writing, may be traced to the ambiguity of the terms in which the thought was first embodied. The world is full of muddy books; we start up with a pleased surprise on meeting an author who knows what he thinks and says what he knows. To be sure language is imperfect, and words are more or less ambiguous: strictly speaking, no language, we suppose, contains or ought to contain exact synonyms, but the more words it has to express delicate shades of meaning the nearer it approaches perfection. There are indeed thoughts and emotions so delicate and ineffable that, like the exquisite tints of a September sunset, they defy all attempts at description or expression.

But the fault we complain of must not be charged upon the ambiguity of the language or the poverty of its vocabulary. The English language, with all its defects, is yet a rich and noble tongue, and no one who knows it will, unless he has abused it, ever complain of it. The fault is all our own. We will not take the pains to select and insert the very word that fits the place; there may not always be one, and there never is more than one, and if that one does not readily turn up, we lazily take one that does, and patch up the sentence with that; forgetting that perspicuity is the fruit of no little care and attention, especially when one has fallen into this slip-shod habit, or his natural simplicity of mind (if he had any) has become "stuck up" and "tricked out" till, like a tinker's suit, there is scarcely a vestige of the original stuff visible.

Whatever other excellencies a writer may have, they are all spoiled through lack of precision; the rest are valuable, but this is indispensa-

ble. His arrow may be elegantly feathered and forcibly shot, but if it miss the mark it is of no use,—except occasionally to enable an acute observer to conjecture what it was he aimed at. His brilliant imagery then becomes a miserable abortion, or at best is about as effective and as lasting as so much fire-works.

In some departments, in scientific writing, for example, this precision is indispensable, and always insisted on, and it is one of the incidental advantages conferred by every science, that it enriches the vocabulary of a language while it fixes the meaning of its words. And on the other hand disregarding this accuracy has occasioned infinite perplexity, and obstructed, diverted, and sometimes beaten back the progress of science. It has occasioned or created more than half the wars both of words and of arms that have cursed the earth.

Certainly mere accuracy can never supply the place of thought, but it may cherish thought when feeble, revive it when perishing and fix it when fading; nay, sometimes—oftentimes give it birth. One can hardly help repining to think how much error, how many false impressions, how many harsh, mixed and mawkish metaphors, how many unmitigated splurges, how many wishy-washy books and speeches a due attention to the study of words would have saved. Such a study would clear up, discipline and invigorate the mind; it would give it tone and freedom; it would impart to it a judgment and discrimination to which logic with all its boasted claims confesses its utter inefficiency.

It is every man's *duty* not only not to debase, but actually to improve the language, to settle and restrict the meaning of its words by a careful and just use of them, until every word in the language shall—as far as possible—be the representative of its own peculiar idea, and the sight of the one shall suggest the other as quickly and certainly as light follows the rising of the sun.

Many good words, words which are indispensable because filling an important place which but for them would remain unfilled, many such words are lost, lost at least to any good purpose by a bad, in some cases we might say, a malicious use of them. Such, for example, is the word "dignity." It has been so shamefully abused that even a Latin scholar forgets that it had its origin in sterling *worth;* it has been made to serve the turn of a petty ambition and a contemptible self-conceit so often that even those who ought to have it are almost ashamed to have it seen about them, until, modest as it is, it dares hardly take its wonted and rightful seat. Now it is unfair that such a noble word should be shamed out of being because some will fix its good name to a base counterfeit, or be-

cause, as one has finely said, some will be forever "putting their dignity in the wrong place."

Every scholar, and in fact every moral man ought to regard himself as a conservator of good words, and a weeder-out of bad ones, for when a thing has lost its name, especially its good name, it ceases to be, or ceases to be good, and neither literature nor religion can afford to lose a good word. So, too, we ought to guard ourselves with special vigilance against the habit of veiling sin under a *soft name*, and earnestly to withstand every such effort on the part of others; such a practice is alike detrimental to the intellect and the heart, and merits the severest censure. Woe has been been pronounced long ago and upon the highest authority on those who "call evil good and good evil."

The old Quaker who stood on his door-step and called the dog in the street a *bad* dog, sealed the poor brute's fate as effectually as he could have done with a pistol or a halter; and many a man and many a virtue has been "damned with faint praise" or killed outright by a surname, and many a vice and many a villain has been admired and worshiped under an assumed name, that under their own would have been kicked out of existence—as they deserved.

A great deal of perplexity, undoubtedly, (as we have already intimated,) arises from a mal-collocation of words and clauses; this, however, is an evil that the application of a few rules and a little skill will easily correct, but a greater perplexity arises from the meaning of terms; a profounder knowledge is needed here, a philosophic insight, a power of philological analysis, not easily or quickly attainable, but a knowledge, nevertheless, and a power equally valuable and delightful. What can be more instructive or pleasant than to trace a word up to its origin, to watch the transformations it undergoes, the sometimes curious circumstances of its birth, the wonderful events in human thought or in human history it records and embodies, to see it at one period laid aside like a superceded coat and again hunted up and brought forth to serve the purposes of a revived fashion. It is as if one should take up a handful of old coins and bid them tell their story. Sometimes a single word lets us into a world of hitherto hidden thought and feeling, delicious as the glimpses of a charming landscape caught through an opening in the woods. Sometimes the use of a single word betrays one's whole character and discovers to us a nobleness and refinement, or a meanness and depravity of whose existence we had never dreamed. Our language, made up, as it is, like the people, of so many others, is filled with curious and diversified examples. But they do not reveal their treasures to a careless or su-

perficial eye; one must delve for them, in short, to use a classical expression, he must "root them out." Every one has not the strength or the tools, but every one may have. This power is, in fact, a large part of the advantage—to a great extent an unconscious and unacknowledged advantage—of studying the classics. To none but a *classical* scholar would the mention, for instance, of an "imperative" duty or an "imperative" necessity summon to his recollection the tremendous and inevitable power of the Roman *imperator*, whose absolute sway controlled the remotest parts of that vast empire, where, though the emperor died, the power continued; *principes mortales, rempublicam æternum esse.* So, too, one must know a little Latin to appreciate the well-known delicate pun upon the word "precarious," perpetrated on a certain occasion by a distinguished member of the faculty, or that other equally good pun upon "edification," as applied by the same Professor to Webster's phrenological "constructiveness," (vide Decisions on Junior disputes.)

The apparent anomaly of employing the adjective "tropical" at one time to designate figurative language, and at another the climate and productions of a zone on either side the equator, is readily explained when one remembers that both are derived from τρέπω, to turn, i. e., to turn a word from its customary use, or the sun in the ecliptic.

An accurate Latin scholar would never be guilty of exculpating himself —as we once heard an accomplished lady—from the charge of *deprecating* the merits of another, when she only meant to say she was not *depreciating* him. Nor like a friend of ours speak of himself and companion being *conveyed* through an iron furnace by a workman, when he evidently meant simply that they were *conducted* through it.

Nor if this matter received half the attention it deserved should (not *would*) we find in the Middle and Western States so many disciples of the Frenchman who insisted that "he *would* drown and nobody *should* help him."*

Nor are we confined to the classics; we may lay all history and every science—genuine or exploded—under contribution, and we shall find that while history explains the word, the word as often embalms and preserves history. Take, for instance, the word "cottonized:" how much is wrapped up in that word—a word that has just been coined and is the offspring of our own times; what a history does it suggest of the agitation of the Union, of the struggle between freedom and slavery, of the commercial and mon-

* A young man writing form Kansas, says, (in a letter in the Independent,) "I cannot believe that we *will* be taken. One thing is certain, we *shall* not surrender." Good sentiment—but bad grammar.

ey-loving spirit of our age; it will tell a history to posterity as distinct as the "white and red roses" do to us, and vastly more important.

Many words of course become obsolete, and like mile-stones on a turnpike that has been abandoned for a railway, serve only to mark the progress of the language, and the advance of science and civilization. Such are, we fear, the word "whig," and we hope "locofoco," "barnburner," "hard-shells," and all the phases of the New York Democracy. Others meet a better fate. They are rescued from the ruins of a false system that they once supported, and, like a heathen temple consecrated to the worship of God, turned to a nobler purpose. Theology and literature are full of such examples. "Taboo" is an instance, though not one of the best. In a similar manner the word "elements" is still applied to the four agencies of fire, air, earth and water, though science has long ago demonstrated that they are not simple, *elementary* substances, as the ancients supposed when the term was first employed. Every "Brother" certainly, possibly every "Linonian" is familiar with the name and duties of a "Teller," yet what a history does its origin tell of the exchequer of old England and the burning of the Parliament Houses. Webster tells us that "Sororicide" "is little used, and obviously because the crime is very infrequent." We cannot forbear remarking—though it be not quite pertinent to the subject—what a mail-like protection against violence innocence is, and what an argument this fact offers to the supporters of non-resistance. Should the English hereafter become a dead language, perhaps some future Professor of it will have recourse to the habits of *fishes* in determining the time of our Legislature's sessions, and explain the festivals that may arise thereat by adducing, among other authorities the June No. of the Lit., just as now ancient testimony is cited to explain the ancient festival of τυανσ↓ια.

But it is needless to multiply examples, especially as Mr. Trench has given so many in his admirable work on the "Study of Words," in which, from a cursory and partial examination of it we are free to say that, while we have taken care to instance no cases that he has cited, he has, on the whole subject of words said a great many things quite as well, perhaps, as we could do it ourselves. Now in all these instances—and they are but a "beggarly account" of what the language affords—it is obvious at a glance what power, facility of expression and precision a thorough acquaintance with the origin and etymological and historical signification of words gives a writer. Indeed, if one would see the massive power there is in words, let him look into the pages of Tacitus and Milton, of Bacon and Shakspeare.

We had intended to enumerate some of the causes of inaccuracy, such, for example, as the prevailing disposition to use extravagant words—a practice which, if it originated with the young ladies, is now by no means confined to them; to point out the connection of accuracy with earnestness, to show how it would (and will) subserve the practicality of the age; how it would quicken the conscience and cultivate the love of truth. These and many other points we must leave untouched, and stop with the humble confession that one cannot write a sentence on this subject without a painful consciousness and even betrayal of his own defects, but that he may be consoled by the reflection that a "guide-board" is of use to direct others, though it cannot take a step itself. F. E. B.

The Sunset Walk.

I.

I looked from yonder tufted height, as the sunset's crimson tinge
Glowed on its castellated cliffs, and waved like a fiery fringe.
A waveless sea of golden green lay widening in the west,
Where cloudy isles of Iris hue embosomed, lay at rest.
Whatever charms the soul in dreams seemed mirrored in the sky,
As haloed o'er with purple light the sun sank from on high.
And I said—as I saw the glowing west with his dying radiance shine,
"Let my life in a cloud of glory sink; let my last end be like thine!
'Tis best at the hallowed sunset hour to think of the great of earth,
Whose names each generation wakes to a new and noble birth."

II.

I passed by yonder gray old wall, with its turrets ivy-hung
Just as a flood of farewell light athwart the graves was flung.
Soft fell its radiance on the flowers, which with closing petals lay,
Telling the flight of the winged hours by their birth and sweet decay.
And soft on the hemlocks that shade the wall, like sentinels dark and stern,
And soft on the graves, at whose mossy swells the living their fate may learn.
And I said: "Though men forget my name, let me rest in hope and faith,
Till the last dread trump's mysterious blast shall sound the knell of Death!
'Tis best at the hallowed sunset hour, that our chastened thoughts be given
To those whose light is the light of God, whose thoughts are the thoughts of heaven."

D.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Joy and the Sorrow of a Great Soul.

BY HASBROUCK DU BOIS, FISHKILL, N. Y.

THE human soul in its original purity was the most perfect workmanship of the Almighty. That it has fallen from its high estate is the induction of Heathen philosophy, and the confirmation of Christian revelation. But the highest aim of the nobler faculties of our nature is to attain again to their former pure and happy state. An ideal soul then is a perfect image of God—of His intelligence, moral nature, and capacities for joy and sorrow. Its greatest enjoyment springs from that part of its nature which it possesses in common with Him; its deepest sorrow, from the struggles and conflicts which encounter its upward path.

True joy may be said to consist in that happy and tranquil *state of mind*—that exalted serenity of disposition, in which the nobler sources of happiness are fully developed, and the baser ones in complete subjection. It exists not in the momentary satisfaction which arises from the conquests of ambition, not in the preferments of fortune, or the distinctions of rank; but in that *inward complacency* which tinges human life with its fairest coloring, and which extracts from the severest affliction something of solid consolation. And so, too, the most bitter sorrow is that perverted and agitated state of mind, in which the dominion of virtue has been usurped, and the passions hold unlimited sway.

The Great Soul owes its greatness, not so much to its master intellect, as to its larger heart, its more capacious power of feeling. And it is characteristic of its joy and sorrow, that they well up from the deeper foundation of its own nature. The common mind stops at the porch; the great spirit enters the temple, and breathes the atmosphere of the inner sanctuary. Joy may become ecstasy, sorrow may lapse into moody melancholy, or suicidal despair. Self-reliance is the essence of its greatness. It is self-attracted by the dignity of its own existence. It searches within for its fairest models. The mind is the kindom over which it reigns supreme. Its joys and sorrows are therefore more self-derived, they have a wider range, and take deeper and more lasting hold upon it.

The *sources* of joy and sorrow in the Great Soul cannot be considered

entirely *distinctive;* for the elements of human nature are in every one the same. Their peculiarity, however, consists in the *intensity* and *aim* of the emotions they excite. It is our purpose to investigate the nature of those sources, and to consider their effect in producing the maximum of joy and sorrow in the Great Soul.

The sources of joy in the Great Soul are found in its own character, in society, and in Deity.

Cultivated intellect, with its multiplied inductions, opens a laboratory for endless thought, and stimulates a perpetual relish for its own pleasures. It divorces the soul from groveling pursuits, and weds it to *truth* in the moral and physical world, flashes of whose beauty frequently move it to transport. *Imagination* peoples its inner realm with a thousand happy fancies, and makes the past and the future contribute to its delight. It inspires the poet and the artist, by exalting their attention from objects of sense, to conceptions of ideal excellence. While *refined taste* arranges into a pleasing cabinet the productions of intellect and imagination, and when united with them, becomes a handmaid to religion. But the Great Soul may possess all these joys and still be steeped in sorrow. The happiness which they confer is of a transitory nature; and is conditioned on the state of the mind in which they exist. A happy temper, and an approving conscience, are indispensable to their healthy action. A cheerful spirit is, moreover, of itself an ever present and delightful companion. It precludes the approach of despondency and melancholy. Without it those powers of the mind which were intended to make it a kingdom unto itself only deepen its sorrow. By creating imaginary wrongs, and giving a quicker impulse to passion, they frequently drive the Great Soul to extremes in conduct, which, in its calmer hours, fill it with remorse. Thus by temperance, self-government and self-culture, every legitimate source of internal joy is developed, and the Great Soul sits in happy empire over its own faculties and passions.

With a more enlarged province, the sources of joy are found in its social nature. It is an empirical law of nature, that no power has any actual existence till called into activity. This is eminently true of those faculties and impulses which constitute the dignity of elevated characters. When the light of a great truth first breaks in upon the soul it exists only in the form of an intellectual conception. If it accords with the higher law of truth, recorded in the heart of man, its effect is immediately felt in the guidance which it gives the judgment, and the power which it exercises over the will. Human action follows the chan-

nels which its superior wisdom dictates; and the affections forthwith begin an intelligent play. It is in the broad field which it thus affords for speculative truth to expand into energetic principles, that society becomes the indirect medium of bliss to the benevolent soul. But little less than sorrow could accrue to it from the possession of dormant and trammeled affections, to which it would be sad indeed if it were entirely left. Generosity, patriotism, philanthropy, heroism, all that is aspiring in social life, trace their origin here, and are but counterparts of affections within. The power of these dignified virtues to satisfy the longings of the soul, and to fill its pilgrimage with delight cannot be overrated. It has ever been the theory of practical philosophers to make perfect joy consist in the forgetfulness of self, through zeal for the good of others.

Moreover, the finer sensibilities of the Great Soul enable it to appreciate all that is attractive in affection and friendship; and its better judgment preserves it from the follies which embitter the intercourse of others. Society thus directly offers it many peculiar charms.

In a still broader sphere, the sources of joy are found in its religious nature. The exalted emotions of veneration and holy love have a superior influence in the Great Soul and are continually reaching out after an object of superior capacities and endowments. We all love an ideal—a perfect model—to fill our eye for greatness. What pleasing emotions arise in the mind when the achievements of generosity and patriotism are recited or sung! It is in God alone, the perfection of every virtue, that the Great Soul finds its ideal realized. By the attractiveness of his love, the desire of the Great Soul is won; by the recognition of His omnipotence, it is overcome with veneration; by the contemplation of His goodness, subdued to gratitude and resignation; by a devotion to His service, filled with high aspirations and purposes. Moreover, by a powerful reflex influence, religion quickens its lively sensibilities and refines the sources of joy which are found in its individual and social natures. All these it renders permanent by sanctifying affliction, and providing a support under adversity.

That Great Soul which combines the perception and research of the Philosopher, with the affection and sensibility of the Christian, possesses the most exalted sources of earthly joy. As it investigates the laws of nature, it discovers that they all emanate from Infinite Wisdom and Power. As it considers the mysteries of its own being, it sees that in Him alone is intellect perfected, desire satisfied, truth revealed. It labors to purify its own feelings, and to elevate its sin-burdened race, but finds in Incar-

nate Purity and Love a response to all its longings. Philosophy and Christianity unite in perfecting the moral grandeur of man, and in achieving the highest triumph of the soul!

By the union of these three sources of happiness, the greatest attainable degree of joy is reached. And could human nature produce *one* whose single capacities and endowments should embrace these in perfect development, the refulgence of *heavenly* bliss would shine within his soul.

The *Sorrows* of a great soul are either of an external or eternal nature. That is, they are produced either by the malformation and torturing of sin in its own character, or by the blights which it has left on the characters of others and the world around. From the weakness which it gives to resolution, and the inactivity which it lends to energy, arise the follies and imbecilities of life; from the perversion of every noble faculty, and the creation of unlawful desires, arises a stern conflict with passion; from a willful breach of just law, and a conscious remissness in duty arises a bitter sense of guilt. The sources of its internal sorrow then, are *folly*, *passion*, and *guilt*.

Let no one suppose that the great soul is free from the dejection which ever accompanies the follies and short-comings of life. That sensibility which is indispensable to the manly virtues renders it more vulnerable to their attacks. It has, moreover, a higher standard of excellence placed before it. The sorrow of disappointment is thus added to the original infliction. Hence arise that petulance and irascibilty which so often embitter its social intercourse. A burden of sadness and heart-sickness gradually depresses its spirit, which often ripens into melancholy, and ends in the relaxation of purpose and the subversion of principle. How many of Christianity's worthiest children thus deny in life the principles which they parade in profession, and close their hearts against the attractiveness of its joys, and the manliness of their own nature!

But a still deeper gloom overshadows the great soul, if to the sorrows already mentioned, is added a corrupted heart and a perverted nature. By a wise organization of the human constitution, the dominion of Passion is subservient to Intellect and Principle. If at any time, even the benevolent passions, and those which exhibit a lovely phase of character gain absolute sway, the result is disastrous to permanent enjoyment. Their government, while it stimulates to lofty enterprise, and invigorates the powers of the mind, is domineering in its very nature. Many are black and turbulent through depravity, and their supremacy indicates a

disorder in the moral frame, and carries in its train every thing that is despicable in degradation or lamentable in woe! If, however, they are kept in subordination, a whole family of joys takes up its abode in the inner chambers; but if belligerant, civil discord invests the citadel of the heart, the powers of the mind are perverted into ministers of misery, and that source from which the Great Soul expects the purest enjoyment becomes its severest tormentor. How many of England's bards and statesmen have been poisoned by its infatuation, and lacerated by its remorse! Every page of history is black with the achievements of those whose passions emblazoned ther lives, but degraded and tortured their hearts. It is ever the tendency of passion to mar happiness, quench purpose, and darken judgment. But especially does it delight in the trophies of genius, and the degradation of the great and the good! Their tender sensibilites are intoxicated by its pleasures, and their aspiring purposes perverted by its allurements!

But the cup of its inward misery is filled, if, to the poignancy of folly and passion, is added the bitterness of conscious guilt. There is a retributive law in the government of God, which appeals not entirely to the future for its execution. Its foundation is laid in the constitution of man, and it enlists every faculty and emotion in its enforcement. As these, in the great and good heighten joy, so do they in the great and bad deepen sorrow. A sense of inward degradation and wretchedness, of talents squandered or misapplied, of honor forfeited, of integrity lost, frequently drives the great soul to madness. Every element of nature without seems bursting in vengeance on its head, while conscience within adds her silent but torturous stings. Where shall we find such a picture of human misery as the death-bed of the ingenuous Altimont, or of the skeptical Voltaire!

But the sorrows of the Great Soul are not entirely of an internal nature. That sensibility which prompts us "to bear one another's burdens," frequently produces a sadness, which dims the lustre of all its enjoyments. Jesus wept over rebellious Jerusalem! Such a sympathy the great soul ever feels with the miseries which surround it. In this, too, we may discern one of its purest sources of enjoyment. For the sorrow of sympathy has a charm which far excels the giddiness of mirth. It enables its possessor to appropriate to himself every ray of happiness that beams from the countenances of his fellows. The sources of *joy* are thus everywhere multiplied. Moreover, it refines his own character, and thus becomes the mainspring of all that is delightful in generosity and beneficence.

Temporal afflictions, disappointment, the treachery of friends, the jealousy of enemies, all swell the stream of sorrow which interrupts its pilgrimage. They are a part of the dark curse of sin, and the great soul cannot entirely escape them. But the support of higher sources of joy removes the sadness they produce—the gloom of present misery heightens prospective bliss.

Often has sorrow so depressed the Great Soul, or the love of truth so engrossed it as to cause it to retire from the world, and seek the anchorite's destiny. Such a state of mind is sad, because it engenders dejection; joyous, because it elicits truth. It provides a pleasant theatre for the cultivation of *individual* and *religious* enjoyments, but excludes the delight which *society* affords. Hence it always leaves a blank in the heart. Should solitude ripen this dejection into melancholy, hope darkens into despair, and despair leads the soul onward to madness, or, —to the suicide's grave!

It has ever been the lot of the votaries of progress to receive the frowns of the world, and even of their own friends and kindred. Such a martyrdom of feeling is severer than the fagot. But fortitude, prompted by love of truth and man, strengthens them to endure this heartlessness, and to court a life of infamy, and a death of disgrace. But when ingratitude ripens into hatred, and hatred into persecution,—when physical tortures are added to mental anguish, the consummation of human sorrow is reached. Yet even here, loyalty to truth enables its victims to kiss the guillotine, to confront with immortal words their bigoted accusers, and to gain a celestial glimpse from the unveiled future. For such great souls, self-poised and self-sustained, the suffering of the bitterest temporal death becomes a happy passage to eternal life. With an almost heavenly inspiration they loosen the shackles of the body, and their liberated spirits are wafted to a joyous home. James Bainham, when the flames had half consumed his body, raised aloft his arms, and in the agonies of death, exclaimed, "This fire is a bed of roses for me!" A just influence at this point establishes one of the profoundest doctrines of Christian Philosophy:—*The dominion of virtue and principle over the body is supreme.* But, for our purpose, a still more triumphant truth receives impressive illustration:—*The Perfection of Sorrow works out the Perfection of Joy.*

Our deductions thus far have led us to *principles*, and these principles have been confirmed by a reference to facts; but both principles and facts point to one central truth:—*Joy and sorrow are ministers in the hands of God for the protection of the soul.*

Happy that soul, and truly great, which is so disciplined by earthly sorrow, so elevated by earthly joy, as to fill up the residue of its days with honor, and finally, to enter upon that state of *perfect joy* where *sorrow* shall be known no more.

A Monologue on Tin Cans and their Uses.

BY AN ATTACHE.

—Meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores.

Hor. Carm., III. 27.

Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!
Wie glänzt die Sonne,
Wie lacht die Flur!

Goethe.

I AGREE with Horace that Botany is decidedly preferable to Boating. I have a mortal horror of a boatshirt. It appears to me I should prefer the under garment that burned old Hercules. There was a time, it is true, when I rejoiced in Freshman innocency. There was a time when my fancies were tinged with the blue of waves and my thoughts with their countless laughter. But I thank my stars that one windy Wednesday afternoon "relieved" me. "It's in me," I exclaimed with Sheridan, "and it's bound to come out!" The rock and swell of those thick-coming waves—ugh! If anybody has a poetic longing to experience what John Bunyan calls "the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen," I advise him either, like Henry Ward Beecher, to take a front seat on the cow-catcher of some snowbank-breaking locomotive, or else some gusty day to try boating.

I have consequently taken to botany. My coat-tails may be observed any Saturday disappearing in the dim distance of Tutor's lane, or a good achromatic instrument may possibly distinguish me about five degrees above the horizon, climbing the perpendicular ascent of East Rock. As I fall from "running to going, and from going to clambering on my hands and knees," I have but to look about me to raise my spirits to my own proud elevation. Right below me stretches the forest of New Haven elms, waving in the sunlight their tops of golden green;—far

away the shores of Long Island lie on the margin of the water like a sea-nymph sleeping;—at my feet the placid surface of the bay, fringed with green shores and broadening to the sea, mirrors back these frowning cliffs, each an Acropolis, embracing, as Willis says, this City of the Elms with quotation marks of rock, to indicate its emanation from the mind of Hillhouse. And as far beneath my contempt as beneath my feet, paddles a college boat like a polywog in a frogpond.

"But who am I?" *I?* I'm the man with the tin can, and the twelve and a half cent hat, and the seven leagued boots. I? I'm a lover of nature, and of the "female persuasion," and of flowers. I am one of the noble army of botanists. I haunt the sacred Druid groves, cool when the sun shines hot, and dark at noontide. I roam abroad these sultry days "on breezy slopes and under God's own clear sky." I wander apart from men, nourishing silent fancies, and watching the wondrous processes of nature in trees, and plants, and flowers. I rise before prayers, rush to the fields, inhale

> The breath of heaven fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
> With dayspring born,—

and on cloudless days, after a shower that has washed the tiny hands of the innumerable trees, I lie on the soft warm earth, and listen to the leaves lisping the music of childhood, and swelling ever and anon into the congregational singing of the forest. And then there comes a lull, and I listen to the silence of the solemn wood, and thoughts throng thick through the silence. I think how often poor Alton Locke, who had never left the eternal daily and nightly din of London, found in his first journey into the gay green country, an unutterable mystery in this same silence—a new world in the quiet. And I think that like this, after the spirit-strife of "this dim spot which men call earth," with an inexpressibly more glorious and holy calm, may come over the spirit the perfect peace of Heaven.

I carry out, better than any of you men who sleep away your Saturday afternoons in close college rooms, the prescription of our revered Professor for clearest vision. My cornea is lubricated in the right manner. I lie on my back and see the stars through the openings of the trees, and when I get tired of that, I come to the conclusion of Dick Swiveller and take a taste of "the balmy," and as I've walked five miles to get here, I get a clear idea, as I fall asleep, of that image than which there is none more beautiful in all our English poetry:

> Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

I don't believe in the Indian method of resting when one is tired. I tried it one day to test it fairly. The recipe was to take up a stone of some two hundred pounds weight, carry it a quarter of a mile, when on letting go of it the patient would feel sensibly relieved. There may be a difference in constitutional habit, but I have given up the remedy as not applying to the peculiar diagnosis of my own case. I myself take a better rest from study. I take that Lord Bacon took. "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures, and the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man. There ought to be gardens for all months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season. And because the breath of flowers is sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music,) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight." And in his directions for the building of a noble garden, he lays out within it a mimic wilderness where vines and trees may twine together, and where burnet, wild thyme and watermints may grow. All this I enjoy out in the open woods,—no mimic, but a real wilderness. All about the town on warm and shady slopes, wild roses grow ; through moist meadows I catch the Arethusa glimmering and blushing through the grass; on the crags of those twin rocks away up between earth and sky, the blue harebell, so often made the image of deep azure eyes, lifts its slender form and bends beneath the upper breeze; and on still waters spreads its broad leaves, and opes its snow-white petals to the sunbeams, the queenly water-lily—so beautifully named by botanists, Nymphaea odorata.

There is a name connected with water-lilies and all pleasant things, that cannot die with some men I know. A generous man with a generous enthusiasm for flowers, and not only an enthusiasm for flowers, but a skill and progress in botanical science that has won encomiums from its masters—a man of a genial soul and a large heart. He gave all of us our first lessons, he breathed into us something of his own spirit. Who doesn't know "Cady"? *You* would, if you had seen him stalk proudly into a mill-pond to take possession of a Nuphar advena till the water poured into his tin knapsack,—as Balboa "clad in complete steel," long time ago waded into the Pacific at Darien and claimed the billowy sea for Spain and for the Cross. Were we prophets, we might predict the culmination of his rising star. But the memory of his generous good-fellowship is written for all of us in

> Those bright mosaics that with storied beauty,
> The floor of Nature's temple tesselate.

I met a queer old man in a charming place the other day, who told better than I can, the uses of these flowers. The landscape was one which ought to be better known to Yale men. It is on the Derby road where the channel of West River first winds along its side, then crosses it with a sudden turn. A glorious waste of meadow grass on each side the winding stream, is flanked by green and abrupt banks that have all the look of hills. In the distance, right before you, rises clear and precipitous, West Rock, with its bare, brown, furrowed face, printing its verdurous locks against the sunny sky, and at its foot climbs half-way up the cliff the tall and slender spire of the village church. The scene has had painters, but it needs observers. I was picking a violet there, and a voice made me start. "How beautifully does a good God deck the year with flowers,—changing every week, but always beautiful!" I turned and saw an old man, meanly dressed, with a thin and sallow face. His short, straight, white hair fell sparingly down over a forehead half hid by an old straw hat. His eye, too, was dim with age. "But old Ireland far surpasses this. There the meadows are all blooming the summer long. How beautiful were the meadows on the lakes of Killarney, just where I was born! Just think! three hundred and sixty-six little fairy islands, one for every day in the year, and one over and above! But it's there just as it is here. That apple tree covered with blossoms, how like the Christian adorned with the Christian graces! And every little flower, how it speaks of the boundless love of our Heavenly Father to every one of his poor and sinful creatures!" I talked with the old man. I found in him a specimen of the true Irish character, unlearned save in the lore of nature and of God, but with a warm heart and an upspringing love for the beautiful, and a genuine Irish eloquence. But that was not the lesson I shall remember longest. I shall think of the language the flowers spoke to him, and to all the humble and the sorrowing and the poor.

> Heaven wills these simple things should give
> Lessons to teach us how to live.

Said Gray, "Happy are they who can create a rose tree or erect a honeysuckle." I adopted the advice, but my rose tree withered—

> Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,
> Nipped by the lagging rear of winter's frost.

So I betake me into the "blithe and breathing air, into the solemn wood." There live the flowers through all the live-long summer. There I can commune with Nature, and her tranquil mind sheds sweet influence over mine. There I find in the cup of the lily, or the petals of the

forget-me-not, nay even in the springing spears of grass, lessons of taste, of feeling, of poetry, of religion.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers—
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles, that in dewy splendor
Weep without woe and blush without a crime.
O! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining—
Priests, temples, shrines.

A. H. S.

PRIZE POEM.

Sir John Franklin.

BY EDWARD C. PORTER, HADLEY, MASS.

I.

In the chill region of the midnight zone,
Nature has built her splendid palace halls;
And there has set her unseen mystic throne
Guarded around by crystal mountain walls;
And over all the gloomy curtain falls
Of frozen mists, that veil her sacred shrine,
Ocean impatient with his hoarse voice calls:
His power is fettered by a hand divine,
And icy barriers mock the restless, rolling brine.

II.

The mighty secrets of the Arctic pole
Lie buried there, in awful mystery;
And solemn darkness broods around the whole,
Save when the gorgeous arches span the sky,
And tinge with fire each crystal turret high:
Or when the misty curtains drawn away
Reveal the starry glories to the eye;
Or the red sun with feebly glimmering ray
Lends his faint light to cheer the frozen polar day.

III.

Man ever strives with an untiring zeal
To search out Nature's hidden majesty,
And all the glorious wonders to reveal
Which in her inner temple darkly lie;
But there, his bold endeavors to defy,
She takes away the magic needle wand—
His faithful guide 'neath every balmier sky—
Fetters his barque in many an icy band,
And bears it southward with a stern, resistless hand.

IV.

The lion-guarded isle, long years ago,
Sent forth a sailor to that wintry zone
To pass the frozen walls of ice and snow—
To penetrate those dreary realms unknown,
And learn the wonders of those ice-fields lone.
He spread his sails to catch the Northward wind—
Fair Science blessed him as her chosen son—
And the bright hope within his heart enshrined
Repaid for home with all its pleasures left behind.

V.

His was a sailor's bold and fearless soul,
Firm as the iceberg that so stanchly braves
The billows, that around it madly roll,
And sways not on the plunging ocean waves;
Yet gentle as the ripple's touch that laves
The grey and wrinkled forehead of the land.
Such spirits, when life's tempest wildly raves,
Calmly amid the passion-shock can stand,
And battle for the right with an unfaltering hand.

VI.

Long weary years passed on, and o'er the main
Fond eyes were strained, to see his home-bound sail.
They watched and waited long, but watched in vain;
Upon the coast loud roared the wintry gale.
But not the surges nor the tempest's wail
Told of the wanderers lost; nor murmured low
The gentle breeze their sadly mournful tale.
Whether imprisoned in the crystal floe,
Or sunk beneath the wave, no anxious heart might know.

VII.

Then many a "banner braved the Northern breeze,"
And many a ship set sail from England's coast,
And many a sailor sought those wintry seas
To find the wanderers and bring back the lost.

But not alone, within that realm of frost
Did Albion's flag float on the chilling air:
And not alone upon those billows tossed
Did Albion's mariners their perils dare—
A kindred race unfurled a starry banner there.

VIII.

They sought in vain; and sadly one by one
The sails were bent upon their homeward way.
And hope, that once so bright and cheerly shone
Burned faint and dimly with its dying ray.
But in one faithful heart-shrine, far away
From the cold breath of the dark Northern sky,
With more than vestal care, by night and day,
That flame was guarded by a watchful eye,
And woman's loving heart was last to let it die.

IX.

And one of these returning ships had found
Three simple graves upon a lonely shore.
The little home-like, Christian burial mound—
The touching story that the rude slab bore—
The gentle warning from the good Book's lore—
Told them full well that they who slumbered there,
Lulled by the surging billow's ceaseless roar,
Were laid to rest by Franklin's pious care,
And that those graves were hallowed by a Christian prayer.

X.

Months passed away, another voyager bold
Returned in safety from the Arctic gloom;
And the sad tale that mournfully he told,
Was of the long sought wanderer's fearful doom.
How, far away, they found a nameless tomb
Beneath the polar desert's drifting snow.
Where no fond watcher from their sorrowing home,
Might bid affection's silent tear to flow,
Or on their lowly resting place bright flowers might strew.

XI.

How, when the ice had crushed their gallant ship,
They wandered wearily across the snows;
How famine sunk the eye and parched the lip,
While with the chilling cold the moist breath froze;
And worn, and wasted, how they sought repose,
And thought of home and loved ones with a sigh:
One silent, trusting prayer to Heaven arose;

Then calm and peaceful they laid down to die,
With no kind loving friend to close the glazing eye.

XII.

There rest they by the tossing ocean waves,
Wrapt in the drifting snow's pure robe of white;
And while the stars look down upon their graves
And watch them through the long, dark, polar night;
While the Aurora with its wondrous light
Builds o'er their lonely tomb an arch of flame,
Proud Science in her glory purely bright
Enrolls her children on the scroll of fame,
And high among them shines her martyred Franklin's name.

The Crusades.

THROUGH a period of about two hundred years, extending from the end of the eleventh century to near the close of the thirteenth, the society of Europe was upheaved from its profoundest depths, and precipitated upon Asia in eight mighty expeditions. From a condition of stagnant repose, the fires of mad enthusiasm were lighted; at a time when the peasant and the patron had alike been content with the narrow limits of the baronial dominions, and when, for four centuries, martial glory had confined its aspirations to the issues of single combat and the petty conflicts of feudal strife, the shrill note of war sounded through the nations, and summoned to the holy struggle those appaling numbers, of whom two millions perished by famine, by exposure, and the sword.

From such fearful convulsions, society again sank to repose. But the tempest, which had swept from the mountains of Scotland to the banks of the Indus and the Amoor, subverted the most ancient customs, and left its deep furrows wherever it failed to overthrow. The external aspect of society was indeed changed by the *direct influence* of these revolutionary movements; but their greatest effects were those which were more gradual and profound. The political and commercial results of the Holy Wars have usually attracted the notice of the historical student;—is there not field for thought, in contemplating their influence upon the *intellectual* condition of Europe? We believe it possible to show that the Crusades were in this particular a mighty agency for good.

We hold that to the *mind* of Mediaeval Europe, they were "the resurrection and the life"; that they roused it from the deep lethargy of ages; that they set in motion a series of causes which eventually scourged from the human intellect much of the superstition, the bigotry, and the conceit which had enshrouded, as by a funereal pall, its high faculties; and that, as a consequence, they gave greater comprehensiveness and freedom to the mind, liberalizing, expanding and ennobling its varied powers, and stimulating it to the pursuit of truth, and the revival of ancient learning.

It was in the sixth century that the barbarians overran, and desolated, and subjugated the Roman Empire. Before their relentless ferocity, a doom fell upon whatever had remained from past ages that was venerable for its antiquity or esteemed for its inherent worth. And in the common ruin the memorials of ancient Art and Learning, the symbols of former manners, and the monuments of Roman Policy and Jurisprudence, perished from the face of the earth. Then succeeded the black period of universal ignorance. The Feudal system, baneful both to religion and to science, to the intellect of man and the harmony of social intercourse, was established throughout Europe; and in its consummation, the tyranny of brute force and "the domination of priestly rule" rose supreme. These were the ages during which was celebrated the grand but ghastly carnival of Superstition, of Animalism, and of intellectual Stupor. But during the eleventh century there began to appear the initial signs of improvement. And at this point also begins the era of those wonderful wars, which for seven generations occupied mankind, and to the effects of which the remotest posterity seems destined to bear witness. The coincidence is significant.

1. One of the first requisites to a nation's intellectual development is, that its inhabitants should enjoy security from physical danger. Continually harassed by fears of approaching evil, or by the actual presence of war, no community can give itself leisure for prosecuting the calm pursuits of literature and science. And this auspicious condition was one of the indirect achievements of the Crusades. Those expeditions were fatal to the Feudal system; and the whole genius of that system had been adverse to the tranquillity which is demanded for intellectual exertion. Under its haughty sway, it was imposed upon every citizen to be a soldier, and ready at an instant's summons to rally beneath the standards of his chief. A nation of warriors cannot be a nation of scholars. The extirpation of Feudalism was therefore a primary and inevitable step in a course of mental progress. Its overthrow and the

substitution in its stead of a more pacific social system created the *possibility* of life-long and unintermitted study. But even this was not fully sufficient. Society had for centuries run to mere *muscle;* intellectuality had been overborne by the pomps of chivalry, and the magnificent rewards of physical prowess. Where, then, is that stimulus to be found, which, at this momentous crisis in the world's progress, shall interpose it vast impulse, to arouse the slumbering energies of the human soul, to awaken a taste for literary pursuits, and to guide the sword-accustomed hand to the wielding of the pen?

2. Within the Crusades themselves do we find a fit motor? What mean those mighty fleets riding in the harbor of Venice, and laden with the supplies and munitions of war? Wherefore do those merchants swarm in the Exchanges of Genoa, and cause the hum of traffic and of enterprise to roll along her streets? What cause impels the citizens of Pisa to thrust their wharves far out into the Tuscan Sea, to rear huge storehouses upon the crowded dykes, and monumental palaces to her Merchant Kings? What agency has erected the workshops of Milan, and set in motion those ponderous wheels, from whose industrious revolutions are produced armor to clasp the breast of the Christian Knight and steel whose temper should be proof against the blade of Damascus? All these are types of the *Commercial Spirit* which was directly awakened by the Crusades. For five centuries, piracy on the sea, and robbery on the land, and the crushing weight of despotism, had well nigh extinguished all zeal in traffic. But now for two hundred years vast expeditions were to be equipped with clothing and with arms; on their march, they were to be supplied with the stores of war; and having reached the plains of Palestine, from the Christians of the west were to be conveyed supplies to enable them to hold out against the Saracen foe. Hence the merchants of Venice, and the artisans of Milan and of Manchester sprang into being and became, in History, a puissant element in the dawning civilization of Europe.

It is not necessary to stop to demonstrate the beneficent influence which Commercial enterprise exerts upon the *intellectual* condition of a people. As a stimulus to earnestness and vigor it has no superior. It is itself the very essence of activity, of enthusiasm, and of tireless energy; and an infusion of these qualities into the society of Europe was its greatest need. It created an honorable employment for the middle classes; it wrought up a generous rivalry between neighboring cities; and through all the veins and arteries of social life, it shot its quickening and reviving current. No sluggish, drowsy, race ever

excelled in Commerce. And thus, beginning with the Crusades, and deriving its original impulse from them, the Commercial spirit was to the people of the Middle Ages a powerful incitement to intellectual activity and the primal struggles of the humnn mind.

3. The final influence which we shall mention as flowing from the Holy Wars, and affecting the mental state of the Nations, was that which results from a cosmopolitan instead of a secluded mode of life. It was a necessity of the Feudal system to suppress travel. For centuries men had been accustomed to live and pass away in nearly the same spot which had witnessed their birth. National intercommunication was unknown. The Spaniard within the walls of Cordova had thought his native town the mightiest city upon earth, and had dreamed that the Guadalquiver surpassed all other streams in the vastness of its tide and in the beauty of its boiling cascades. In such a state of society we may look for the most intense bigotry. We may expect to find men narrowed to the grossest prejudices. Like the shaven pated sons of China, they will throw around them the blinding barrier of a high towering wall, and, in the most blissful ignorance of the attainments of the rest of mankind, imagine themselves to be the celestial inhabitants of the world.

Such was the state of society at the commencement of the Crusades. The popular mind of that age was conceited, dwarfed and intolerant. An independent thought upon Theology was high treason, and the wretch who should have the audacity to discover a new truth in Chemistry was burned as a wizard and a sorcerer. But the time was at hand in which the intellect of man was to be disenthralled. The hosts who shouted "*Deus vult!*" beneath the gonfalons of Barbarossa and of Godfrey, met as strangers from the most diverse quarters of Europe. In their progress they traversed territories of whose very existence they had previously been ignorant. When they reached the city of Constantine, they beheld in the Court of Alexius splendors which outshone all that the wildest imaginations had conceived. And as they crossed the plains of Syria and witnessed the pomp and magnificence of Mahometan display, they began to realize that the Saracen was not quite a monster, and that they themselves were even lower in the scale of civilization than either the Grecian or the Turk. From this period geographical science begins to extend. Intercourse with the Mussulman, which fifty years before would have been sacrilegious and damning, is now an affair of ordinary occurrence. Thirst for more extensive travel was excited. Marco Polo penetrated to the court of

Koubilāi. Flemish Cordeliers roamed through the barbarous districts of Mongolian Tartary. A Franciscan of Naples became Archbishop of Pekin, and Sir John Mandeville, an English physician, journeyed through the jungles of Hindoostan, and administered prescriptions in the streets of Foutchou.

The change we have thus attempted to delineate will be fully manifest to those only who can in imagination transport themselves to the society of the tenth century, and picture to their minds the condition of a continent where all the motive elements in society are stagnant, and rippleless and dead; of vast communities, where men are either kings or slaves; where the rich embargo the brow-sweat of the indigent; where the thoughts of the aspiring sweep no higher than the maxims of an imaginary chivalry; where free enquiry and all desire for free enquiry are buried in one common grave; and where the wisest and most learned are the bondmen of bigotry, of superstition and of clannish pride. Now, from out the chambers of the east new light bursts upon the nations. It was a grand achievement that this lifeless mass of humanity had been electrified with energy and endowed with the potent springs of motion. And all the rich benefit which results to society from animation and enthusiasm; the catholicity of sentiment which is engendered by foreign travel; and the sparkling and vitalizing emulation which a knowledge of the superior attainments of other nations is sure to produce, were effected, either directly or indirectly, by the influence of the Crusades. It is true the renovation was not instantaneous. The great work to be done was indeed a centurial task. But the human intellect was aroused; the spirit of thought and investigation was evoked; and the force which was then communicated by these terrific spasms of bigotry and intolerance has never ceased to throb—it has worked on silently and unnoticed amid the tramp of nations and the loud clamorings of lust, each age adding to its might, and extending more widely the area of its encircling embrace.

M. T.

Yale College, July, 1856.

Sleep.

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."—YOUNG.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded by a sleep."—SHAKS.

REST is one of Nature's primary laws. The Creator himself rested upon the seventh day. All physical nature keeps its appointed seasons of cessation and recreation. The universal decree of all terrestrial things is rest, "until compelled by some power to change its state," and the discontented, restless state of plodding, over-worked humanity, so far from being an exception to the general rule, furnishes a striking example of the power of those forces, ambition, avarice, and misfortune, which so effectually *compel* men to subvert the fixed laws of nature. Our own countrymen especially, seem to forget that this life is not intended for monotonous toil, and more than all others, ignore that law which cannot be trampled upon with impunity. Priding themselves on the well earned title of an active, energetic people, by their unconquerable go-a-headativeness, they hasten age and wrinkles, forestalling care and death by half a life too soon. But even *we* cannot throw away all rest. The enfeebled frame will demand mercy, which unless it comes at the call, secures it at the expense of days and nights, dragging their slow hours along in the chambers of the sick and the dying.

The most refreshing and economical mode of rest is sleep. That sentiment therefore which denies to any one his full complement of this, is beyond a doubt an unmitigated evil. Much of this evil has been thrust upon us by bad but taking maxims. Every unfortunate youngster, who, in addition to the chagrin of a lost breakfast, by the enjoyment of the 'honey, heavy due of slumber,' for an extra hour is reminded on his appearance, that the old adage says, "six for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," will feel the force of this remark. If the constant reiteration of this maxim added one iota to its truth, it would have been infallible centuries ago.

Much more of this evil has been introduced by bad examples. Scarcely a newspaper in the land, when hard pressed for a line, fails to fill up the column with the sage suggestion to youth, that 'Napoleon slept but four hours." So Napoleon slept on horseback, and was on divers occasions put to many a strait, which it would not be wisdom in us to imitate, none of

which is less sensible than that of foregoing the blessed principle of a respectable sleep, for half the natural and necessary period. What is it that brings on diseases and degeneration; that causes our health voyages and premature exits from this wilderness, but those habits which steal our sleep? It is a physiological fact, that very few die of old age; that weak men live longer than the strong. The reason is, that the former sleep more, while those more highly favored by nature, wearing and tearing themselves regardless of consequences, literally *break*, before fulfilling half of an existence. Students, above all, do not sleep sufficiently. Shattered constitutions and lost eyes, are our witnesses. Our Fathers were not so. They slept like those who appreciated the entire night, and to be their posterity is our boast. We hold it as a proposition incontrovertible, that we need as much sleep as our Fathers.

But there is much in knowing how to sleep, after we are convinced of its necessity. The man who is a good sleeper, must also be a good philosopher. He must forget that the corroding hand of care is to grapple him with the rising sun of to-morrow. He must forget to-morrow. The pillow is not the place to discount notes; to speculate in lands, or revise Latin Grammars. We should sleep as did Tom Hood, who had a realizing sense of its importance, when he wrote,—

> "Oh, bed—bed—bed—delicious bed,
> That Heaven on earth for the weary head,
> Whether lofty or low its condition;
> But instead of placing our ills on shelves,
> In our blankets how oft we toss ourselves,
> Or are tossed by such allegorical elves,
> As pride, hate, greed, and ambition."

The man whose breast is rankled by these passions, cannot enjoy an honest, philosophic sleep. The philosophical sleeper is a believer in the good things of this life. He never awakens cross or discontented. He knows the worth of these hours of luxury, which take away our pains and perplexities, the pinches of poverty, and the anxiety of wealth; which give us freshness and strength, and which leave us more like reasonable beings, than any other operation to which we can be subjected. He loves sleep for its mystery. There is something mysterious in the fact, that as soon as the late hours come, the stormy passions of the world are calmed, its jostling ceases, and the whole nation falls asleep.

In the land of Nod we are all one. The slave is as happy as his master, and in his dreams as free. As a good sleep depends on the pro-

per kind of life, we have no slight argument to live well and honestly; and so doing, there is no reason why every one, as he "wraps the drapery of his couch about him," may not lie down only to *pleasant* dreams. By these, like Castor and Pollux, we can enjoy a two-fold existence, clinging to the earth by day, and by night reveling in the heavenly abodes of the gods. By these, our waking hours become but supplementary to our nocturnal entertainments. Day dreams are inseparable from sighs, but the dreams of the sleeper far exceed reality, while there are no harasing reflections, that they cannot be realized. For example, in the twilight hour, one calls upon a favorite lady friend; she sings for him—he feels that 'it is good for him to be there,' and departs well pleased.

But how much more he enjoys that music in his sleep. It seems like the 'whisperings of an angel blown upon Eolian harp strings,' compared with which, the reality was tame and uninviting. Life to be happy must be busy, and there is a matter of fact prosiness in our waking hours that we lose in the dim world of sleep. The roses that grow here have no thorns. In our real existence, bitter is invariably mingled with the sweets of our pleasures. One takes, for instance, the aforesaid lady friend to perform the refreshing exercise of eating ice cream. Nineteen cases out of twenty, she drops a spoon, or soils an expensive silk, or peradventure, if it is gotten into the mouth safely and satisfactorily, then remains the pleasing reflection, that the money which remunerates for the same, is borrowed of a chum who expects it the next morning. All of these tend to diminish the romance of the affair materially; while in our dreams we may be fanned by the wings of guardian spirits, feast upon ambrosial ice cream, with no thought of spoons or pocket books. In our real existence we are troubled, tired, bored, and dunned. While lost in Elysium, nothing is troublesome. Somehow, one seems impressed with the idea, that he has nothing else to do. We are rich and mighty, and would not awake for all the real principalities in christendom. What a blessed institution then is sleep! What though drowsy moralists deny our right thus to waste our time! Do we not in truth live longer, and accomplish more? Should we not rather sleep and be thankful, for this which makes one half of our life sunshine, and renders the rest sufferable? Blessed be sleep. It is the poor man's wealth—the friend of woe—the comforter of sorrow—the invigorator of all. "Blessed be the man that invented sleep," and blessed be Sancho Panzo for his motto.

A. F. B.

Defense of Punning.

NEVER since we had the honor to be born, did we read a more striking illustration of Mrs. Partington's onset upon the Atlantic Ocean, than in the article upon Punsters, in the last Number of the "Lit." Never were we more consoled than when, after finishing the said article, our attention was called to the gallant ballad which came to the defense of true wit, and poured such a "*smart*" "*fire*" of puns upon the enemy's rear. Never, since we listened to the secrets of Phi Beta Kappa, were we more astounded than when ensconced among the diatribes of N. C. P., we lit upon A PUN, and that, too, one of the poorest of which the human mind can form a conception.

This Ishmaelite who attacks the innocent enjoyments of all civilized men, in a *conditional* most *destructive* to consistency, exclaims—"If you know the vally o' peace and quiet." Now the veriest Freshman that ever trembled upon the brink of a "condition," can see that here is a play upon the words *value* and *valley*, and that the only drawback to a mouse-like squeal of laughter, is the difficulty of determining which of the two words the talented writer intended to be spelt wrong. At the *arguments* we were not surprised, for the metaphysical reason that astonishment is incompatible with non-existence.

Let us now inquire upon what ground foxes rail at sour grapes, or owls at daylight, or old maids at beauty? We shall then comprehend why every "demigod of fame," who is cursed with cerebral barrenness, inveighs against the utterance of a heart-cheering, side-splitting pun. One of these demigods is an English gentleman by the name of Addison, who chooses to class punning under the head of false wit, and lays down this rule, that nothing can be really wit by which it will not bear translation into a foreign language. But this is an arbitrary test. For poetry, equally with wit, is the work of the imagination, and yet has a thousand felicities of expression which are such only in its native language.

Just think of the Tempest, or the Merchant of Venice in Dutch! It is like thawing a hole in an iceberg to plant roses in it. Translate the following beautiful couplet into English, and make it as poetical as the original:

"Tenderesse maternelle,
Toujours se renouvelle."

Think of "*Pope's* Homer," or of Cowper's, either for that matter.

To use the exquisite simile of Don Quixote, they are like tapestry seen upon the wrong side. It is one of the great arguments in favor of the study of the ancient classics, that the fullness of their beauty cannot be translated to a foreign language. Now this is precisely the case with wit. Many of its hues are as ethereal as the blush upon the cheek of a Madonna, and as incapable of transfer.

Again, the opponents of puns shelter themselves under the definition that true wit consists in resemblance or opposition of *ideas*, and false wit in resemblance or opposition of *words*. Hence they exclude puns. But what are words? Are they not the vehicle of ideas? There cannot be an opposition or resemblance of words, without resemblance or opposition of ideas.

Take, for example, the case of the man who had a tall wife named Experience. He told his bachelor friend that he had proved, by *long experience*, the blessings of the married state. The electric smiling of the great majority of those who comprehend the English language, would pronounce this genuine wit. And if we test it by Addisonian standard, we must come to the same conclusion. The word experience suggests, in the first case, the idea of a blooming and amiable spouse; in the second, the idea of a series of trials or experiments. The dexterous juxtaposition of the two apparently incongruous ideas, makes the wit.

It is somewhat strange that writers, who profess a great reverence for the performances of Antiquity, should totally ignore the fact that the very men whose writings make antiquity venerable, thought puns and wrote them, and transmitted them to posterity.

Longinus, Isocrates, and Cicero, were not ashamed occasionally to court a smile by the introduction of a pun. Doubtless St. Jerome enjoyed a good laugh when he called translations "non versiones, sed eversiones." Every one that has read the twelfth book of the Iliad, remembers the good pun indited by the great Grecian poet:

δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασον——
——δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.

The two great English poets have followed Homer's example in instances too numerous to quote.

It is not necessary to apply further the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. But there is an instance in Sacred Writ of what for nearly two thousand years been considered as a pun by *Catholic* consent. It is in Matthew 16 : 18. σὺ εἶ Πέτρος, καὶ ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ πέτρᾳ, &c. There is a proper time for every good thing. We do not approve of the practice of the divines

of the Elizabethan age, who interlarded their sermons with jokes, and who with tears in their eyes, and puns in their mouths, exhorted their hearers to repentance. As human nature is constructed, it seems like playing "shool" in chapel. But we are totally opposed to those philosophical analysts who would apply the Procrustean standard to every bon-mot, and take away a charm from social intercourse by measuring every word as if it pertained to a judicial decision. According to such men, the following would be *barbarous* indeed. When Pope Urban VII, a member of the Barberini family, plundered the Pantheon of brass to make a cannon for the castle of St. Angelo, Pasquin's statue bore the following inscription :—

Quod non fecerunt Barbari Romæ, fecit Barberini.

Or this—Curran was dining one day at the Assizes with a judge noted for his hanging propensities. "Mr. Curran" said he, "is that hung beef? if it is I will try it." Curran immediately replied, "If your lordship tries it, it will most certainly be hung."

Or this—of a certain Professor as well known for his wit as his learning. Speaking of the bad results which according to the Grahamites proceed from the eating of eggs, he brought to the aid of the brown-bread men the Latin saying,

Ab avo usque ad *mala.*

Or this conundrum of Hood which Poe thought the best in the language. How is Esop's story of the fox who lost his tail disproved by geology?

Ans. Because no animal remains have ever been found in any *trap.*

The men who would suppress such good things as these deserve to be prosecuted for "assault with intent to kill" society, and to be tried by the noble judge just mentioned.

We might go on to show the necessity of every man's studying his native language, and prove that punning facilitates this knowledge by investigating the resemblance and different significations of words. But we forbear. And in conclusion, we take the liberty of asserting that if we are to be punished with any more remarks upon punning, we shall be moved to inflict some pungent literary punches upon any punchy punchinello who may ape the gravity of a pundit of the Punjab.

J. M. H.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Till a late hour we expected to be obliged to sum up our memorabilia in the following sentence: In imitation of a certain New York Daily and *Weakly* sheet, that used to publish three editions in afternoon, we stop the press to say that since our last "Issoo" no news has transpired. But time has come to our rescue, and we are happy to state, in the first place,

That the bill introduced by Mr. Brown, for the erection of a Gymnasium, has been ordered to a third reading, and passed by the "Faculty," and it is confidently believed will meet the approval of the "other House" and become a law. We congratulate ourselves and all Yalensians present and to come, upon the consummation.

Moreover, we must add, that during the Academic year now closing, the College Authorities have turned over two new leaves, one in "advance," and one on the "back review." The first in curtailing the Monday morning's lesson of one half its fair proportions, though it is shrewdly suspected, that the student thereby loses nothing, inasmuch as it is made up to him in the length of the other lessons, in short like the unfortunate creditors of Henry the Seventh, he is "otherwise satisfied." However, we welcome the step as propitious, and trust the "powers" will not stop there, but go the whole figure and give in the other half.

The "back review" leaf was turned over when they stopped, "turning over" the bell. We had prepared a train of argument in "Sorites," that it was believed would prove a perfect annihilator of the dismal, cold-blooded, gloomy, depressing, laggard, unhealthy, monkish, funereal *toll*, that for a time usurped the place of our old fashioned "turn over," that inspiriting, silvery, and (barring at morning prayers) even delicious sound that "stiffened the sinews, summoned up the blood," and threw a life and glow into everything. But a short experience induced relentings on the part of the Authorities, and they don't ring the bell now quite "so bad as they was." Still we say give us the "turn over."

We learn that Commodore Harriot has ordered a general drill and review of the entire Yale Navy, to come off on the last Saturday of the term. The boats are to be divided into three fleets, under command, respectively of the Commodore and Fleet Captains Edwards and Curtis.

The Measles are retiring before the approaching vacation.

SENIOR APPOINTMENTS,
In Class of 1856.

Valedictory Oration, Timothy K. Wilcox.
Salutatory, Edward C. Town.
Philosophical Orations, David J. Brewer.
" " Phineas W. Calkins.
" " Levi L. Paine.

First Orations.

Wm. H. W. Campbell,
Wm. J. Harris,
Benjamin D. Magruder,
Charles Mann,
Lewis R. Packard,
James L. Rackleff,
Edward F. Williams.

Orations.

Henry B. Brown,
Arthur Dickinson,
Charles E. Fellowes,
Wilbur Johnson,
Seneca M. Keeler,
Henry E. Pardee,
Edward A. Smith,
Oliver S. Taylor,
Benjamin Webb,
A. George Wilkinson,
John H. Worrall.

Dissertations.

Nelson Bartholomew,
Charles E. Bulkeley,
Luke W. Finlay,
John Monteith,
George C. Robinson,
Edward A. Walker,
James L. Whitney,
Samuel F. Woods.

First Disputes.

Robert M. Baker,
John M. Brown,
Wm. A. Bushee,
Charles T. Catlin,
James O. Denniston,
Hasbrouck DuBois,
Roland Kinzer,
Wm. T. Kittredge,
Justin Martin.

Second Disputes.

Gilbert F. Bailey,
George P. Barker,
Isaac Clark,
Stephen Condit,
Edward O. Cowles,
Chauncey M. Depew,
Ira Dunlap,
John M. Fiske,
Joseph R. French,
Julius Gay,
Theodore P. Hall,
Charles G. Southmayd.

Colloquies.

Matthias H. Arnot,
Theron Brown,
Alfred Coit,
Robert C. Dunbar,
Frank Fellowes,
Edward P. Nettleton,
Elijah Robbins,
Henry E. Wootton.

Prizes awarded for Declamation, Class of 1858.

	1st Division.	*2d Division.*	*3d Division.*
1st Prize,	J. Garrard, D. M. Bean,	E. Seymour, P. I. Sweet,	J. E. Kimball. F. A. Noble.
2d Prize,	E. L. Porter, H. Royer,	C. M. Fenn, C. S. Kellogg,	W. S. Pitkin. A. Van Name.
3d Prize,	M. Abbott, E. S. Thomas,	D. Freeborn, G. B. McLellan,	V. S. Anderson.

Editor's Table.

The College world is quiet. The Seniors have departed, at least for a season, leaving the other classes, speaking metrically, a sort of acephalous choriambus, or a dactylic trimeter. The Juniors are variously engaged; some of them studying themselves down to the bone under Monsieur Roberti; some enduring the rigors of the season in the laborious occupation of practical lying on the grass, technically known as surveying; others so enamored with the terseness of Tacitus, and the silver notes of Virgil, or the virtues of the Professor, (and we cannot blame them,) have voluntarily assumed a yoke which even the Faculty had taken off. Not a few are qualifying themselves to put to their acquaintances in the vacation the edifying enquiry, "Haben sie Deutch?" or to respond to it when asked with "Yaw Meinherr." We omit to notice the drawing class in the sober colors of Brown and Gray, and the crowded classes in Italian and Hebrew; we hope they will soon speak for themselves, especially the large class in the latter tongue. We are pleased to know that a member of our own division stands at the very head of his class in the sacred language.

The Sophs—poor fellows—are alternating between the lassitude of excessive repletion, and that of complete disgorgement. One of them at this moment cries out to us across the street, "'Cram, cram away'—Euclid, to-morrow morning." Let them remember the approaching Jubilee, when they shall "shut down the gate" upon two years, and look out upon a clear sea; we use the word sea in a tropical sense; strictly speaking it, it should be the "Sound," provided they go where we did.

The Freshmen are already brevet Sophs, and are preparing to assume the functions and dignity of that remarkable epoch in College history.

Considerable interest prevailed about the middle of the term, touching the expected contest between the Members of the Freshmen Class, and a part of the Legislature, (then in session,) in the edifying and noble game of pitching cents. The Freshmen had made the challenge, and several of the law makers were observed to be perfecting themselves for the approaching contest, when an edict from the Faculty "clapped a stopper" on the whole affair, by forbidding any student to engage further in this classic pursuit, and restricting even the pitching of quoits to the barbaric side of the College Mason and Dixon's line.

We would suggest the possible danger that such a high-handed interference on the part of the Faculty may lead the disappointed Representatives to seek retaliation by quashing the bill for aiding The Yale Scientific School; though we hope not. We trust rather that the magnanimous body will overlook their wrongs, and not visit the sins of the Faculty upon an unoffending posterity.

It would be unpardonable in an accurate annalist, like us, to omit to record the rise, progress, and ———,* of a class in the "noble art of self-defense." It is rumored that after having heroically consented to risk their own reputation

* The blank to be filled or not, at the option of the Boxers.

in the effort to throw a halo of gentle-breeding around an institution hitherto regarded as peculiar to the lower animals of the genus homo, and having "Staked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" on the success of the undertaking, that is to say, having paid for a course of fourteen lessons, in advance, they found, as every martyr in a noble cause always finds, that "virtue is its own reward;" in short, they found their proficiency so remarkable, that the "Professor" felt compelled, at the end of the fourth lesson, to quit the field, and in order to guard against an instantaneous crystalization into an apex of perfection on the part of his class, with commendible forethought, and a singular self-denial of his sense of justice, (or what would be a sense of justice to a mind less liberal than his,) obliged himself to take with him all the means and appliances of the art, that under other circumstances, and considering that they had been paid for by them, might have been regarded as their property, leaving them as a legacy the practical wisdom embodied in the maxim, "Experience is the best schoolmaster," and as the best possible lesson in the "noble art of self-defense," their own reflections on that other maxim, "Prudence is the better part of valor." Were it not invidious, we should propose as a third that "A good paymaster pays when his work is done;" perhaps, however, they think that it was "done"—brown.

The noble science of Langdonics, though still holding its wonted theoretical supremacy, has practically fallen into undeserved disuse. A few of its unwavering adherents still assemble in such hallowed and sequestered spots as the upper Chapel entry, and there, like the Albigenses of the middle centuries, engage with unabated devotion in genuflexions, bowings, spectreizations, and other mortifications of the flesh, and perhaps a larger number, fearing the ban that rests upon Conventicles, content themselves with private sacrifices to the genius of the "Institution," at their own rooms. The reformation itself, however, is not dead, nor even asleep, but taking a "course" directly opposite to that of the celebrated "Star of Empire," is gone east, and at full flood tide is now deluging and refreshing the halls of "Brown."

While the great Republic outside is going ahead in the Campaign of Fremont, Fillmore and Buchanan, and, we trust, exactly in that order, our own Republic of letters is also considerably agitated by the Campaign between the Brothers and Linonia. Each Society, it is understood, has secured a majority of the soon-to-be "young gentlemen who have recently entered College." In short, they are "about neck and neck;" if anything, one of them, (without saying which,) "is a *leetle* ahead." Both have got out their campaign songs, and their yeoman of '59 are nightly testing the strength of their lungs, and the influence of music is moulding public sentiment. Frequent meetings are held to receive proselytes, to confirm the wavering, and embrace repentant prodigals.

Everyday convinces us of the increasing influence of the Lit. The editor of the last number quietly "called attention to the fact that no member of the Junior class had yet been initiated into the mysteries of 'Φ. B. K.'" Hardly has a fortnight elapsed, when the mystic missives apprised about a third of the Class, (including three of the "Board," hem!) of their election to that ancient and

honorable body; and what is more to the purpose, they are *going* too. But we can reveal no more, (particularly as we have not yet been initiated.) we lay our finger across our lips, and say to the rest of the Class, including the disappointed duo in the "Board."

—"Profanum Vulgus—

—"Favete linguis."

P. S. One of the disappointed Editors proposes to act as "Bill Sticker," and buy a Key, on condition of his election.

P. S. No. 2. It's no use—he can't come in.

As an indication of the progress of the natural sciences among us, we must record the formation of the corps Οἱ Μηλοφόροι, under our enthusiastic classmate Eaton, who now sustains and bids fair hereafter to outstrip the reputation of his distinguished ancestor, the Botanist.

Another corps having equiped themselves with cork soles, a bottle of sorrel water, and two papers of pins, have commenced a sanguinary warfare upon the whole insect world, under the title of Bug-ologists. So there is yet hope for Old South Middle, provided they can be induced to prosecute their investigations in that densely populated district.

The round moon, whose silver light now flecks the new-mown sward beneath the elms, stirs a thousand sadly pleasant memories and musings. Another Class is passing away forever. Soon, ah! how soon we too must go. But though scattered far, let us hope and strive, that we may meet, all of us, 'neath the unclouded sky of the far and the "faire countrie."

And now gentle reader, farewells are ever sad. So let them be short. We (the Editors) and "Maga," who thus trips through the first year of her majority, bid you all good bye.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Annual Premium of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal, of the value of twenty-five dollars, will be awarded to the author of the best Essay, sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions: The writer must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every Essay designed to compete for the premium, must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned through the Post Office, on or before the fifth Wednesday of next term, (Oct. 15th,) accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the name of the writer, and inscribed by an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened, except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two graduates of this College, elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

J. M. HOLMES,
Chairman of the Board of Editors.





